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CITIES OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY

I

ON THE RIVIERAS, AND IN PIEDMONT AND LOMBARDY

CITIES OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY

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By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," "DAYS NEAR ROME," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES

I

ON THE RIVIERAS, AND IN PIEDMONT AND LOMBARDY

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PREFACE.

IN 1875 almost all the places described in these volumes were carefully revisited, in order to make the information they contain, especially the accounts of the Italian picture-galleries, as correct as possible up to the present time. But in giving to others what has been at once the companion and employment of many years, I am only too conscious of the imperfections of my work—of how much better descriptions might be given, of the endless amount which remains unsaid. Bearing Italy ever in my heart, I can only hope that others, better fitted, will be led to drink at the great fountain which it is impossible to exhaust, though those who have once been refreshed by it, will always long to return.

The book is called "Cities of Northern and Central Italy" because almost all the interest of these districts is confined to the towns, but it also treats of

the whole country lying between the Alps and that which is described in "Days near Rome."

The Illustrations, with very few exceptions, are from my own sketches taken on the spot, and transferred to wood by the kindness and skill of Mr. T. Sulman.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

Holmhurst, Jan., 1876.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE old days of Italian travel are already beginning to pass out of recollection—the happy old days, when with slow-trotting horses and jangling bells, we lived for weeks in our *vetturino* carriage as in a house, and made ourselves thoroughly comfortable there, halting at midday for luncheon, with pleasant hours for wandering over unknown towns, and gathering flowers, and making discoveries in the churches and convents near our resting-place. All that we saw then remains impressed upon our recollection as a series of beautiful pictures set in a frame-work of the home-like associations of a quiet life which was gilded by all that Italian loveliness alone can bestow of its own tender beauty. The arrangements of *vetturino* travel warded off the little rubs and collisions and discomforts which are inevitable now, and the mind was left perfectly free to drink in the surrounding enjoyment. The slow approach to each long-heard of but unseen city, gradually leading up, as the surroundings of all cities do, to its own peculiar characteristics, gave a very different feeling towards it to that which is produced by rushing into a railway station—with an impending struggle for luggage and places in an omnibus—which, in fact, is probably no feeling at all. While, in the

many hours spent in plodding over the weary surface of a featureless country, we had time for so studying the marvellous history of the place we were about to visit, that when we saw it, it was engraved for ever on the brain, with its past associations and its present beauties combined.

Still, there is much to be grateful for in the convenience of modern travel, and indeed many who could not otherwise explore Italy at all, are now, by its network of railways, enabled to do so. Almost every Italian town is now connected by rail with its neighbours, and therefore, in these volumes, the traveller will be supposed to follow the principal railways from one city to another, and to make excursions from each. The interest of Northern and Central Italy is almost entirely confined to its towns. The only parts of the country which are beautiful, are just those lake and mountain districts near the Alps and Apennines where railways cannot easily penetrate, and so, in point of scenery, nothing need be lost, though the chief disadvantage of Italian railways for foreigners lies in the temptation they offer for hurrying straight through from one of the larger towns to another, and for passing over the smaller cities, and, still more, places like Spezia and Massa-Ducale, while the resplendent loveliness of that especial neighbourhood should call for a halt.

The journey to Italy is now absolutely without difficulties, and, if travellers take that way, which is the nearest, they will find the redoubted tunnel of the Mont Cenis so like other tunnels, that all descriptions of "sensations" in going through it must be purely imaginary. But the most desirable approach is that by the Cornice road along the Riviera di Ponente. Then, after the dreary wind-stricken plains of

Central France, and the stony arid hills of Provence, one enters Italy at Mentone by a portal like the gates of Paradise, and is plunged at once into the land of the citron and myrtle, of palms and aloes and cyclamen. Of course one must not expect that all Italy will be like these Riviera roads, and one is, as far as scenery goes, receiving the best first, but then it is charming to feel the whole of one's ideal realised at the very outset. Except in the country near the Italian lakes, in the Alps of Friuli, at Spezia and Massa, and in the great valleys of Tuscany and Umbria, there is not much beauty of scenery to be found afterwards. It is through the above-mentioned valleys however, that the principal railway from Florence to Rome passes, and if one were to select a single day's journey as the most interesting in the world, this must be chosen. There is scarcely a minute in the day in which one can afford to leave the window of the railway carriage, scarcely a place one passes through in which one does not long to linger, and which would not amply repay a careful examination. First, we have the rich Arno valley, with its visions of old convents, and castles with serrated towers, standing on the crests of hillsides covered with a wealth of olives and peach-trees, and themselves shut in by ravines of hoary snow-tipped mountains;—of villages and towns of quaint houses, all arches and balconies, with projecting tiled roofs stained golden with lichen, and with masses of still more golden Indian corn hanging from the railings of their outside staircases. Then, we have a strange volcanic district of umber-coloured uplands, tossed and rent into every possible contortion by some forgotten eruption. Then Arezzo and Cortona rise on their embattled heights, and Thrasymene stretches out its

waste of reedy apple-green waters, melting into the softest of blue distances: Perugia watches the valley from its hillside; the convent of Assisi on its mighty tiers of arches strides forward towards the plain; Trevi clambers up a hill so steep, that every house rises just above the roof of its neighbour, with a clear view towards the sky; the tiny temple of the Clitumnus looks down upon its limpid rivulet; the huge castle and cathedral of beautiful Spoleto are backed by the ilex-clothed mountain of San Luca; a fissure in the brown hill behind Terni marks the site of the famous waterfall; and all this beauty comes to a climax at Narni, where the river Nar forces itself through a cleft in the huge rocks beneath the mediæval city, and is spanned by the mighty arches of the bridge of Augustus. Beyond this we enter the Campagna, grim and desolate, with buffaloes feeding amid its withered vegetation, and, as the malaria-bearing vapours of evening rise, and daylight dies out in a red streak behind an awful solemn dome, the very sight of which must send a thrill through the hearts of all who recognise it, the train passes through a rift in a gigantic wall, hisses under the shadow of a dim temple which we are told is Minerva Medica, and, on the platform of an immense modern station, the porters call out ROME.

This is, perhaps, the most interesting day, but it is a type of many days of Italian travel, and all these places should be, not passed through, but sojourned in; and after being introduced to the places themselves, one should make acquaintance with their surroundings which are almost as important.

Not to be disappointed in Italy as in every thing else, it is necessary not to expect too much, and hurried travellers

generally will be disappointed, for it is in the beauty of her details that Italy surpasses all other countries, and details take time to find out and appreciate. Compare most of her buildings in their entirety with similar buildings in England, much more in France and Germany, and they will be found very inferior. There is no castle in Italy of the importance of Raby or Alnwick; and, with the sole exception of Caprarola, there is no private palace so fine as Hatfield, Burleigh, or Longleat. There is no ruin half so beautiful as Tintern or Rievaux. There is no cathedral so stately as Durham, Lincoln, or Salisbury; for Milan, with its contemptible exterior, cannot enter the lists at all; S. Mark's is more a mosque than a church; Siena is but a glorious fragment; and Orvieto, with all its celestial external beauty, is only redeemed by its frescoes from mediocrity within. But when we once leave general forms to consider details, what a labyrinth of glory is opened to us, where, instead of the rugged outlines and expressionless features of our mediæval architects and painters, we have the delicate workmanship of a Nino or Giovanni Pisano, or the inspiration of a Fra Angelico or an Orcagna. In almost every alley of every quiet country town, the past lives still in some lovely statuette, some exquisite wreath of sculptured foliage, or some slight but delicate fresco, a variety of beauty which no English architect or sculptor has ever dreamed of, and which to English art in all ages would have been simply unattainable. Most beautiful of all, perhaps, are the tombs, for the Italians of the Middle Ages never failed to enshrine their dead in all that was loveliest and best. There are no monuments in the world more touching than those of Gaston de Foix at Milan, Medea Colleoni at Bergamo,

Barbara Ordelaffi at Forli, and Guidarello Guidarelli at Ravenna.

Those who would carry away the pleasantest recollections of Italy should also certainly not sight-see *every* day. The motto of Clough—

> 'Each day has got its sight to see,
> Each day should put to profit be.'

—is very moral and edifying, but most unpleasant to carry out. At least certainly the sight-seeing days will become all the more profitable from having interludes, when it is not necessary to give oneself a stiff neck over staring at frescoed ceilings, and to addle one's brain by walking through miles of pictures and hundreds of churches, without giving oneself time to enjoy them. Oh no, by all means digest what you have seen; take a fresh breath, think a little what it has all been about, and then begin again.

Another thing which is necessary—most necessary—to the pleasure of Italian travel, is not to go forth in a spirit of antagonism to the inhabitants, and with the impression that life in Italy is to be a prolonged struggle against extortion and incivility. Except in the old kingdom of Naples (where the characteristics are entirely different) there is no country where it is so little necessary even to look forward to such things as possible. A traveller will be cheated oftener in a week's tour in England than in a year's residence in Italy. During six whole winters spent at Rome, and years of travel in all the other parts of Italy, the author cannot recall a single act or word of an Italian—*not* Neapolitan—of which he can justly complain; but, on the contrary, has an overflowing recollection of the disinterested courtesy, and the unselfish and often most undeserved kind-

ness with which he has universally been treated. There is scarcely an Italian nobleman, whose house, with all it contains, would not be placed at the disposition of a wayfarer who found himself in an out-of-the-way place where there was no inn or where the inn was unbearable; there is scarcely a shopkeeper, who would not send his boy to show you the way to a church, one, two, or even three streets distant: there is scarcely a carriage which would not be stopped to offer you a lift, if they saw you looked tired by the wayside: scarcely a woman who would not give you a chair (expecting nothing) if you were standing drawing near her house: not a beggar who would not receive "Cara mia, scusatemi" as an all-sufficient negative, and who, if a kindly smile were added, would not send you away with a benediction in her heart as well as on her lips. Nothing can be obtained from an Italian by compulsion. A friendly look and cheery word will win almost anything, but Italians will not be driven, and the browbeating manner, which is so common with English and Americans, even the commonest *facchino* regards and speaks of as mere vulgar insolence, and treats accordingly. Travellers, however, are beginning, though only beginning, to learn that difference of caste in Italy does not give an opening for the discourtesies in which they are wont to indulge to those they consider their inferiors in the north, and they are beginning to see that Italian dukes and marquises are quite as courteous and thoughtful for their *vignaroli*, or their *pecorai*, as for their equals; and that the Italian character is so constituted that a certain amount of friendly familiarity on the part of the superior never leads to disrespect in the inferior. Unfortunately they do not always stay long enough to find this

out, and the bad impression one set of travellers leaves, another pays the penalty of. The horrible ill-breeding of our countrymen never struck me more than one day at Porlezza. A clean, pleasing Italian woman had arranged a pretty little caffé near the landing-place. The Venetian blinds kept out the burning sun; the deal tables were laid with snowy linen; the brick floor was scoured till not a speck of dust remained. The diligences arrived, and a crowd of English and American women rushed in while waiting for the boat, thought they would have some lemonade, then thought they would not, shook out the dust from their clothes, brushed themselves with the padrona's brushes, laid down their dirty travelling bags on all the clean table-cloths, chattered and scolded for half an hour, declaimed upon the miseries of Italian travel, ordered nothing, and paid for nothing; and, when the steamer arrived, flounced out without even a syllable of thanks or recognition. No wonder that the woman said her own pigs would have behaved better. It was quite true. Yet it was by no means a singular incident.

With every year which an Englishman passes in Italy, a new veil of the suspicion with which he entered it will be swept away, only it is a pity that his enjoyment should be marred at the beginning. Foreigners will find that (though the Sardinians and Milanese have, it must be allowed, very dirty habits), Italian men are generally as courteous, brave, and high-minded, as they are almost universally handsome; that the women are as kind and modest as they are utterly without affectation; and that, though the bugbears of Protestant story books have certainly existed, the parish priests, and even the monks, as a general rule, are most

devoted single-minded Christians, living amongst and *for* the people under their care. Cases of ecclesiastical immorality are exceedingly rare, quite as rare, if we may judge by our newspapers, as in Protestant countries; and, if carefully inquired into, it will be found that most of the sensational stories told are taken out of—Boccaccio! Of course, much must naturally remain which one of a different faith may deeply regret; but Englishmen are apt, and chiefly on religious subjects, to accept old prejudices as facts, and to judge without knowledge. Especially is it impossible for "Protestants" to assert, as they so often do, the point where simple reverence for a Cross and Him who hung upon it becomes "Idolatry," while there are few indeed who inherit the spirit with which Sir Thomas Brown wrote, "I can dispense with my hat at the sight of a cross, but not with a thought of my Redeemer."

"Brigands," which north of Rome is only a fine name for robbers, are much rarer in Italy than in England, so rare indeed, that any case of a foreigner being attacked never fails to make a sensation which would be highly gratifying to the feelings of any injured foreigner if it were accorded to him in London. The few cases of murder in Italy are almost always the result of jealousy in love, and it has often been comical to see how, at Leghorn, where the galley slaves bear the cause of their condemnation inscribed upon their vest, the *assassino per amore* is tolerably sure of a good deal of interest and sympathy, which is often very substantially shewn—indeed, such crimes never inspire much horror, and the place where "questo poveretto ha ammazzato quella poveretta" is very touchingly pointed out to strangers.

In regard to hotel life, it cannot be too much urged, for

the real comfort of travellers as well as for their credit with the natives, that the vulgar habits of bargaining, inculcated by Murray and other hand-books, are greatly to be deprecated, and only lead to suspicion and resentment. Italians are *not* a nation of cheats, and cases of overcharge at inns are most unusual, except at great Anglicised hotels, where they have been gradually brought about through the perquisite-money demanded by couriers. When a large party are travelling together, an arrangement may be asked for on entering a large hotel, by which a considerable reduction may be obtained upon the rooms. Three francs for a good room in a good hotel is a fair price; in the northern towns, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, &c., it is seldom more than two francs or two francs and a half. But in the smaller hotels, or for a single person, it is wiser never to bargain, but, if a charge appears too high on seeing the bill, civilly to mention it, when, if there is no especial reason for it, it is almost certain to be cheerfully withdrawn. But the difference of prices in bills cannot always fairly be laid to the charge of the hotel keepers; they are rather owing to the different prices in the towns, or to the local taxes on comestibles, which would be equally felt if the traveller was residing in the place in his own house. For instance, at Piacenza, where everything is most cheap and abundant, prices are absurdly low, whereas as at Genoa (only a few hours distant by rail) they are naturally much higher, as the local taxes are very high, and milk, butter, &c., have to be brought from Milan, and other things from a great distance.

Travellers, who are at all particular, may fancy themselves cut off from much of interest in the smaller places by want

of comfortable accommodation. Such persons will do well, where there are many excursions to be made, to select centres like the Grand Hotel at Turin; the Universo at Lucca; or the Hotel Brufani at Perugia, and to make them from thence. In the very small towns, however, such as Volterra, Borgo S. Sepolcro, and Assisi, the accommodation is often far better than in many of the large cities, for instance, than in Siena, where a good hotel is greatly needed. In the Lombard towns, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, &c., the best inns are good and very equal, and those who stay at any of these places as much as four days will do well to conform to the universal Italian custom, and pay *pensione* (all included) of six francs a day.

Those who have travelled in Italy many years ago will observe how greatly the character of the country has changed since its small courts have been swept away. With the differences of costume and of feeling, the old proverbs and stories and customs are gradually dying out. Travellers will view these changes with different eyes. That Venice and Milan should have thrown off the hated yoke of Austria and united themselves to the country to which they always wished to belong, no one can fail to rejoice, and the cursory observer may be induced by the English press, or by the statements of the native *mezzo ceto*, who are almost entirely in its favour, to believe that the wish for a united Italy was universal. Those who stay longer, and who make a real acquaintance with the people, will find that in most of the central states the feeling of the aristocracy and of the contadini is almost universally against the present state of things. Not only are they ground down by taxes, which in some of the states, especially in Tuscany, were almost unknown before, but the so-called

liberal rule is really one of tyranny and force. The people of Ravenna were forced to the polling-booth at the point of the bayonet. When it was suspected (falsely suspected) that Count Saffi and various other illustrious Italians would influence the elections at Forli, they were arrested and imprisoned, with all the hardships and privations of malefactors, first in the castle of Spoleto, and then in that of Perugia, for several months, and eventually were released without any compensation except the avowal that it had been all a mistake, *after the elections had taken place.* Pisa and Lucca, which were perhaps especially favoured under the grand-ducal rule, are probably the cities which are most discontented under the present state of things. Houses there which were taxed 50 francs under the old government are now taxed 560 francs.

The abolition of the religious institutions has also been grievously felt throughout the country, and there are few even of the friends of Italian unity who have not had personal reason to experience its injustice. When "Days near Rome" appeared, one of the Reviews regretted that its author should not rejoice that Italians were no longer called upon "to support swarms of idlers in vestments, and hordes of sturdy beggars in rags." This is exactly what Italians, with regard to the old ecclesiastical institutions, were *not* called upon to do. The convents and monasteries were richly endowed; they had no need of being supported. It was, on the contrary, rather *they* who supported the needy, the sick, the helpless, and the blind amongst the people, who received their daily dole of bread and soup from the convent charities. When the marriage portions of the nuns were stolen by the Government, there was scarcely any family

of the upper classes throughout Central Italy which did not suffer; for almost all had a sister, aunt, or cousin "in religion," upon whom a portion of 1,000*l.*, 5,000*l.*, or 10,000*l.*, had been bestowed, and who was thrown back helpless upon their hands, her fortune confiscated, and with an irregularly paid pension of a few pence a day, quite insufficient for the most miserable subsistence. The English press is slow to see the injustice of these things when it affects other nations; it is strange that it should not see it as affecting Englishmen, as in the case of the large tract of land which was purchased by the Rev. E. Douglass upon the Esquiline, and which was confiscated by the Government on the plea that it had been used for religious purposes.

Those who declaim so loudly upon the advantages of Italian unity are often unaware of the extreme difference which exists between the people and the language in the North and South of Italy—that a Venetian would not in the least be able to understand a Neapolitan and *vice versâ*. This difference often comes out when the absurd red-tapeism of the Government is put into action. For instance, when the heat makes it impossible for the troops in Naples and Palermo to support their winter clothing, the soldiers shivering in the icy streets of Parma and Piacenza are put into brown holland, because throughout "United Italy" the same order must take effect!

Where the natives have suffered, foreigners have reaped many advantages from the union in the absence of wearisome custom-houses and requests for passports, and, even more in the ease afforded by the universal coinage, though it has made things more expensive, as a franc (10*d.*) is now received as an equivalent in all questions of fees to a paul

(5*d.*). Travellers now find their chief money-difficulty in the notes of the local banks—"Banca del Popolo"—for a small amount, and, in all cases where it is possible, should refuse to receive them, as they never circulate beyond their own districts, and the banks to which they belong will probably break before long; indeed, the Bank of Genoa, the Banca di S. Giorgio, and others, having been allowed to circulate notes to six times the amount of the money they held, have naturally broken long ago, and their notes are now absolutely valueless. Specimens of the ancient coinage (described by Murray as still in circulation) are now scarcely even to be obtained as curiosities. Only one town in Italy retains its especial coinage—the Republic of San Marino.

The characteristics of the great Italian cities are well summed up in the proverb: "Milano la grande, Venegia la ricca, Genova la superba, Bologna la grassa, Firenze la bella, Padova la dotta, Ravenna l'antica, Roma la santa." They are wonderfully different, these great cities, quite as if they belonged to different countries, and so indeed they have, for there has been no national history common to all, but each has its own individual sovereignty; its own chronicle; its own politics, domestic and foreign; its own saints, peculiarly to be revered—patrons in peace, and protectors in war; its own phase of architecture; its own passion in architectural material, brick or stone, marble or terra-cotta; often its own language; always its own proverbs, its own superstitions, and its own ballads.

The smaller towns repeat in extreme miniature the larger cities to which they have been annexed by rule or alliance. Thus the characteristics of Udine and Vicenza repeat Venice, and Pistoia and Prato repeat Florence.

The history of Italy, owing to the complete individuality of its different states, which never have been nominally united till a few years ago, and never have been sympathetically united at all, is chiefly interesting when it treats of internal questions. The different invasions of foreign nations serve only as great historic landmarks amid all that has to be told and learnt of the dealings of the various Italian States and their rulers with each other. Of these, in the fifteenth century, there were twenty petty states, most of them with tyrants of their own, in Romagna and Le Marche alone, viz. :—

Ferrara, held as a marquisate by the	Este.
Bologna, seigneury	Bentivogli.
Ravenna	Polentani.
Imola	Alidosi and Sforza.
Faenza	Manfredi.
Forli	Ordelaffi and Riarii.
Rimini and Cesena	Malatesta.
Sinigaglia	Della Rovere.
Pesaro	Malatesta and Sforza.
Camerino	Varana.
S. Angelo, &c.	Brancaleoni.
Citta di Castello	Vitelli.
Perugia	Baglioni.
Fermo	Fogliani.
Urbino, dukedom	Montefeltro.
Spoleto, *Id.*	not hereditary.
Ancona	Republic.
Assisi	*Id.*
Foligno	*Id.*
Mercatello, countship	Brancaleoni.

and all these fought with each other—as Giovanni Sanzio says in his chronicle :—

> " Cum qual costum che Italia devora
> Dal sempre stare in gran confusione,
> Disjuncta e separata, e disiare,
> L'un stato al altro sua destructione."

All the life of the nineteenth century seems to be confined to the greater cities. The smaller cities live upon their past. As Forsyth says: "In their present decline they have the air of sullen, negligent stateliness, which often succeeds to departed power; a ceremonious gravity in the men, a sympathetic gloominess in the houses, and the worst symptom that any town can have—silence." Every house which boasts of a portico is called a palace, though it is often as comfortless as the hovel by its side. Yet in these old cities where the grass often grows in the streets, as at Ferrara, and where half the space inclosed by the walls is now laid out in gardens, as at Forli, the past is tenderly cherished. Each house where a great man lived, each famous event which occurred there, is marked by an inscription, so that the chronicle of the city is written on its own stones; and in the buildings, and the habits and feelings of the people, one seems to be living still in the fifteenth century, lighted by the sunshine of to-day.

The pictures and buildings of these otherwise forgotten places will always keep them in the recollection of the world, and it is only these which attract strangers to them now; but the traveller who will throw himself into the subject will find unfailing interest and pleasure in seeing how the natural features and opportunities of the place are always repeated in the works of all its eminent artists.

"It is a fact more universally acknowledged than enforced or acted upon, that all great painters, of whatever school, have been great only in their rendering of what they had seen or felt from early childhood; and that the greatest among them have been the most frank in acknowledging this their inability to treat anything successfully but that with which they had been familiar. The Madonna of Raffaelle was born on the Urbino mountains, Ghirlandajo's is a Florentine, Bellini's a

Venetian; there is not the slightest effort on the part of any one of these great men to paint her as a Jewess."—*Ruskin*, "*Modern Painters.*"

"In quiet places, such as Arezzo and Volterra, and Modena and Urbino, and Cortona and Perugia, there would grow up a gentle lad who from infancy most loved to stand and gaze at the missal paintings in his mother's house, and the *cena* in the monk's refectory; and when he had fulfilled some twelve or fifteen years, his parents would give in to his wish and send him to some bottega to learn the management of colours.

"Then he would grow to be a man; and his town would be proud of him, and find him the choicest of all work in its churches and its convents, so that all his days were filled without his ever wandering out of reach of his native vesper bells.

"He would make his dwelling in the heart of his birth-place, close under its cathedral, with the tender sadness of the olive hills stretching above and around; his daily labour would lie in the basilicas or monasteries; he would have a docile band of hopeful pupils with innocent eyes of wonder for all he said or did; he would paint his wife's face for the Madonna's, and his little son as a child angel; he would go out into the fields and gather the olive bough, and the corn, and the fruits, and paint them tenderly on grounds of gold or blue.

"It must have been a good life—good to its close in the cathedral crypt—and so common too; there were scores such lived out in these little towns of Italy, half monastery and half fortress, that were scattered over hill and plain, by sea and river, on marsh and mountain, from the day-dawn of Cimabue to the afterglow of the Carracci. And their work lives after them; the little towns are all grey and still and half-peopled now; the iris grows on the ramparts, the canes wave in the moats, the shadows sleep in the silent market-place, the great convents shelter half-a-dozen monks, the dim majestic churches are damp and desolate, and have the scent of the sepulchre.

"But there, above the altars, the wife lives in the Madonna, and the child smiles in the angel, and the olive and the wheat are fadeless on their ground of gold and blue; and by the tomb in the crypt the sacristan will shade his lantern, and murmurs with a sacred tenderness, 'Here he sleeps?'"—*Pascarel.*

The quantity of pictures in the Italian churches and galleries is so enormous that as a rule only the best works are mentioned in these volumes, except when they especially illustrate some period of local art, or represent a contem-

porary event in any of the places where they occur. There are scarcely any good modern works of art in Italy (the pictures of Benvenuti in the cathedral of Arezzo are an exception), but the way in which art is followed up in Italy is at least continuous and regular, and recalls the remark of Scipione Maffei,* that "if men paint ill in Italy, at least they paint always."

Those who cannot admire any architecture which is not gothic will be disappointed with what they find in Italy, and, regardless of style, the exterior of most Italian churches is really very ugly. The purest large gothic churches are those of Verona. In Siena and Orvieto there is a great admixture of other styles. Gothic architecture was introduced into Italy from Germany, and *Tedesco* is the name it bore and bears. But it was soon "adapted" to the Italian taste, Arnolfo (1294) being the first great operator, and after the dome, which is to be found in no real gothic cathedral (and of which the Pantheon is the only pagan example in Italy) was added, with Syrian minarets, such as one sees in S. Antonio of Padua, all the rude severity of the northern minster began to disappear under a delicate display of sculpture, and the vagaries of fantastic art, which seemed more suited to the soft skies and pellucid atmosphere.

The traveller will do well to remember that almost every parish church (parrócchia) is closed from 12 to 2 or 3 p.m., while the other churches, which belong to individuals or religious bodies (confraternità) are seldom open after the early hours of the morning.

The real glory of the Italian towns consists not in their churches but in their palaces, in which they are unrivalled

* "Verona Illustrata."

by any other country. The most magnificent of these are to be found in Florence, Venice, and Genoa. The greatest palace-architects, amongst many, have perhaps been Vignola, Baldassare Peruzzi, Bramante, Leon-Battista Alberti, Sanmichele, and Palladio.

Turning from towns to the country districts, the vine-growing valleys of Tuscany are perhaps the richest and the happiest, as well as the most beautiful :—

"No northern landscape can ever have such interchange of colour as these fields and hills in summer. Here the fresh vine foliage hanging, curling, climbing, in all intricacies and graces that ever entered the fancies of green leaves. There the tall millet, towering like the plumes of warriors, whilst amongst their stalks the golden lizard glitters. Here broad swathes of new-mown hay, strewed over with butterflies of every hue. There a thread of water runs thick with waving canes. Here the shadowy amber of ripe wheat, rustled by wind and darkened by passing clouds. There the gnarled olives silver in the sun, and everywhere along the edges of the corn and underneath the maples, little grassy paths running, and wild rose growing, and acacia thickets tossing, and white convolvulus glistening like snow, and across all this confusion of foliage and herbage, always the tender dreamy swell of the far mountains."—*Pascarel.*

The *Contadini* of Tuscany are a most independent and prosperous race, who have their own laws for home government, which answer perfectly. The land is all let out by the *padrone* to the *contadino*, who is hereditary on the estate, upon the Mezzaria system (from meta, mezzo) by which half the produce of all kinds is given to the padrone, the contadino meanwhile paying no rent, being liable to no taxes, and the padrone supplying everything except the labour. The contadino receives no wages from his padrone, but, according to the rules of the different *fattorie*, is in addition compelled to supply so many days' labour for him personally, either with oxen or without. From

every contadino when a pig is killed, one ham is given to the padrone. Every contadino also pays a tribute of three or four fat capons at Easter; and, on large *fattorie*, the number of these capons which are sold is so large as to produce 300 francs. Sometimes also a tribute of eggs is demanded. The "Droit de Seigneur," which actually existed in Tuscany till late years, is now abandoned, but no contadino can marry without the consent of his padrone, and a padrone can insist and often does so, upon his contadino marrying—"there is another woman wanted," but he occasionally finds himself in difficulties in this respect, as, after he has ordered his contadino to marry, it sometimes happens that no woman can be found to accept him. The usual way "far l'amore," however, is that the contadino goes, even for four or five years, to sit by the fire of his love during the winter, and to walk with her in the summer, though never alone, and that then the consent of the padrone is asked. In the valleys around Signa no girl can be married except in black. A widow is always married after dusk (*i.e.*, after the venti quattro), and any girl who has previously made a false step is compelled to the same seclusion.

The "families" of the contadini are by no means necessarily related to one another, though they live in the same house, and dwell perfectly harmoniously together. Each house has a male and female head who are absolutely despotic, and from whose judgment and decision there is no appeal. All that the men earn is at once carried to the *Cappocco;* all that the women earn to the *Massaja*. If a man wants two of the soldi, which he has earned himself, to buy some tobacco with, he invariably has to go and ask the

cappoccio for it. In the morning the cappoccio and massaja issue their orders: "You, Tonino, Maso, and Pietro will do this to-day, and you Teresa, Nina, and Maria will do that," and the orders are obeyed implicitly. Neither idleness or disobedience are ever allowed for a moment. That this despotic rule is felt perfectly to answer is proved by the fact that when a new cappoccio or massaja is required, the most severe and inflexible peasant is invariably chosen. I have known a massaja who was stone blind, and who yet ruled with absolute sovereignty. Six or seven families often live together under the same heads with the most perfect unanimity. If one of the number is ill, he is always looked after by the rest before they go out to work, and if one becomes maimed or helpless, he is never deserted by his "family" even if they are in no way really related. Besides the consent of the padrone, the consent of the cappoccio and massaja must also be obtained to a marriage, and if a contadino marries without their consent, he is turned out of the nest and forced to become a *manuale, i.e.*, a day-labourer from 80c. to 1fr. 20c. a-day, which is very different to the exalted and honourable position of a contadino. The women are chiefly occupied about their home duties, but they also have *far l'erba, i.e.*, to cut the grass for the beasts. In a vintage, also, everyone works; in the olives only the men. The household linen, which is a great subject of pride, is purchased by the massaja out of the money brought in by the poultry or the *bachi*. These bachi, or silk-worms, are a subject of the most vital importance. The eggs are never preserved from a past year, as it does not answer, but are always purchased from a distance. Many things date from the time when "*i bachi son nati.*" As the tiny worms

grow bigger, every hand, from that of an Italian country-loving marchesa to that of the smallest contadino, is employed in their behalf. The men are busied on ladders in gathering into great sacks the leaves of the *gelsi*, or white mulberries, which, with the exception of the sweet chestnuts, are the only trees Italians care to cultivate. The whole time of the women is taken up in feeding the creatures, and the amount they eat is simply stupendous. The upper story of a contadino's house, or of one wing of a palazzo, is usually given up to them. To those who stay long enough in Italy to care for the life of its people, it will be interesting to know the following *bachicultori* rules :—

"According to the most accredited system, the eggs should be placed in a room whose temperature stands at 12° (Reaumur) and covered with a blanket for four days : then the temperature should be increased one degree per day for other six days. On the tenth day the eggs are hatched, and again an extra degree of heat should be secured. The tenderest leaves, cut fine, are then given fresh every two hours. For an ounce of eggs, ten pounds of leaves suffice for the first stage. On the sixth day the worms sleep their first sleep. On their awakening, sheets of perforated paper or gauze are laid over them, covered with leaves, whose freshness entices them through the holes, and thus the necessity of touching them with the hands is avoided; and, moreover, the laggards are left on their beds, to be changed separately and kept apart, as tardiness in awakening is one of the symptoms of disease, or at least of delicacy. The perforated paper, with the leaves and worms, is then placed on matting made of coarse reeds, and tiers of these mats are placed on frames, and supported by poles and pegs. For the next six days about 30 lbs. of leaves suffice. On the sixth day the worms sleep their second sleep, then eat 100 lbs. of leaves; and on the seventh day sleep for the third time. After eating 300 lbs. of leaves they sleep once more ; then great care must be taken to change their beds, and increase the number of mats, so that sufficient space be allotted to each worm. After devouring 800 lbs. of leaves, they are supposed to be ready to spin, or, as the phrase runs, 'to go to the wood.' The methods of preparing the wood are various. The old-fashioned system is to prepare separate frames of mats, the tiers about two feet apart, and on these to

place small bundles of straw or faggots, with shavings plentifully strewn, and as each worm is mature, to place it separately in the wood. This method is tedious in the extreme, necessitates a number of assistants, and exposes the delicate little creatures to be hurt by rough handling. The popular system just now is that of sheds, resembling the double tent carried by the French soldiers. These sheds are erected in the centre of the room, and covered with matting. When the worms awaken from their last sleep, long branches of mulberry leaves are placed over them, instead of the stripped leaves; as they crawl up, the branches are removed, placed on the ground, leaning against the tents, fresh branches are supplied throughout the week; then, when they begin to spin, branches of dry *oppio* are placed outside, and the worms are left to their own devices. Probably neither system of preparing the wood has much influence on the result. The absolute indispensables are, regular temperature, yet plenty of air, perfect cleanliness in the attendants, the absence of all smells or scents, save that of rose-leaves, which may be strewn daily on the beds, and that the mulberry leaves be always fresh and dry. Better leave the worms without food for ten or twenty hours, than give them leaves wet with dew or rain."—*The Silk-worm Campaign, Corn. Mag.* 1869.

When the bachi are done with, it is time to think about the vintage, and then come the olives. It is no wonder that Italian contadini have no time to care for the cultivation of flowers such as one sees in English cottage gardens—a bush of roses and another of rosemary generally suffices them, indeed, for all flowers which have no scent, they have the utmost contempt—"fiore di campagna." Every spare moment is given by a Tuscan woman to straw plaiting, and the girls are allowed to put by the money earned in this way for their dowries; indeed they are entirely made thus. In the winter the men are employed in pruning the *gelsi* and in cutting the vines down to the ground, in accordance with the Tuscan proverb—"Fammi povero, e ti farò ricco."

Among the curious customs universally observed in the aristocratic Tuscan families, is that of sending live capons

to their doctors and lawyers at the two *Pasqua's*—Christmas and Easter. At Easter, too, a lamb is given to the *Maestro di Casa*, the surgeon, and doctor. Every country house has its appointed days for the distribution of its charities. On those days (Mondays and Thursdays, generally) everyone who comes to the house has a right to a cup of wine, a hunch of bread, and two centimes. Fifty or sixty persons frequently avail themselves of it. At Christmas everyone has a flask of *mezzo-vino* and a pound of meat.

Attached to all the principal villas is a church or chapel with the priest's house adjoining it. The contadini almost always go to pray before beginning their work. When the crops are beginning to mature, the priest followed by the *fattore* and the whole body of the contadini, male and female, walk for several days at 6 A.M. round all the boundaries of the *parrócchia*, singing a litany. It is the same litany which is represented in the eleventh canto of Tasso as being sung before the walls of Jerusalem.

There are very few good books of general Italian travel. Valery in French, and Forsyth in English, continue to be the best. The latter, which struck Napoleon so much by its perfection of style, that its author obtained his release from captivity, is incomparable as far as it goes, but it is terribly short. Little, except classical quotations, can be gained from the ponderous volumes and stilted language of Eustace. Goethe wrote a volume of travels in Italy; but then, as Niebuhr says, "he beheld without love." * Lately Taine, Gautier, and others have given to the world some pleasant Italian gleanings: many delightful

* Letter to Savigny, Feb. 16, 1817.

descriptive passages may be found in the novels of "George Sand," and no traveller should leave unread Mr. J. A. Symond's enchanting "Sketches in Italy and Greece." But for Italy in general there is wonderfully little to read.

It is not so with the separate places. Maffei's "Verona Illustrata," and Mariano Guardabassi's "Monumenti nella Provincia dell' Umbria," may be cited as two admirable specimens of the local art-histories which abound for almost all Italian towns and districts, published as a mere labour of love, generally without hope or chance of sale, and which are invaluable for reference or research. In English, too, especial places in Italy have been well attended to; Dennis has given us his "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria," Lord Lindsay's delightful volumes are perhaps especially full on the art of Pisa and Siena, and Ruskin has positively illuminated Venice for us, and has taught us to observe there a thousand things unobserved before, and to feel very differently about many things we had observed. Florentine travellers will have found their "walks" somewhat elucidated by the volumes of Miss Horner, and may have been able to pick something out of Trollope's "History of the Commonwealth of Florence," even if they are unable to read the Marchese Gino Capponi's two most useful and intensely interesting volumes on "La Storia della Repubblica de Firenze." The incomparable novel of "Romola," and the vividly picturesque though very verbose "Pascarel," should be read at Florence. Dumas' "Année à Florence" will also be found very amusing. Other pleasant books to be read in Italy are "L'Italie" and "Les Monastères Benedictins" of Alphonse Dantier. The "Corinne" of Madame de Staël should not be forgotten, or "I Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni, while "I Miei Ricordi"

of Massimo Azeglio, not only contains many charming pictures of Italian existence, but are interesting as being the first work of any importance written in Italian, not stilted and heroic, but as it is spoken in daily life.

Far the best guide books are those of Dr. Th. Gsell-fels, both as regards their style, their information, and, above all, their accuracy. Murray's Hand Books, to which travellers once owed so much, have been little corrected of late years. They continue to describe, through edition after edition, important frescoes and even a whole cathedral destroyed many years ago, as if they were still in existence,* and to pass almost unnoticed such important points as Bobbio and S. Leo. They neglect altogether such noble new picture-galleries as that of Forli, and continue to give the old numbers and places to the pictures at Bologna, Milan, &c., which have been frequently re-hung. The small Guide books of Bædeker are however excellent, full of practical knowledge, and most useful for the hurried traveller.

For the sculpture of Italy, the admirable works of C. C. Perkins, "Italian Sculptors" and "Tuscan Sculptors," should be carefully studied, and are most interesting. The "History of Sculpture" and the "History of Art," by Wilhelm Lübke, translated by F. E. Bunnètt, are also useful, though perhaps more so from their many engravings than from their letter-press. The art-student will read "Kugler's Handbook of Painting," edited by Sir Charles Eastlake, and will, of course, be familiar with Vasari's "Lives of the Painters,"—indispensable, though often incorrect—and with Lanzi's "History of Painting." He will also find the pon-

* For instance, the Bagnacavallo at Bologna, destroyed forty years ago, and the cathedral of Novara.

derous "Histories of Painting," by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, very useful for reference, and will refresh himself with M. F. A. Rio's "Poetry of Christian Art."

It is unnecessary to give any "Tours" here. Those which are best worth making are sufficiently indicated afterwards. The author would only again advise those who are hurried not to seek to see too much: and if they have not time for more, to see rather those places which are related to one another, and illustrate one course of history and one school of art, than to seek to see many great towns in scattered directions, with a confused recollection of many histories and many schools. Thus the traveller, whose great point is Venice, should also study Verona, Vicenza, Bassano, Padua, Udine, and Aquileja; the traveller who wishes to make Florence his centre should see at least Prato, Pistoia, Lucca, Pisa, Volterra, S. Gimignano, and Siena, and, if he is healthy and strong, should endeavour to visit the monasteries of the Casentino, especially La Vernia. But perhaps the most delightful tour of all, because there the *country* also is so beautiful, is that of the Umbrian towns, taking Perugia as a centre.

Artists, however, have such different feelings and desires to other travellers, that they may be glad to be directed to a few of the subjects which may especially interest them. Such are:—

Riviera di Ponente. Albenga, Finale, Loiano, Port at Savona.
Genoa. Ramparts. Ruined church at Albaro.
Riviera di Levante. Sestri. Porto Venere. Lerici.
Massa Ducale and *Pietra Santa.*
Turin. Sagro di S. Michele.
The Val d'Aosta.
Italian Lakes. Bellaggio, Baveno, Orta, Varallo.
Bergamo. The old city.

The Lago d'Iseo. Lovere.
Lago di Garda. Sermione. Riva. Malcesine.
Verona. The River Banks. Tomb of Count of Castelbarco. S. Fermo (porch and pulpit). S. Zeno. Giusti Gardens.
Mantua. Views beyond the bridges looking back.
Piacenza. Passeggiate, and View from Monte Berico.
Padua. S. Antonio (interior and cloisters).
Venice. Endless canals and courts. View of Grand Canal from platform near the Accademia. Island of S. Elena. Views near S. Pietro in Castello, &c.
Ferrara. The Castle.
Piacenza. The Piazza, and bits upon the walls.
Bologna. Piazzas of S. Petronio and S. Domenico.
Ravenna. The Pineta.
Rimini. S. Marino. S. Leo.
Ancona. General views on shore.
Gubbio. General view.
Pisa. The flat reaches of the Arno and the pine wood.
Lucca. Ponte alla Maddalena.
Prato. The outside Pulpit.
Florence. View from the Amphitheatre in the Boboli Gardens, from S. Miniato, from Careggi. Many street bits.
Siena. The Gorges. Many architectural subjects.
Cortona. Views near S. Margherita and on the shores of Thrasymene.
Perugia and Assisi. An inexhaustible mine for artists.

The following scheme, occupying about three months and a half, arranges the Italian towns so as to indicate to the traveller how he may pass over the same ground twice as little as possible. It also mentions the *least* possible time in which it is possible to see the places.

	Days.
Riviera	3
Genoa	2
Spezia, for Lerici	1
——— for Porto Venere	1
Carrara	½
Massa Ducale	½
Pietra Santa	½

	Days.
Lucca	1
Excursion to Bagni di Lucca	1
Pisa	1
Leghorn	½
Volterra	1
S. Gimignano	1
Siena	2
Excursion to Monte Oliveto	1
Excursion to Monte Pulciano and Pienza	1
Chiusi	½
Florence	7
Excursion to Prato and Pistoia	1
The Casentino	3
Arezzo	½
Borgo S. Sepolcro	½
Citta di Castello	1
Perugia	2
Excursion to Cortona	1
Assisi	1½
Foligno	½
Gubbio	1
Pass of Furlo	1
Urbino	1
Pesaro	½
Ancona	1
Loreto	1
Fano	½
Rimini	1
Excursion to S. Marino and S. Leo	1
Forli	1
Faenza	½
Ravenna	2
Bologna	2
Modena	½
Parma	1
Excursion to Canossa	1
Return by Bologna to Ferrara	1
Este and Arqua	1
Padua	1½
Venice	8
Excursion to Udine and Aquileja	2

	Days.
Tour in the Alps of Friuli	4
Bassano	1
Vicenza	1
Verona	2
Mantua	1
Lago di Garda	2
Brescia	1
Bergamo	1
Cremona	1
Piacenza	1
Excursion to Bobbio	1
Pavia and Certosa	1
Milan	2
Monza and Como	1
Tour of the Italian Lakes	3
Orta and Varallo	2
Novara and Vercelli	1
Turin	1
Excursion to the Waldenses	2
Excursion to the Sagro	1
Susa and Monte Cenis	2

If the traveller sets out in the Spring, this order of travel is the best; if he sets out in the Autumn, it should be reversed. But the time here given merely allows of a glance at things. The Author would again urge that it is always better to omit than condense—to see *something* thoroughly.

GULF OF GENOA
ADRIATIC
CORSICA
TURIN
MILAN
GENOA
VENICE
VERONA
BRESCIA
TRENT
BOLOGNA
FLORENCE
PARMA
MODENA
FERRARA
RAVENNA
PADUA
TRIESTE
NICE
MONACO
SIENA
PISA
LEGHORN
ANCONA
PESCARA
RIMINI
ELBA
BASTIA
ALESSANDRIA
CREMONA
PIACENZA
MANTUA
LUCCA
PRATO
PERUGIA
AREZZO
FORLI
FAENZA
IMOLA
CESENA
UDINE
VICENZA
TREVISO
VERCELLI
NOVARA
PAVIA
LODI
BERGAMO
COMO
VARESE
LECCO
ASTI
ACQUI
SAVONA
VENTIMIGLIA
SAN REMO
SPEZIA
CARRARA
MASSA
PISTOIA
RIMINI
PESARO
FANO
SINIGAGLIA
JESI
RECANATI
LORETO
TOLENTINO
FERMO
ASCOLI
FOLIGNO
CHIOGGIA
ESTE
LEGNAGO
VILLAFRANCA
VALEGGIO
PESCHIERA
DESENZANO
SALO
RIVA
ROVERETO
BELLUNO
CONEGLIANO
PORDENONE
GORIZIA
GRADO
CIVIDALE
PALMA-NUOVA
MESTRE
CHIOGGIA
ROVIGO
FERRARA
CODOGNO
CASALE
VALENZA
VOGHERA
TORTONA
NOVI
BRA
SALUZZO
SAVIGLIANO
CUNEO
MONDOVI
OVADA
ALBENGA
SOSPELLO
VOLTRI
CHIAVARI
SESTRI
PIETRA SANTA
PESCIA
PONTEDERA
EMPOLI
VOLTERRA
MASSA MARITTIMA
PIOMBINO
CORTONA
ARETINO
CITTA DI CASTELLO
GUBBIO
FABRIANO
MACERATA
SENIGALLIA
URBINO
FANO
PESARO
RIMINI
SAN MARINO
CESENA
FORLI
FAENZA
IMOLA
RAVENNA
LUGO
PORTO
ADRIATIC
GULF OF GENOA
CORSICA
ELBA
BASTIA
NICE
MONACO
SAN REMO
SOSPELLO
CUNEO
SAVONA
ALBENGA
VENTIMIGLIA
SAVIGLIANO
SALUZZO
BRA
ASTI
ACQUI
NOVI
TORTONA
VOGHERA
VALENZA
CASALE
VERCELLI
NOVARA
IVREA
BIELLA
AOSTA
VARALLO
LECCO
COMO
VARESE
BERGAMO
MONZA
MILAN
LODI
PAVIA
CREMONA
PIACENZA
CODOGNO
BRON
STRADELLA
VOGHERA
MORTARA
CREMA
BRESCIA
SALO
RIVA
ROVERETO
TRENT
BELLUNO
CONEGLIANO
VICENZA
TREVISO
PADUA
VENICE
CHIOGGIA
ESTE
LEGNAGO
VILLAFRANCA
VALEGGIO
VERONA
MANTUA
DESENZANO
PESCHIERA
PORDENONE
UDINE
CIVIDALE
GORIZIA
GRADO
TRIESTE
PALMA-NUOVA
MESTRE
ROVIGO
FERRARA
PORTO
RAVENNA
LUGO
IMOLA
FAENZA
FORLI
CESENA
RIMINI
SAN MARINO
PESARO
FANO
SINIGAGLIA
JESI
RECANATI
LORETO
TOLENTINO
FERMO
ASCOLI
FOLIGNO
PERUGIA
ASSISI
TRASIMENO
CHIUSI
SPOLETO
BORGO S. SEPOLCRO
URBINO
ANCONA
AREZZO
CITTA DI CASTELLO
GUBBIO
FABRIANO
MACERATA
SENIGALLIA
SIENA
CORTONA
MASSA MARITTIMA
PIOMBINO
VOLTERRA
LEGHORN
PISA
PONTE D'ERA
EMPOLI
FLORENCE
PRATO
PISTOIA
LUCCA
PESCIA
PIETRA SANTA
MASSA
CARRARA
SPEZIA
SARZANA
BORGO
CHIAVARI
SESTRI
VOLTRI
GENOA
BUSALLA
BOBBIO
BORGO SAN DONNINO
PARMA
REGGIO
MODENA
BOLOGNA
CASTEL BOLOGNESE
PORRETTA
GUASTALLA
CARPINETA
MONTECHIARUGOLO
CORREGGIO
CENTO
S. MARIA MAGGIORE
25°
26°
27°
28°
29°
30°
31°
45°
44°
43°

CHAPTER I.

THE RIVIERA DI PONENTE.

THE Railway now takes travellers from Nice to Genoa in eight hours, and even when seen in this way, the Riviera forms the most beautiful of the many approaches to Italy. But those who are not hurried will do well to keep to the old coast road, and either to engage a vetturino carriage at Nice or Mentone for the journey to Genoa, or, if they are content to travel in a far more humble and inexpensive, but much pleasanter fashion, to send on their luggage by rail from S. Remo (when it will have passed the custom-house) and travel thence—artist-fashion—from place to place, picking up one of the carriages which may always be found in the streets of the country towns, and which may be engaged for eight or ten francs, to hold three people for the half-day's journey, after which it should be exchanged for another, to prevent any final question of return fare.

Where time is not an object, such an excursion as this will prove truly delightful. It is not in rattling through the narrow streets of the little fishing towns that a true idea of this characteristic coast can be obtained; one must be able to wander in the secluded valleys, in the deep orange groves, along the banks of the torrents, or amidst the heights of the wild mountains which form their background. The geological and botanical resources offer an inexhaustible

field for research, while the artist will find endless employment, whether he prefer the pines and palms and orange groves of the sunny shore, the dark sculptured streets and marble balconies of the old Riviera towns, or the wild position of the ruined strongholds, in the heart of the neighbouring mountains

Those who are not very particular will not find much to complain of in the inns at S. Remo, Oneglia, Loano, Finale, or Savona, which are perhaps the best halting-places, though in the smaller towns, the entrance to the inn might often be mistaken for that of a stable, and the staircase, which is frequently of marble, looks as if it had not been swept for centuries. The ground-floor is generally occupied by the stable and coach-house, the first-floor by the host and his family, while the second-floor is destined for strangers. But when you reach it, the rooms are usually clean, airy, and well-furnished, and the food and attendance are very tolerable.

Twice a day, at least during the first part of his journey, a fairy vision salutes the traveller: first, when, in the sunrise, Corsica reveals itself across the sapphire water, appearing so distinctly that you can count every ravine and indentation of its jagged mountains, and feel as if a small boat would easily carry you over to it in an hour; and again, in the evening, when as a white ghost, scarcely distinguishable from the clouds around it, and looking inconceivably distant, it looms forth dimly in the yellow sunset.

The different varieties of *Patois* spoken along the coast will bewilder even one who is perfectly conversant with French and Italian, for in the language of many of the villages there is still a great admixture of Spanish words remaining from the time of the Spanish protection at Monaco, an

in the more remote villages—even in the names of mountains, as "Al Rasel"—Arabic words still linger from the Saracenic invasions and intermarriages.

Compared with the state of the English poor, there is very little real poverty here. In the coast villages the men gain a good subsistence as fishermen or boat-builders, the women by making lace or plaiting straw. In the country almost every one has a little olive ground or orange garden which they can call their own. A young couple seldom marry till they have hoarded up 400 or 500 francs, for which sum a house may be bought in one of the sea-board towns or villages, and they then save till they can purchase a piece of rock, which by perseverance and hard labour may, in this climate, soon be transformed into a fruitful garden. Here they often labour all night long, and lights are to be seen glimmering and songs heard from the orange gardens of the poor all through the dark hours. The first year they carry up earth, prepare the ground, and plant wild orange and lemon trees; the second year they graft them, and the third year they begin to reap the fruits. The oranges and lemons require watering all through the summer, but the olives require more than this. They have to be constantly trenched round to give air to the roots, without which they do not flourish, and once a year (in March and April) they require to be manured with rags, which are very expensive. During the rag season the smell from the olive groves is most unpleasant, and the effluvia from the ships, which convey the rags to the ports, is so offensive, that unloading them becomes a service of the greatest danger.

The oranges and lemons are the wealth of the Riviera. At certain seasons the whole air is fragrant with their blos-

soms, which are more valuable than the fruit itself, from the price they fetch at the perfume manufactories. The oranges are much hardier than the lemons, which are said to perish with four degrees of frost. Local tradition says, that as Eve was turned out of Paradise she snatched a single lemon from a tree which grew near the gate, and hid it in her apron in her flight. Afterwards, when she was wandering about on the earth, she threw it down at Mentone, where it grew and multiplied, and "so it is that on the Riviera there is the one thing which really came out of Paradise."

To many travellers, especially those to whom custom has not made it familiar, the very fact that the whole journey is along the edge—the *Cornice*—of the Mediterranean, will give it a charm—

> "There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
> Which changeless rolls eternally;
> So that wildest of waves, in their angriest mood,
> Scarce break on the bounds of the land for a rood;
> And the powerless moon beholds them flow,
> Heedless if she come or go;
> Calm or high, in main or bay,
> On their course she hath no sway.
> The rock unworn its base doth bare,
> And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not there
> And the fringe of the foam may be seen below,
> On the line that it left long ages ago:
> A smooth short space of yellow sand
> Between it and the greener land."—*Byron.*

This shore would stand for Shelley's 'Island of Epipsychidion,' or the golden age which Empedocles describes, when the mild nations worshipped Aphrodite with incense and the images of beasts and yellow honey, and no blood was spilt upon her altars—when 'the trees flourished with perennial leaves and fruit, and ample crops adorned their boughs through all the year.' This even now is literally true of the lemon-groves, which do not cease to flower and ripen. Everything fits in to complete the reproduction of Greek pastoral life. The goats eat cytisus

and myrtle on the shore: a whole flock gathered round me as I sate beneath a tuft of golden green euphorbia the other day, and nibbled bread from my hands. The frog still croaks by tank and fountain, 'whom the Muses have ordained to sing for aye,' in spite of Bion's death. The narcissus, anemone, and hyacinth still tell their tales of love and death. Hesper still gazes on the shepherd from the mountain-head. The slender cypresses still vibrate, the pines murmur. Pan sleeps in noontide heat, and goats and wayfaring men lie down to slumber by the road-side, under olive-boughs in which cicadas sing. The little villages high up are just as white, the mountains just as grey and shadowy when evening falls. Nothing is changed—except ourselves. I expect to find a statue of Priapus or pastoral Pan, hung with wreaths of flowers—the meal-cake, honey, and spilt wine upon his altar, and young boys and maidens dancing round. Surely, in some far-off glade, by the side of lemon grove or garden, near the village, there must be some such a pagan remnant of glad Nature-worship. Surely I shall chance upon some Thyrsis piping in the pine-tree shade, or Daphne flying from the arms of Phœbus. So I dream until I come upon the Calvary set on a solitary hillock, with its prayer-steps lending a wide prospect across the olives and the orange-trees, and the broad valleys, to immeasurable skies and purple seas. There is the iron cross, the wounded heart, the spear, the reed, the nails, the crown of thorns, the cup of sacrificial blood, the title, with its superscription royal and divine. The other day we crossed a brook and entered a lemon field, rich with blossom and carpeted with red anemones. Everything basked in sunlight and glittered with exceeding brilliancy of hue. A tiny white chapel stood in a corner of the enclosure. Two iron-grated windows let me see inside: it was a bare place, containing nothing but a wooden praying-desk, black and worm-eaten, an altar with its candles and no flowers, and above the altar a square picture brown with age. On the floor were scattered several pence, and in a vase above the holy-water vessel stood some withered hyacinths. As my sight became accustomed to the gloom, I could see from the darkness of the picture a pale Christ nailed to the cross, with agonizing upward eyes and ashy aureole above the bleeding thorns. Thus I stepped suddenly away from the outward pomp and bravery of nature to the inward aspirations, agonies, and martyrdoms of man—from Greek legends of the past to the real Christian present—and I remembered that an illimitable prospect has been opened to the world, that in spite of ourselves we must turn our eyes heavenward, inward, to the infinite unseen beyond us and within our souls. Nothing can take us back to Priapus or Pan. Nothing can again identify us with the simple natural earth. "*Une immense espérance a traversé la terre,*' and these

chapels, with their deep significances, lurk in the fair landscape like the cares of real life amid our dreams of art. . . Even the olives here tell more to us of Olivet and the Garden than of the oil-press and the wrestling ground. The lilies carry us to the Sermon on the Mount and teach humility, instead of summoning up some legend of a god's love for a mortal. The hill-side tanks and waving streams and water-brooks swollen by sudden rain, speak of Palestine. We call the white flowers stars of Bethlehem. The large sceptre-reed; the fig-tree, lingering in barrenness when other trees are full of fruit; the locust-beans of the Carouba:—for one suggestion of Greek idylls there is yet another of far deeper, dearer power."—*J. A. Symonds.*

About three miles from Mentone, the Italian custom-house stops the way at Mortola beneath the village of S. Mauro. Looking back from the heights above, we have just had the most glorious view of Mentone, with the white walls of Monaco gleaming beyond upon their isolated rock, while above it is Turbia with its Trophæa Augusti, throned high amongst the mountains, and the great purple promontory known as the Testa del Can. Just below, nearer the shore, is the old *Palazzo Orenga* (lately restored) on a rocky slope, perfumed in January by thickets of wild lavender.

A little beyond S. Mauro is the tiny gaily-painted *Church of S. Agostino* in a wooded glen, where snowy mountains are seen gleaming through the trees. The village near this is called *Latte* (the Land of Milk) from the richness of its soil. The largest of the houses in the orange groves is the summer palace of the Bishop of Ventimiglia.

From Latte we ascend to *Ventimiglia*—once Albium Intermelium, the capital of the Intermelii, and still the chief fortress between Nice and Genoa—which crowns the steep brown precipice with its white walls. It is entered by gates and a drawbridge, closing the narrow pass of the rock. Within, the town runs along a ledge in a picturesque outline

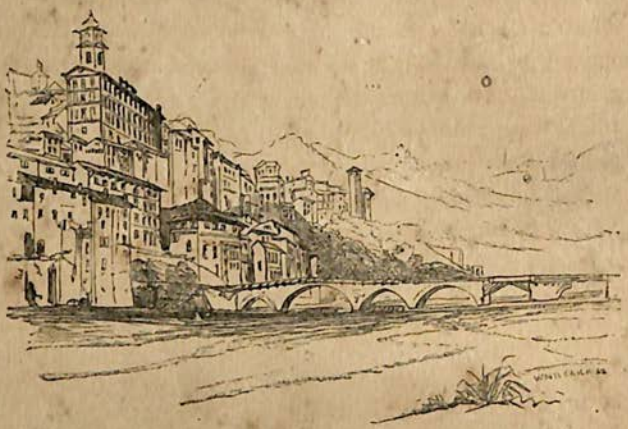
of brightly-coloured towers, old houses, and deserted convents, while deep below lies a little port with fishing vessels and some curious isolated rocks.

La Strada Grande is narrow and quaint, lined with old houses, some of which are painted on the outside with figures of animals, while others retain in marble balconies relics of their former grandeur. Here the traveller coming from France will first hear all the people talking Italian, and women shouting, as at Naples, before stalls of maccaroni and polenta, in the dark arch-ways. The *Cathedral*, of which S. Barnabas is said to have been the first bishop, stands on a terrace with a grand background of snowy mountains, and beside it is the palace of the Lascari—who ruled Ventimiglia in the Middle Ages—with an open loggia and staircase. On a further crest of the hill is the yellow-brown Romanesque *Church of S. Michele*, occupying the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux. The interior is unaltered, the crypt a very fine one, and the view most striking. On the mountain beyond the town is a ruined castle of Roman origin.

From S. Michele, a narrow path along the walls overhangs the orange gardens at a great height. No one should try it who is not tolerably steady of head and sure of foot. It leads to a postern gate close to the long bridge over the half-dry bed of the *Roya*, the *Rituba* of Pliny and Lucan, appropriately termed by the latter "cavus" from the deep bed which it has frequently hollowed out for itself, between precipitous banks.

From the dry bed of the river, the town is seen rising grandly in tier above tier of old houses, churches, and convents, with purple mountains and snow peaks beyond,

while in the foreground of the long bridge of irregular arches (alas, lately restored!) are groups of gaily-dressed washerwomen, at work upon the little pools between the



Ventimiglia.

sand-banks. The church tower and village which rise in the olive groves beyond the bridge, belong to the *Borgo di Ventimiglia*, where there is a humble little inn—*Albergo della Scatola*. Here luncheon may be obtained, and eaten on the flat roof, whence there is a lovely view of the town, with its old houses, and its castle cresting the opposite hill.

(An excursion should be made without fail to *Dolceacqua*—easily managed by those who sleep at Bordighera—perhaps the most beautiful place in the whole district.

It is about 3½ miles from the bridge over the *Nervia*, half-way between Ventimiglia and Bordighera. The road ascends the bank of the Nervia to *Campo Rosso*, which nestles in the valley, with a chain of snow peaks behind it.

At the entrance of the town is a brown conventual church, with a painted campanile relieved against the purple distance; and then you enter a piazza, lined with the quaintest old houses, with open painted loggias, and ending in a church, whose staircase of white marble is flanked by marble mermaids, throwing water into the small fountains. A little further, backed by the Chapel of Santa Croce on its hill, is a very curious Romanesque church, with an old burial-ground, over-grown with periwinkles, on the banks of the Nervia. An inscription entreats "elemosina" for the "Anime Purganti," and the former possessors of the "Anime" are represented by a pile of skulls and skeletons mouldering in an open charnel-house.

Dolceacqua.

After two miles more, winding through woods of olives, carpeted in spring by young corn and bright green flax, Dolceacqua suddenly bursts upon the view, stretching across

a valley, whose sides are covered with forests of olives and chestnuts, and which is backed by fine snow mountains. Through the town winds the deep-blue stream of the Nervia, flowing under a tall bridge of one wide arch, and above frowns the huge palatial castle, perched upon a perpendicular cliff, with sun-light streaming through its long lines of glassless windows. The streets are almost closed in with arch-ways, which give them the look of gloomy crypts, only opening here and there to let in a ray of sun-light and a strip of blue sky. They lead up the steep ascent to the castle where the Dorias once reigned as sovereign princes, as the Grimaldis at Monaco.)

Bordighera.

Ventimiglia is separated from Bordighera by three miles of flat and dusty level. Groups of palms (Phœnix Dactylifera)

gradually appear by the road-side and increase on approaching Bordighera (*Inn. Hotel d'Angleterre*—very good). This place, which has been surnamed "the Jericho of Italy," was almost unknown in England a few years ago, but is now familiar through Signor Ruffini's beautiful story of *Doctor Antonio*, of which the principal scene is laid here. The town contains nothing worth visiting, so that it is best to leave the carriage in the street, and wander up the hill, first to the garden of the French consul, where are some of the finest palm trees; then up some of the narrow alleys, where artists will find charming subjects of the older palms feathering over little shrines or bridges; and then to the common on the hill-top, with its grand view to Mentone, Roccabruna, and Monaco, and, in the vaporous distance, to Antibes and the faint blue mountains of Provence.

"The palm-glory of Bordighera is not to be seen without going up into the town, and beyond the town. These noble trees almost gird it round on the western and northern sides, and grow in profusion—in coppices and woods—of all sizes, from gnarled giants of 1000 years' reputed age, to little suckers which may be pulled up by hand, and carried to England. And there is no end to the picturesque groupings of these lovely trees, and their graceful effects in the sun-light.

"In the sun-light. For of all trees the palm is the child of the sun, and the best purveyor of flecked and dancing shade. Under the palm-thickets every darkest spot of shadow is a grand medley of exquisitely-traced lines; and on the verge of the bare sun-light outside, leap and twinkle a thousand sharply-marked parallel bars of graceful leafage. And there is something peculiarly of the sun, and of the east, in the many depths of the moon-lighted palm wood—the yellow, and the pale green, and the rich burnt sienna of the various foliage; the rough deep markings of the rich brown stems; and now and then the burning chrome of the fruit-stalks hanging in profuse clusters out from the depths of central shade.

"Nor is the least charm of the palm the silvery whisper of reeded fronds which dwells everywhere about and under it. With the palm romance reaches its highest. That soft sound soothed the old-world

griefs of patriarchs, and murmured over the bivouacs of Eastern armies. When the longers for Zion sate down and wept by the waters of Babylon, was it not the rough burr of the palm on which they hung their harps, rather than the commonly but gratuitously imagined branch of the willow? And when Judæa was again captive, it was under the palm that the conqueror, on his triumphant medals, placed the daughter of Zion.

"I have been told that there are probably now more palms at Bordighera alone, than in the whole of the Holy Land."—*Dean Alford.*

A winding path descends from the heights to the shore at the point of the rocky bay, which is the scene of one of Ruffini's word-pictures.

"It is indeed a beauteous scene. In front lies the immensity of sea, smooth as glass, and rich with all the hues of a dove's neck, the bright green, the dark purple, the soft ultra-marine, the deep blue of a blade of burnished steel,—there glancing in the sun like diamonds, and rippling into a lace-like net of snowy foam. In strong relief against this bright background, stands a group of red-capped, red-belted fishermen, drawing their nets to the shore, and accompanying each pull with a plaintive burthen, that the echo of the mountains sends softened back. On the right, to the westward, the silvery track of the road undulating amid thinly-scattered houses, or clusters of orange and palm-trees, leads the eye to the promontory of Bordighera, a huge emerald mount which shuts out the horizon, much in the shape of a leviathan couchant, his broad muzzle buried in the waters. Here you have in a small compass, refreshing to behold, every shade of green that can gladden the eye, from the pale-grey olive to the dark-foliaged cypress, of which one, ever and anon, an isolated sentinel, shoots forth high above the rest. Tufts of feathery palms, their heads tipped by the sun, the lower part in shade, spread their broad branches, like warriors' crests on the top, where the slender *silhouette* of the towering church spire cuts sharply against the spotless sky.

"The coast to the east recedes inland with a graceful curve, then, with a gentle bend to the south, is lost by degrees in the far, far sea. Three headlands arise from this crescent, which so lovingly receives to its embrace a wide expanse of the weary waters; three headlands of differing aspect and colour, lying one behind the other. The nearest is a bare red rock, so fiery in the sun the eye dares scarcely fix on it; the second, richly wooded, wears on its loftiest ridge a long hamlet, like to a mural crown; the third looks a mere blue mist in the distance, save one white speck. Two bright sails are rounding this last cape. The whole, flood-

ed as it is with light, except where some projecting crag casts its transparent grey shadow, is seen again reversed, and in more faint loveliness, in the watery mirror below. Earth, sea, and sky mingle with their different tones, and from their varieties, as from the notes of a rich, full chord, rises one great harmony. Golden atoms are floating in the translucent air, and a halo of mother-of-pearl colour hangs over the sharp outlines of the mountains.

"The small village at the foot of the craggy mountain is called Spedaletti, and gives its name to the gulf. It means little hospitals, and is supposed to have originated in a ship belonging to the knights of Rhodes, having landed some men sick of the plague here, where barracks were erected for their reception; and these same buildings served as the nucleus of the present village, which has naturally retained the name of their first destination. At a little distance are the ruins of a chapel called the 'Ruota,' which may or may not be a corruption of Rodi (Rhodes). Spedalatti in the present day is exclusively inhabited by the wealthy families of very industrious fishermen, who never need be in want of occupation. Nature, which made this bay so lovely, made it equally safe and trustworthy. Sheltered on the west by the Cape of Bordighera, and on the east by those three headlands, let the sea be ever so high without, within it is comparatively calm, and the fishermen of Spedalatti are out in all weathers."—*Doctor Antonio.*

Beyond Bordighera, the great rifted brown mountains are monotonous in their outline as compared with those near Mentone, but still are beautiful as they stand round about S. Remo, which rises from the sea in tiers of white houses, with a fine church crowning the hill against which they are built. There are palm trees here as at Bordighera, but not such fine ones, although this is the place whence, in 1588, came Bresca, the trading sea-captain, who gave instructions to throw water upon the ropes which held up the famous obelisk in front of S. Peter's, in defiance of the order of Pope Sixtus V., that any one who spoke should pay the penalty with his life, and who thus saved the obelisk, and obtained as reward that his native-place of S. Remo should furnish the Easter palms to S. Peter for ever. Early every spring, the palm branches are tied up to their stems, in order

to bleach them for this purpose, and from that time till the autumn their chief beauty is lost; but here and there a graceful stem, crowned with umbrella-like foliage, rears itself still untouched in the little square gardens, among the tall houses.

S. Remo (*Inns. Hotel de Londres; Hotel Royal,* pension 8 to 10 frs.; *Grande Bretagne.* On the eastern side, *Hotel d'Angleterre; Victoria—Pension Anglaise,* 8 to 9 frs.) is greatly changed within the last few years, and from a quiet fishing port has become one of the great southern centres for sun-seeking invalids; but in beauty it is greatly inferior to Mentone, and there are very few drives and walks.

"To the charms of quiet and sunshine S. Remo adds that of a peculiar beauty. The Apennines rise like a screen behind the amphitheatre of soft hills that enclose it—hills soft with olive woods, and dipping down with gardens of lemon and orange, and vineyards, dotted with palms. An isolated space juts out from the centre of the semi-circle, and from summit to base of it tumbles the oddest of Italian towns, a strange mass of arches and churches and steep lanes, rushing down like a stone cataract to the sea. On either side of the town lie deep ravines, with lemon gardens along their bottoms, and olives thick along their sides. The olive is the characteristic tree of San Remo."—*Saturday Review, Jan.* 1871.

Facing the high-road through the town is the splendid old palace of the Boria family, which has a court-yard and staircase that would do honour to the abode of a sovereign. Some way behind it, in a piazza, are the two principal churches of the lower town, and an audacious statue, not often met with even in Italy, of God the Father. Hence, steep, narrow, and filthy little streets, constantly arched overhead to strengthen the houses in case of earthquakes, and crowded below with children, cats, dogs, and chickens, lead to the top of the hill, where there is a fine open terrace

lined with cypresses, and commanding a lovely view of the mountains and sea.

At a very early period S. Remo was ruined by the Sara-

At S. Remo.

cens, who desecrated its principal church of S. Siro, and burnt the town. On the desolated site which they abandoned, and which was the property of his see, a little agricultural colony was settled by Theodulf, bishop of Genoa. Never losing sight of its connection with Genoa throughout its whole existence, S. Remo continued, as it increased in

importance, to follow the lead of the greater city, and the civil authority of the bishop was transferred to the communal parliament, whose assembly met in the church of S. Stefano. The Crusader's Palm upon the arms of the town, is a mark left by this revolution, itself produced by the Crusades. But in its alliance with Genoa, S. Remo always remained a perfectly free State. It was bound to contribute ships and men for the Genoese war service, but in return shared all the privileges of the Genoese republic in all parts of the world.

S. Siro is so injured by so-called restorations as to be of little value. Near it is a *Hospital* for leprosy, which terrible disease still lingers around S. Remo. It is hopelessly incurable, the limbs and the faces of the lepers being gradually eaten away, so that with several, while you look upon one side of the face, and see it apparently in the bloom of health and youth, the other has already fallen away and ceased to exist. The disease is hereditary, having remained in certain families of this district almost from time immemorial. The members of these families are prohibited from intermarrying with those of others, or indeed from marrying at all, unless it is believed that they are free from any seeds of the fatal inheritance. Sometimes the marriages, when sanctioned by magistrates and clergy, are contracted in safety, but often, after a year or two of wedded life, the terrible enemy appears again, and existence becomes a curse; thus the fearful legacy is handed down.

A stony walk over dull hills leads from the hospital to the mountain sanctuary of *S. Romolo*, who gave his name to the town, invariably called S. Romolo till the fifteenth century; and it is probable that the present name is due, not to a pun

on Romulus and Remus, but to a contraction of its full ecclesiastical title—"Sancti Romoli in Eremo." The hermitage stands in a wood of old chestnut trees, enamelled with blue gentians. A chapel contains a large white mitred statue of the saint with a sword through his breast, on the spot where he suffered martyrdom, and is attached to and encloses the cave where he lived in retirement.

(An excursion should be made from S. Remo to Taggia (about five miles) and Lampedusa. The road thither passes beneath the sanctuary of La Madonna della Guardia, and by Armi, with its rock chapel facing the sea, and turns off from

Lampedusa from Taggia.

the coast-road at the village of La Riva. Hence it is a lovely drive through luxuriant olives surrounded by high mountains, on the steep sides of which the town of Castellaro soon appears upon the right, and beyond it, the famous shrine of Lampedusa, jammed into a narrow ledge of the precipice.

Taggia itself is deep down in the valley by the side of the

rushing river of the same name. Its streets are curious; several of its houses have been handsome *palazzi*, and there is still a native aristocracy resident in the place. Many of the old buildings are painted on the outside with fading frescoes, of others the stone fronts are cut into diamond facets, others are richly carved. Most of them rest upon open arches, in which are shops where umbrella-vendors set out their bright wares, and crimson *beretti* hang out for sale, enlivening the grey walls by their brilliant colouring. All the spots described in the novel of Doctor Antonio really exist, and the crowd which collects around the carriage of strangers when it stops, invites them to visit the house of "Signora Eleanora," "Il Baronetto Inglese," &c. The long bridge across the valley is adorned with a shrine commemorating the adventure of two children who were thrown down by an earthquake with two of its arches in 1831, and escaped uninjured.

From hence a path, turning to the right, mounts by a steep ascent to *Castellaro*, where the church (engraved here, as a good specimen of the graceful Riviera churches) stands out finely upon the spur of the hill, its gaily-painted tower relieved against the blue background of sea. Beyond this is Lampedusa.

"A broad, smooth road, opening from Castellaro northwards, and stretching over the side of the steep mountains in capricious zig-zags, now conceals, now gives to view the front of the sanctuary, shaded by two oaks of enormous dimensions. The Castellini, who made this road 'in the sweat of their brows,' point it out with pride, and well they may. They tell you with infinite complacency, how every one of the pebbles with which it is paved was brought from the sea-shore, those who had mules using them for that purpose, those who had none bringing up loads on their own backs; how every one, gentleman and peasant, young and old, women and boys, worked day and night, with no other inducement than the love of the Madonna. The Madonna of Lampedusa is their creed, their occupation, their pride, their *carroccio*, their fixed idea.

"All that relates to the miraculous image, and the date and mode of its translation to Castellaro, is given at full length in two inscriptions, one in Latin, the other in bad Italian verses, which are to be seen in the

Castellaro.

interior of the little chapel of the sanctuary. Andrea Anfosso, a native of Castellaro, being the captain of a privateer, was one day attacked and defeated by the Turks, and carried to the Isle of Lampedusa. Here he succeeded in making his escape, and hiding himself until the Turkish vessel which had captured his left the island. Anfosso, being a man of expedients, set about building a boat, and finding himself in a great dilemma what to do for a sail, ventured on the bold and original step of taking from the altar of some church or chapel of the island a picture of the Madonna to serve as one; and so well did it answer his purpose, that he made a most prosperous voyage back to his native shores, and, in a fit of generosity, offered his holy sail to the worship of his fellow-townsmen. The wonder of the affair does not stop here. A place was chosen by universal acclamation, two gun-shots in advance of the present sanctuary, and a chapel erected, in which the gift was deposited with all due honour. But the Madonna, as it would seem, had an insurmountable objection to the spot selected, for, every morning that God made, the picture was found at the exact spot where the actual church now stands. Sentinels were posted at the door of the chapel, the entire village remained on foot for nights, mounting guard at the entrance; no precaution, however, availed. In spite of the strictest watch, the picture, now undeniably a miraculous one, found means to

make its way to the spot it preferred. At length, the Castellini came to understand that it was the Madonna's express will that her head-quarters should be shifted to where her resemblance betook itself every night; and though it had pleased her to make choice of the most abrupt and the steepest spot on the whole mountain, just where it was requisite to raise arches in order to lay a sure foundation for her sanctuary, the Castellini set themselves *con amore* to the task so clearly revealed to them, and this widely-renowned chapel was completed. This took place in 1619. In the course of time some rooms were annexed, for the accommodation of visitors and pilgrims, and a terrace built; for though the Castellini have but a small purse, theirs is the great lever which can remove all impediments—the faith that brought about the Crusades.

"To the north a long, long vista of deep, dark, frowning gorges, closes in the distance by a gigantic screen of snow-clad Alps—the glorious expanse of the Mediterranean to the south-east and west, range upon range of gently undulating hills, softly inclining towards the sea—in the plain below, the fresh, cozy valley of Taggia, with its sparkling track of waters, and rich belt of gardens, looking like a perfect mosaic of every gradation of green, chequered with winding silver arabesques. Ever and anon a tardy pomegranate in full blossom spreads out its oriflamme of tulip-shaped dazzling red flowers. From the rising ground opposite frowns mediæval Taggia, like a discontented guest at a splendid banquet. A little further off westward, the eye takes in the campanile of the Dominican church, emerging from a group of cypresses, and further still, on the extreme verge of the western cliff, the sanctuary of our lady of the Guardia shows its white silhouette against the dark blue sky."—*Ruffini.*)

After leaving La Riva, the post-road to Genoa passes through the villages of *S. Stefano al Mare*, and *S. Lorenzo al Mare*, and then *Porto Maurizio* comes in sight, covering the steep sides of a promontory.* The church here is white, and the town cold in colour compared with its neighbours.

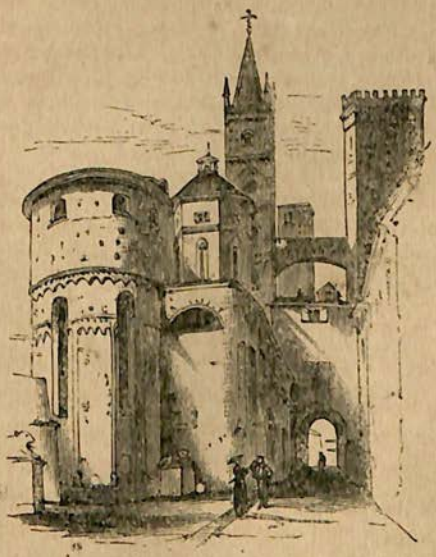
Oneglia (*Inn. Vittoria*) is an ugly town, with modern arcaded streets, but a good place for the study of fishing boats and fishermen. It was the birth-place of Andrea Doria, the great Genoese admiral, in 1466. There is a road

* Places in the diligence from S. Remo to Porto Maurizio cost 2 frs., a carriage from Porto Maurizio to Albenga 15 frs., and 15 frs. more from Albenga to Savona.

from hence to join the railway from Turin to Cuneo (at Fossano) by the ravine of the Tanaro, and the pass of the Col di Nava.

Through *Diano Marina*, and *Cervi*, and by the *Castle of Andora*, we reach *Alassio* (*Inn. La Bella Italia*), a better sleeping-place than Albenga. We see the *Island of Gallinara*, with the remains of a Benedictine convent, before reaching—

Albenga (*Inn. Albergo d'Italia*, very poor), the ancient Albium Ingaunum, and the birth-place of the Emperor Pro-



Cathedral of Albenga.

culus. Its thirteen mediæval towers remind the Italian traveller of S. Cimignano rising out of the plain like a

number of tall nine-pins set close together. Albenga affords many artistic subjects, possessing a very ancient Gothic *Cathedral*, an early *Baptistery*, all green with mould and damp, and three equally grim and green Lombardic lions at the foot of the tower called *Torre del Marchese Malespina*. A little way beyond the town is a Roman bridge, *Ponte Lungo*. The place is so unhealthy that—'*Hai faccia di Albenga*'—is a proverbial expression in the country for one who looks ill.

(There is a lovely drive (8 frs.) up the vale of Albenga to Garlanda. This valley is radiantly beautiful in spring. Overhead are tall peach-trees with their luxuriance of pink blossom. Beneath these the vines cling in Bacchanalian festoons, leaping from tree to tree, and below all, large melons, young corn, and bright green flax, waving here and there into sheets of blue flower, form the carpet of Nature. Sometimes gaily-painted towers, and ancient palazzi, with carved armorial gateways and arched porticoes, break in upon the solitude of the valley. In one of these, the palace of *Lusignano*, which is girt about on two sides by the steep escarpment of the mountains, and backed by a noble pine-tree, Madame de Genlis lived for some time, considering her abode an Arcadia, and here she wrote her story of the Duchess of Cerifalco, shut up for nine years in a vault by her husband, of which Albenga is the scene.

Beyond this, the mountains form rugged precipices, only leaving space for the road to pass by the side of the clear rushing river *Centa*. The stream divides to embrace the mediæval walls and towers of *Villa Nuova*, a curious and tiny city. Near the road is a round church with a Gothic tower, built of deep yellow stone, and highly picturesque.

Hence, across the marshy plain of the *Lerone*, one sheet of flowers in spring, we reach the old castle of *Garlanda*, with Scotch-looking pepperbox tourelles, which guards the narrowing fastness of the valley. Beyond is the church, where the whole peasantry of the valley rose against the French in defence of their picture by *Domenichino*—of S. Mauro kneeling at the feet of the Virgin and Child—and succeeded in preventing its being carried off. In the same church is a horrible Martyrdom of S. Erasmus, attributed to *Poussin.*)

After leaving Albenga, the high-road passes through *Loano* (*Inn. Europa*). There is a very picturesque view of an aqueduct, and the fine church of Monte Carmelo, built by the Dorias in 1609, just outside the further gate. The next village is *Pietra.* There is a tunnel through the rocks before reaching—

Finale Marina (*Inn. Hotel de Venise*), one of the most picturesque villages on the shore. The views of the Apennine ranges beyond Spezia and Carrara are most beautiful on clear evenings from all this part of the coast, and the descent to the sea-shore at this point, flanked by gigantic precipices, on one of which is a tall mediæval tower, is certainly the finest scene at this end of the Riviera.

Hence the road follows the coast, sometimes above, sometimes on a level with the sea. The first village is *Varigotti.* We pass through a tunnel in the rocks before reaching *Noli.* Then come *Spotorno*, *Bergeggi*, and *Vado.* The stately buildings of Genoa shine in the clear light long before reaching Savona.

Savona (*Inns. Italia, Pensione Suizzera*—both good) is the

largest town on the coast after Nice and Genoa, and has a small but safe harbour. The handsome *Cathedral* of 1604 contains, in the Cappella Sistina, the tomb of the parents of Pope Sixtus IV., by *Michele* and *Giovanni de Andria*. Among the pictures are a Madonna, by *Aurelio Robertelli*, 1449; an Assumption, by *Brea*, 1495; and an Annunciation and Presentation, by *Albani*. The *Church of S. Giovanni Battista* contains a Nativity, by *Girolamo da Brescia*, 1519, and a picture falsely attributed to Albert Durer. In the *Church of*

At Savona.

S. Giacomo is the tomb of the lyric poet Chiabrera, who was born here, inscribed by his own desire :—

"Amico, io, vivendo, cercava conforto
Nel Monte Parnasso;
Tu, meglio consigliato, cercalo
Nel Calvario."

The house in which Chiabrera lived in the town is inscribed with the motto he chose—"Nihil ex omni parte beatum." The *Theatre* is dedicated to Chiabrera. Pius VII. was long detained at Savona as a prisoner. Artists will not fail to sketch the lovely view from the port with its old tower. The statue of the Virgin here has an inscription which can be read either in Latin or Italian:

"In mare irato, in subita procella,
Invoco te, nostra benigna stella."

(It is about an hour's drive—carriage 6 frs.—from Savona to its famous *Santuario.* Through a winding valley you enter a court-yard, shaded by great elm-trees. In the centre is a fountain, and on the further side a fine 16th-century church, containing a few tolerable pictures. The first appearance of the miraculous Virgin, in whose honour all this was built, is said to have taken place at the little round chapel on the hill above the present sanctuary, where she showed herself to a poor countryman, and desired him to go into Savona, and declare what he had seen. This he did boldly, and was put into prison for his pains, but an unknown lady came to open his prison-door and release him. Again, at the scene of his daily labours, the Virgin revealed herself to him, and again desired him to go and tell what he had seen in Savona, but he remonstrated, saying that the last time she had told him to do this he had obeyed her and had been imprisoned in consequence. "Yes," answered the Virgin, "and it was I who released you; go then again boldly, and I will protect you." So he obeyed, and went to tell what he had seen in Savona, but the people mocked, and no one believed him, and he returned home sorrowful. On his way, as he was pondering sadly over

these things, he met a great multitude of people. "Whence do you come," he said, "and what are you going to do?" "Oh," they said, "we are the inhabitants of the Albergo dei Poveri, and we are going to Savona, that we may obtain food and continue to live, for we have no corn left in our granaries." Then he bade them return, for their granaries should be filled. And they were unbelieving, yet still they returned, and when they reached the granaries, they were unable to open the doors on account of the quantity of grain that was in them. All the people of Savona, when they saw the miracle, gave praise to the Virgin who had delivered them; and now, convinced of the truth of the countryman's story, they built the church and hospital in her honour, which are still to be seen in the valley of S. Bernardo.

Within, the church is magnificent, its walls being entirely covered with precious marbles, which in their turn are encrusted with votive offerings of gold and silver. The under church is even more splendid than the upper. Here is the famous image of the Virgin, hideously radiant in the jewelled crown of Pope Pius VII, and the diamond collar of King Charles Albert. Beside her kneels a little marble figure of the countryman to whom the discovery was due. Beneath her feet issues a stream of water, served to visitors from a massive silver jug upon a silver tray; "holy water," says the Sacristan, "and competent to cure all manner of diseases," but, as a matter of fact, it is so icily cold that it has quite the contrary effect upon those who drink it after a hot walk from Savona. In the afternoon a Litany is most sweetly sung at the Santuario by the inmates of the neighbouring poor-house and orphanage, all looking most picturesque; the younger women in white veils (pezzottos),

the elder wearing over their heads scarfs with brightly-coloured flowers stamped upon them (mezzaras). When their service is over, they emerge from the church in procession, with crosses and banners.)

On leaving Savona, the road passes through Albizzola Marina. One mile inland is *Albizzola Superiore*, where there is a fine palace of the Della Rovere family. The Della Rovere Popes, Sixtus IV. and Julius II., were both natives of Albizzola. The family was then so much reduced, that Sixtus IV., though of noble descent, was the son of a poor fisherman, and his nephew, Julius II., was occupied in his youth in daily carrying the products of his father's farm to Savona, either by boat or mule, whatever the rudeness of the season, and was often received with great severity on his return, if his provisions had not sold well.

In the church of *S. Michele* is a picture by *Pierino del Vaga*, which he vowed during a storm. *Vorazzo*, a great ship-building place on the sea-shore, was the birth-place (1230) of Jacopo de Voragine, author of "The Golden Legend," afterwards an excellent Archbishop of Genoa. In the hills above this is the monastery of *Il Deserto*, founded by a lady of the Pallavicini family, who is represented there as the Madonna in an altar-piece by *Fiasella*.

Cogoletto is the reputed birth-place of Columbus, in 1447, and the house of his father Domenico (doubtful *) is pointed out by the inscription—

"Hospes, siste gradum. Fuit hic lux prima Colombo:
Orbe viro majori heu nimis arcta domus!
Unus erat mundus. 'Duo sunt,' ait ille. Fuere." †

* In his will Columbus says—"Que siendo yo nacido en Genova, como natural d'alla porque de ella sali y en ella naci."
† Gagliuffi.

Voltri is a large town with paper-manufactories. In the neighbouring valley of the Leira are baths for cutaneous disorders.

Pegli (*Hotel d'Angleterre*, facing the station—with a restaurant, déjeûner 3 frs.—very good. *Hotel Gargini*, in a large garden, pension 8 to 9 frs., excellent). The entrance to the *Villa Pallavicini* is through a house adjoining the pretty railway station on the left. A visit to this famous villa occupies quite two hours, and no one who is unequal to a long walk should attempt it. It should also be remembered, where time is an object, that there is nothing *especially* to be seen in the villa. The grounds were entirely laid out in 1836—1846, during which time 100 men were constantly at work. The pleasant, shady walks are bordered by immense heaths, and other flowering shrubs. There is a great deal that is very foolish, and has been very expensive, in the way of fifth-rate triumphal arches, marble summer-houses, artificial cascades, &c. What is really pretty is a grotto, where you step into a boat, and are rowed in and out amongst the stalactyte pillars, emerging on a miniature lake fringed with azaleas and camellias. The villa now belongs to the Marchesa Pallavicini Durazzo.

The *Villa Doria* at Pegli has pleasant grounds.

Hence the approach to Genoa is through a continuous suburb, till, after passing the light-house, one comes upon one of the grandest city views in the world.

CHAPTER II.

GENOA.

GENOA stands at the north-western point of Italy, and is, as it were, its key-note. No place is more entirely embued with the characteristics, the beauty, the colour of Italy. Its ranges of marble palaces and churches rise above the blue waters of its bay, interspersed with the brilliant green of orange and lemon groves, and backed by swelling mountains; and it well deserves its title of Genova La Superba. The best view is that as you approach by the railway from Savona: hence you see:—

"The queenly city, with its streets of palaces rising tier above tier from the water, girdling with the long lines of its bright white houses, the vast sweep of its harbour, the mouth of which is marked by a huge natural mole of rock, crowned by its magnificent light-house tower. Its white houses rise out of a mass of fig, and olive, and orange-trees, the glory of its old patrician luxury; the mountains behind the town are spotted at intervals by small circular low towers, one of which is distinctly conspicuous where the ridge of hills rises to its summit, and hides from view all the country behind it. These towers are the forts of the famous lines, which, curiously resembling in shape the later Syracusan walls enclosing Epipolæ, converge inland from the eastern and western extremities of the city, looking down, the western line on the valley of the Polcevera, the eastern on that of the Bisagno, till they meet on the summit of the mountains, where the hills cease to rise from the sea, and become more or less of a table-land running off towards the interior, at a distance of between two and three miles from the outside of the city."
—*Arnold, Lectures on Modern History.*

"Ecco! vediam la maestosa immensa
Città, che al mar le sponde, il dorso ai monti
Occupa tutta, e tutta a cerchio adorna.
Qui volanti barchette, ivi anchorate
Navi contemplo, e a poco a poco in alto
Infra i lucidi tetti, infra l'eccelsi
Cupole e torri, il guardo irgendo a l'ampio
Girevol mura triplicate, i chiusi
Monti da loro, e le minute rocche
A luogo a luogo, e i ben posti ripari
Ammiro intorno: inusitata intanto
Vaghezza a l'occhio, e bell' intreccio fanno
Col tremolar de le frondose cime,
Col torreggiar de l'appuntate moli."—*Bettinelli.*

Genoa, anciently Genua, was the chief maritime city of Liguria, and afterwards a Roman municipium. Under the Lombards the constant invasions of the Saracens united the professions of trade and war, and its greatest merchants became also its greatest generals, while its naval captains were also merchants.

The Crusades were of great advantage to Genoa in enabling it to establish trading settlements as far as the Black Sea, but the power of Pisa in the East, as well as its possession of Corsica and Sardinia, led to wars between it and Genoa, in which the Genoese took Corsica, and drove the Pisans out of Sardinia. By land, the Genoese territory was extended to Nice on one side and to Spezia on the other. After the defeat of Pisa in the battle of Molara, 1284, and the destruction of its harbour, Genoa became complete mistress of the western sea. In the east its power was only surpassed by that of Venice, but constant competition with the rival city excited its energies to the utmost, and the services which it was able to render to the Byzantine emperor led to its gradually supplanting Venice in Greece and the Black Sea.

The most formidable enemy which Genoa had to deal with was its want of the internal unity which was conspicuous at Venice. In the 12th century the people were already divided into eight political parties, which in the time of the Hohenstaufens resolved themselves into the Ghibellines under the Dorias and Spinolas, and the Guelfs under the Fieschi. At the end of the 12th century the plan of government by a foreign Podesta was introduced, assisted by a council of eight, but by the 14th century the rivalries of the different noble families had led to civil war in almost all the possessions of the State, though trade and navigation only seemed to flourish the more; and the speculations, ventures, and spirit of enterprise of Genoa only increased.

In 1339 the Genoese elected their first Doge, Simone Boccanera, who abdicated, was recalled, and eventually poisoned; and as the chief power was afterwards always the subject of contention between the families of Adorno, Fregosi, Marchi, and Montaldi, the possession of a Doge failed utterly in establishing internal peace. Still trade flourished and increased, and, from the beginning of the fifteenth century, the chief power really rested with the managers of the famous Banco di San Giorgio, which maintained an army and naval force of its own.

Genoa fell several times into the hands of France. The famous Andrea Doria was at first Admiral of the French fleet, but, disgusted at the breach of faith shown by Francis I., and his inattention to the freedom granted to Genoa, he went over to the Emperor Charles V., and having obtained a promise that his native city should be an independent Republic, drove the French out of the city, and introduced a constitution in which all family interests were made subordinate to the real welfare of the State. It was thus ordained that all the old families possessing landed property were to be counted as equal; and every noble family which possessed six inhabited houses in the town was to form an "Albergo," to which poorer families were to associate themselves, an arrangement which gave an opportunity of uniting those families who had hitherto favoured the Guelphs to Ghibelline Alberghi, and those who were Ghibellines to Guelphic Alberghi, and in this way gradually extinguishing their party-spirit by their interests. Out of the 28 Alberghi thus formed, a senate of 400 members was chosen, which was to fill up all the offices of state, the Doge being only elected for two years.

Having no children, Andrea Doria had chosen as his heir his great-nephew Gianettino, a vain young man, who was suspected of wishing to aspire to the sovereignty when his uncle should be dead. The offence which he gave to one of the great Genoese nobles, Giovanni Luigi di Fieschi, Count of Lavagna, led to the famous conspiracy of the Fieschi, by which it was resolved to overthrow the new constitution of Genoa and the influence of the Dorias. For the moment the insurgents were successful. Gianettino was killed at the Porta S. Tommaso, and Andrea, on hearing of his death, fled to Savona; but the conspiracy was brought to nothing by the death of Fieschi, who fell into the water as he was stepping into a galley, and was drowned by the weight of his armour; after which, Andrea Doria was brought back to Genoa with honour, and the whole property of the Fieschi was confiscated and their palace razed to the ground.

From this time Genoa enjoyed tranquillity, till the reign of Louis XIV., who sent a fleet to besiege the town in 1684, when the Palace of the

Doge and many other fine buildings were destroyed by bombardment, and the city was forced to submit.

In 1800 Genoa again underwent a siege, when it was attacked by sea by an English and Neapolitan fleet, and by land by the Austrians. The blockade caused a terrible famine, in which 20,000 persons perished, and Massena, with his French garrison, was obliged to capitulate on the 4th of June, but re-entered the town on the 16th. The last Doge chosen was Girolamo Durazzo. In 1805 Genoa was incorporated with France, and its trade was stopped. In 1814 it was stormed by the English. The Vienna Congress made it over as a Duchy to the King of Sardinia, and it has since followed the fortunes of the house of Savoy.

The imports of Genoa are now estimated at three hundred million francs, its exports at a hundred and twenty million. The number of vessels anually calling at its port is considered to be 7000 sailing-vessels and 2300 steamers, including 1700 sailing-vessels and 800 steamers from foreign countries.

The architectural features of Genoa are first its mediæval churches, with striped façades of black and white marble, and, secondly, its magnificent sixteenth-century palaces. The residence of Rubens and Vandyke in the town has greatly enriched it with their paintings, which for the most part remain in the hands of those families for whom they were originally executed. The Genoese painters—Ludovico Brea, c. 1483; Luca Cambiaso, 1527—1585; Castello il Bergamasco, 1500—1570; Bernardo Strozzi (called "Il Cappuccino" or "Il Prete"), 1581—1644; Carloni, 1593—1630; were of inferior importance.

The principal hotels are all ranged along the edge of the port, but are separated from the sea by a tramway and a high stone terrace, which hide the view from the lower windows, so that rooms "al terzo piano" are greatly to be preferred. From these one can overlook the harbour, and watch the glorious sunsets behind the grandly-proportioned light-house, called La Fanale (built 1547), 247 feet high, which closes the port at its western extremity.

Hotels. *Albergo d' Italia*, kept by Bottacchi, the proprietor of the once well-known Croce di Malta, now closed; *Albergo delle Quattro Nazioni*, excellent and very reasonable (pension 10 frs.); Hotel de la Ville; Hotel Feder; Hotel de France; and the Hotel de Londres near the station. Visitors to Genoa in warm weather will do well to go for

luncheon or ices to the really beautiful and thoroughly Italian café, "La Concordia," in the Strada Nuova: its garden, on summer evenings, is perfectly delightful.

Carriages (in all the piazzas), the course, 80 c.; at night, 1 fr. 25 c. The 1st hour, 1 fr. 50 c.; at night 2 frs. Every half-hour after the first, 75 c. For the day, with 2 horses, 15 frs.; with 1 horse, 10 frs. For the half-day, with 2 horses, 10 frs.; with 1 horse, 5 frs.

Omnibus (public) from the station to Piazza S. Domenico, and all over the town, 20 c.

Boats, with 1 rower, in the harbour, for 2 to 4 persons, 2 frs. the hour.

Post Office. 18 Piazza Fontane Amorose.

The principal sights of Genoa may be comprised within a single walk, and may be visited in the following order: The Strada degli Orefici, Cathedral, (S. Maria di Carignano), S. Matteo, Palazzo Spinola, (Acqua Sola), Palazzo Doria Tursi, Palazzo Brignole Rosso, L'Annunziata, Albergo dei Poveri, Palazzo Balbi, Palazzo Durazzo della Scala, Palazzo del Principe Doria. But there are many other objects in Genoa full of beauty and interest, and several days may be well spent in the examination of its glorious palaces, and the treasures they contain. Those who are unequal to much exertion will find constant amusement in the view from their windows, for which it is most desirable to secure rooms on the third story.

"Gênes rend paresseux. De sa fenêtre on y jouit trop pour qu'il n'en coûte pas d'aller chercher au loin ses curiosités. Le voyageur assez heureux pour plonger sur cette vaste mer, sur ce port magnifique qui en est comme le vestibule, sur cette forêt de mâts que les flots balancent sous les yeux, ne peut pas s'en arracher. Le mouvement et la vie qui se jouent et se déploient sous milles formes diverses, ces légers bateaux qui se glissent entre les vaisseaux immobiles, ces voix confuses qui se mêlent au bruit sourd des vagues, les cris des matelots adoucis par l'espace, leurs costumes si pittoresques, leurs physionomies si expressives, cette mer si bleue, ce ciel si pur, cette vive lumière, ces brises si fraîches et pourtant si douces, ce cintre qui resserre le tableau afin de n'en faire perdre aucun détail, et tout cela un seul coup d'œil l'embrasse!

Ici vraiment tout ce qui respire jouit, tout ce qui regarde est heureux ! Il est sans doute un grand nombre de ports de mer qui offrent une vue étendue et variée, mais en outre d'une magnificence que l'on chercherait vainement ailleurs, les différents plans sur lesquels la ville de Gênes est bâtie, semblent comme autant de gradins disposés pour faire jouir les habitans de l'éternelle *naumachie* qui se déploie à leurs regards."—*Madame Swetchine.*

"Looking out from my bed-room, I saw beneath me rows of lengthy, oddly-constructed waggons, laden, some with sacks of corn, some with barrels of (I know not what), some with pigs of lead and iron, some with cocoa-nut matting, others with logs of timber, others, again, with dried fish; and, what with the ceaseless din of human voices, pitched in every key, the clang of iron rails as they were flung from the carts to the ground, the blasting of the neighbouring rocks for the fortifications, the braying of mules and donkeys, the tinkling of the bells affixed to their harness, and the cracking of vetturinos' whips as they whirled their crazy vehicles through the streets, the hammering of iron pots and copper pans, the chanting monotone of the sailors, with their yo-ho, yo-ho! as they raised anchor before leaving harbour, the creaking of cordage, the cries of hucksters as they advertised their wares for sale, and the vibration of all the church bells as they chimed the quarters,—I thought my tympanum must have burst. I say nothing of the fragrant odours drawn forth by the heat of the sun from Parmesan and Gruyere cheese and Bologna sausages; nor will I dwell on the filthy habits of women spitting and men smoking at every turn. In spite of all these drawbacks, the eye enjoys a perpetual feast in the strange dramas acting every minute, and the picturesque groups standing at every corner. The superfluous energy of gesticulation about the veriest trifle, in which almost all classes indulge, would be amusing were it not fatiguing. It was but now I saw two men, with naked, nervous arms and legs, and swarthy breasts, with no article of clothing on them but cotton drawers, flinging their arms about so wildly, and gabbling at each other with such frantic vehemence, that I expected blood-shed every instant. The ringing laugh which succeeded this redundancy of gesture taught me that I did not yet understand the national temperament."—*Julian C. Young.*

Emerging from the hotels on the side towards the sea, the traveller finds himself in a heavy white-washed arcade beneath the old houses, a place sufficiently repulsive in its first appearance, but always full of life and "movimento," and where the character of the Genoese people may be well

studied. Women pass in the veils of Genoa, the graceful thin muslin veils of the unmarried women, called *pezzottos*, and the picturesque *mezzaras*, a kind of gaily-flowered chintz, of the married women. It will be observed what numbers of priests and monks of every kind still abound in the city which is especially dedicated to the Madonna. The Italian proverb about Genoa,

Mare senza pesce*, monti senza legno, uomini senza fede, donne senza vergogna,

has no truth, and is probably of hostile Pisan origin: certainly the Genoese would not be likely to say it of themselves. However, two of the greatest of Italian poets condemn the faults of Genoa:

"Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi
D'ogni costume, e pien d'ogni magagna
Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi."
Dante, Inf. xxxiii. 151.

"Tue ricchezze non spese, eppur corotte,
Fan d'ignoranza un denso velo agli uni,
Superstizion tien gli altri; e tutti è notte."
Alfieri, Sonn. 76.

Following the arcades to the left (from the hotels), the Via della Ponte Reale leads to the busy little *Piazza Banchi*, containing the gaily-painted sixteenth-century *Exchange—Loggia dei Banchi*—raised aloft on a balustraded platform. From this square opens the *Strada degli Orefici*, the jeweller's street, bright with shops of coral, and silver and gold filigree-work, chiefly in the form of butterflies, flowers, or feathers. On the left of the street, near the end, is a shrine, much esteemed by the Genoese, containing a beautiful picture of the Virgin and Child with S. Eloy (the patron of

* There are 180 different kinds.

smiths), by *Pellegrino Piola.* Its beauty is said to have led to the assassination of the artist, in his twenty-second year, by his jealous master Castello. When Napoleon wished to remove this picture, the gold and silversmiths effectually defended it, and it was never taken to France.

Returning to the arcades, we have, facing us, the black walls and rugged arches of the old Dogana, enclosing the *Banco di San Giorgio*, used for the Bank, which was founded in 1346, to meet the expenses of resisting the Grimaldi of Monaco. The building is a memorial of Genoese hatred and vengeance against Venice, having been erected stone for stone with the materials of a castle belonging to the rival city, which fell into the hands of Genoa in 1262, transported hither by sea at great cost. Against the outer arches, hung for nearly 600 years, a similar memorial of the remorseless hatred of Genoa against Pisa—the chains of the Porto Pisano, carried off, in 1290, by Conrad Doria, with forty galleys: these have lately been restored to Pisa. Amongst the decorations of the building is the Griffin of Genoa strangling the imperial Eagle, and the Fox of Pisa in its claws, with the motto—

"Griphus ut has angit
Sic hostes Genua frangit."

The upper hall, a striking picture of neglected and decaying magnificence, is surrounded by two ranges of grand life-size statues of Genoese heroes—Spinolas, Dorias, Fieschis, &c., the upper row standing, the lower seated.

In this neighbourhood, closing the eastern side of the harbour, is the *Porto Franco.* Here there is a curious population of porters, founded in 1340 by the *Banco di S. Giorgio*, which imported 12 porters hither from the

valley of Brembana, of which the inhabitants were famous for their industry and honesty. In order to succeed to his father's employment it was indispensable that a son should be born, either within the precincts of the Porto Franco, or in the villages of Piazza and Lugno, and such was the morality of the colony, that, in the annals of the police no complaint has ever been brought against its people. The *Caravanas*, as they were called, from the Arab fashion of their arrival, had the privilege of selling their posts to their compatriots, and these were often valued at as much as 10,000 francs. Now they have lost their privileges, and the *Facchini* may be simple Genoese.

We now turn to the left, by the Via S. Lorenzo, to the *Cathedral*, which was chiefly built in the twelfth century, and restored in the fourteenth. It is striped in alternate courses of black and white marble, like most of the great Genoese buildings. In the west front are three tall Gothic portals, divided by twisted columns taken after the siege of Almeria, in 1148, and approached by a staircase guarded by two grand couchant lions. Over the central door is a relief of the martyrdom of S. Lorenzo, the patron-saint of the church. On the right is a beautiful semi-detached column, with a saint in a niche, resting on a grotesque monster.

The church is approached through a kind of vestibule or inner porch, and the effect of its interlacing arches is very striking. The navé, which is far the finest part of the building, is separated from the aisles by dark marble pillars, supporting striped arcades of black and white marble. Here and there a crimson curtain gives a bright patch of colour, which is repeated in the figures kneeling below. The chapel of the Doges at the end of the right aisle has

a great Crucifixion, by *Vandyke*: the arrangement is rather stiff; S. Sebastian is represented with the Virgin and S. John at the foot of the Cross. The choir is renaissance, with stalls of *intarsia*-work. Before a chapel on the left of the altar kneels the marble figure of Cardinal Pallavicini: the Genoese say that he has confessed and long sought absolution, but still waits for it. From the centre of the left aisle opens the rich and picturesque *Chapel of S. John the Baptist*, built 1496. It is decorated with statues by *Guglielmo della Porta*, and *Matteo Civitali di S. Giovanni* (a Florentine), 1490.

"The finest among the statues is that of Zacharias, a noble figure, clad in the official robes of a Jewish high priest, standing with arms raised to heaven as if 'executing the priest's office before God in the order of his course.' The Elisabeth is remarkable for its fine drapery and grandiose style; the Habakkuk is a striking figure; but the Adam wants dignity, and the Eve is coarse and without expression."—*Perkin's Tuscan Sculptors.*

The shrine is adorned with hanging lamps, always kept burning. The relics of the saint are preserved in a silver shrine by *Daniele di Terramo* (1437). In consequence of the crime of Herodias' daughter, an edict of Innocent VIII. forbids females to enter the chapel except on one day in the year. In the treasury of the cathedral (only shown by a special order from the Municipality) is the *Sacro Catino*, long shown to the people as the vessel used by Our Saviour at the Last Supper; another tradition tells that it was originally given to King Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. When Cesarea was taken by the Genoese and Pisan Crusaders in 1101, the Genoese gave up to the Pisans all the rest of the booty, on condition that the Sacro Catino was left to them. Nothing could exceed the veneration with which it was afterwards regarded at Genoa. Twelve knights

called "Clavigeri" were appointed as its special guard, each being responsible during one month of the year for the safety of the tabernacle in which it was contained. It was believed to be formed from a single emerald, and as there were heretics to this faith, in 1476 a law appeared, punishing with death any one who made experiments upon the Sacro Catino, "by touching it, with gold, stones, coral, or any other substance." Unfortunately it was carried to Paris in 1809, and, when sent back in 1815, it was broken between Turin and Genoa.

"Il resulte que Gênes ne croit plus que le Sacro Catino soit une émeraude.

"Gênes ne croit plus que cette émeraude ait été donnée par la reine de Saba à Salomon; —Gênes ne croit plus que dans cette émeraude Jésus-Christ ait mangé l'agneau pascal. Si aujourd'hui Gênes reprenait Césarée, Gênes demanderait sa part du butin, et laisserait aux Pisans le Sacro Catino, qui n'est que de verre."—*Dumas.*

Turning to the right on leaving the west door of the cathedral, by the Via and Salita del Arcivescovado, we reach the *Church of S. Matteo.* The little platform in front of the church is surrounded by curious fifteenth-century palaces. One (right) has a long inscription relating to the victories of the Dorias. Two others have reliefs above their doors, of S. George and the Dragon. The palace in the right-hand corner, striped with black and white marble, and with a door richly-adorned with arabesques, was that of the famous Andrea Doria, given to him by the Republic, and bears the inscription: *Senat. Cons. Andreæ de Oria Patriæ Liberatori Munus Publicum.*

"This house was Andrea Doria's. Here he lived;
And here at eve relaxing, when ashore,
Held many a pleasant, many a grave discourse
With them that sought him, walking to and fro

As on his deck. 'Tis less in length and breadth
Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires
The reverence due to ancient dignity.

He left it for a better; and 'tis now
A house of trade, the meanest merchandise
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,
'Tis still the noblest dwelling—even in Genoa!
And hadst thou, Andrea, lived there to the last,
Thou hadst done well; for there is that without,
That in the wall, which monarchs could not give,
Nor thou take with thee, that which says aloud,
It was thy Country's gift to her Deliverer.

'Tis in the heart of Genoa (he who comes,
Must come on foot) and in a place of stir;
Men on their daily business, early and late,
Thronging thy very threshold. But, when there,
Thou wert among thy fellow-citizens,
Thy children, for they hailed thee as their sire;
And on a spot thou must have loved, for there,
Calling them round, thou gav'st them more than life,
Giving what, lost, makes life not worth the keeping.
There thou didst do indeed a deed divine;
Nor couldst thou leave thy door nor enter in,
Without a blessing on thee."—*Rogers.*

It was from the platform in front of the church that Andrea Doria harangued the people in 1528, urging them to resist the French, who were then besieging the town. In the beautiful little cloister, on the left of the church, are the remains of the colossal statues of Giannettino Doria and another of the family, erected in front of the Doge's palace in 1577, and broken to pieces by the mob in 1797.

The church itself is of the thirteenth century, and striped with black and white marble. On the right of the west front, in low relief, are some shields of the Dorias; and, beneath the window, an ancient sarcophagus, in which Lamba Doria

was buried in 1323. Over the high altar hangs the sword of Andrea Doria, sent to him in 1535 by Pope Paul III. At

Cloisters of S. Matteo, Genoa.

the end of the left aisle is the Doria Chapel, with a picture of Andrea and his wife kneeling at the feet of the Saviour. Hence we enter a crypt adorned with stucco-reliefs by *Montorsoli*, containing the tomb which Andrea Doria erected for himself in his life-time, with figures allegorical of Vigilance and Plenty. Facing it is a Reliquary of the True Cross, of which the keys are always kept by the present Prince Pamfili-Doria. The figures behind the high altar and the beautiful balconied organ-loft are by *Montorsoli*. All the monuments of the Dorias in suppressed churches or convents have been collected in this church and its cloister. The burial-place of Andrea Doria will recall the lines of Ariosto—

"Questo è quel Doria, che fa dai Pirati
Sicuro il vostro mar per tutti i lati.
Non fù Pompejo a par di costui degno,
Se ben vinse e cacciò tutti i corsari :

Però che quelli al più possente regno
Che fosse mai, non poteano esser pari;
Ma questo Doria sol col proprio ingegno
E proprie forze purgherà quei mari;
Sì che da Calpe al Nilo, ovunque s'oda
Il nome suo, tremar veggio ogni proda.

Questi ed ognaltro che la patria tenta
Di libera far serva, si arrossisca;
Nè dove il nome d' Andrea Doria senta,
Di levar gli occhi in viso d' uomo ardisca.
Veggio Carlo che'l premio gli augumenta;
Ch' oltre quel ch' in commun vuol che fruisca
Gli dà la ricca terra, ch' ai Normandi
Sarà principio a farli in Puglia grandi."—

Orlando Furioso, xv.

Hence we may ascend to the handsome *Piazza Carlo Felice*, containing the modern Exchange and Theatre. Close by is the modern *Palazzo Ducale*, occupying the site of the ancient Palace of the Doges, and with a handsome marble hall and staircase. Facing the palace is the *Church of Sant' Ambrogio*, built by the Pallavicini. It contains three large and good pictures, which are shown by the Sacristan :—

Guido. The Assumption of the Virgin.
Rubens. The Circumcision (over the high altar).
Rubens. S. Ignatius healing a Demoniac.

From the Piazza Carlo Felice opens the street of the same name. On the left is the *Palazzo Pallavicini*, once remarkable for its pictures, now removed to the Palazzo Durazzo in the Via Balbi. We now reach the Piazza delle Fontane Amorose. On the left is the post-office. On the right are the handsome *Palazzo Negroni* and another *Palazzo Pallavicini*. The upper end of the square is

occupied by the picturesque *Palazzo Spinola dei Marmi*, built of black and white marble in the fifteenth century, and adorned with statues of Spinolas, commemorated beneath by ancient Gothic inscriptions. This palace was erected with the materials of the old Fieschi Palace, destroyed by the Senate to punish their conspiracy in 1336. It contains some early frescoes of *Luca Cambiaso*, or *Lucchetto da Genova*, 1527—1580, one of the best of the Genoese painters.

(On the left of the palace the steep *Salita di Sta Catarina* leads to the beautiful *Prommenade of Acqua Sola*, much frequented by the Genoese in summer. Here is the *Caffè d' Italia*, in a pleasant garden.

At the top of the Salita, on the left, is the old *Palazzo Spinola*, having a grand entrance court covered with decaying frescoes. The rooms open upon a marble terrace, where the walls are decorated in fresco by pupils of Pierino del Vaga. Among the pictures are :—

Pierino del Vaga. Holy Family.
Fiasella. Samson bound.
Bonifazio. The Prodigal Son.
Unknown. Portrait of Baldassare Castiglione.
Tintoret. A fine portrait of a Spinola (signed).
Vandyke. Portrait of a Spinola.
Ann. Caracci. S. Jerome.
Titian. Holy Family.

Here also is a beautiful bronze figure by *Giovanni da Bologna.*

The street beneath the arch of Acqua Sola leads to the English Church.)

From the Piazza delle Fontane Amorose opens the Via Nuova, a succession of palaces, one more splendid than another.

"When can one forget the streets of palaces; the Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi; or how the former looks when seen under the brightest and most intensely blue of summer skies, which its narrow perspective of immense mansions reduces to a tapering and most precious strip of brightness, looking down upon the heavy shade below. The endless details of these rich palaces; the walls of some of them within, alive with master-pieces of Vandyke. The great heavy stone balconies one above another, and tier above tier, with here and there one larger than the rest, towering high up, a huge marble platform; the doorless vestibules, massively-barred lower windows, immense public staircases, thick marble pillars, strong, dungeon-like arches, and dreary, dreaming, echoing, vaulted chambers, among which the eye wanders again, and again, and again, as every palace is succeeded by another; the terrace-gardens between house and house, with green arches of the vine, and groves of orange-trees, and blushing oleanders in full bloom, twenty, thirty, forty feet above the street; the painted halls mouldering and blotting and rotting in the damp corners, and still shining out in bright colours and voluptuous designs where the walls are dry; the faded figures on the outsides of the houses, holding wreaths, and crowns, and flying upward and downward, and standing in niches, and here and there looking fainter and more feeble than elsewhere by contrast with some fresh little cupids, who on a more recently decorated portion of the front, are stretching out what seems to be the semblance of a blanket, but is, indeed, a sun-dial; the steep, steep, uphill streets of small palaces (but very large palaces for all that), with marble terraces looking down into close by-ways, the magnificent and innumerable churches; and the rapid passage from a street of stately edifices into a maze of the vilest squalor, steaming with unwholesome stenches, and swarming with half-naked children, and whole worlds of dirty people, make up, altogether, such a scene of wonder; so lively and yet so dead; so noisy and yet so quiet; so obtrusive and yet so shy and lowering; so wide awake and yet so fast asleep; that it is a sort of intoxication to a stranger to walk on, and on, and on, and look about him. A bewildering phantasmagoria, with all the inconsistency of a dream, and all the pain and all the pleasure of an extravagant reality."—*Dickens.*

Passing (right) the Cambiaso, Parodi, and Del Sindaco Palaces we reach (No. 9) *Palazzo Doria Tursi*, now belonging to the municipality, with a hanging terraced garden. In the beautiful entrance court is a good statue of Giuseppe Mazzini. We must ascend the splendid vast marble staircase

to the great hall, now the Sala Communale, adorned with modern mosaics of Columbus and Marco Polo. The room on the right contains a hollow pillar, filled with the MS. letters of Columbus, and surmounted by his bust. The room on the left contains the bronze *Tabula* (discovered 1506), recording the investigation of a boundary question between the *Genuenses* and the Veturii, by Quintus Marcus Minutius, and Q. F. Rufus in A. U. C. 633. Here also are a few good pictures, especially a triptych of *Albert Durer*, representing the Virgin and Child with S. Mark and S. Nicholas, and a *Van Eyck* of the Crucifixion with the Virgin and S. John. A sort of shrine, lined with pink silk, contains the relics of Paganini—his miniature, his medals, and his violin with its case.

No. 18, in the Via Nuova, is the magnificent *Palazzo Brignole Sale*, or *Palazzo Rosso* (from the red colour with which it is painted), lately made over by the Duchess Galiera, the heiress of the Brignole family, to the Municipio, on condition of its being kept up, and its art collections being undisturbed—an act of extraordinary magnificence, as the palace alone was valued at three millions of francs, and the *Library*, included in the gift, is particularly rich in "memoires pour servir" for the period of the French Revolution. The best pictures are:

3rd Chamber (*Sala della Primavera*).—

Vandyke. Portrait of a Prince of Orange.

**Id.* Portrait of the Marchese Giulio Brignole, riding and waving his hat, with his dog running by his side.

**Id.* Portrait of the Marchesa Paolina Brignole (wife of Marchese Giulio), a lovely woman, in a blue gown embroidered with gold, and a black feather in her chestnut hair.

Id. Our Saviour bearing his Cross.

Paris Bordone. A portrait with red sleeves—splendid in colouring.

4th Chamber (*Sala d' Estate*).—

Guercino. The Buyers and Sellers expelled from the Temple.

Guido. S. Sebastian, a replica of the famous picture at the Capitol.

5th Chamber (*Sala d' Autumno*).—

Bonifazio Veneziano. The Virgin and Child, the Mother in a white veil, in an open portico, receiving the adoration of the Magi.

6th Chamber (*Sala d' Inverno*).—

P. Veronese. Judith and Holofernes.

7th Chamber (*Sala della Vita dell' Uomo*).—

Vandyke. Young man in a Spanish dress.

**Id.* Marchese Jeronima Brignole and her daughter (mother and sister of Marchese Giulio).

No. 40 is the *Palazzo Serra*, splendidly adorned with gilding and modern painting, but not much worth visiting.

Further, on the left, a little behind the street, is the *Church of S. Siro*, once the Cathedral, when it was called *La Basilica dei Dodici Apostoli*. Here the popular assemblies were held, in which in 1257 Guglielmo Boccanera was made Captain of the People, and in which in 1339 Simone Boccanera was elected first Doge of Genoa. The ancient building, however, has almost disappeared under alterations.

Here we enter the *Via Nuovissima*, a street of shops, less aristocratic than the others. It leads into the *Piazza dell' Annunziata*. The *Church of the Annunziata* is splendid of its kind, has fine marble columns, and is gilt with old Genoese zecchini. Over the entrance is a Last Supper by *Procaccini*. The church was built by the Lomellini, sovereigns of Tabarea, an island on the north coast of Africa, till 1741.

"The S. Annunziata was built at the sole expense of the Lomellini family, it is said, towards the end of the seventeenth century; though

how a church so pure in design came to be executed then is by no means clear. The church is a basilica of considerable dimensions, being 82 feet wide, exclusive of the side chapels, and 250 feet long. The nave is separated from the aisles by a range of Corinthian columns of white marble, the fluting being inlaid with marbles of a warmer colour. The walls throughout, from the entrance to the apse, are covered with precious marbles, arranged in patterns of great beauty. The roof of the nave is divided longitudinally into three compartments, which prevents the awkwardness that is usually observed where windows of a semi-circular form cut into a semi-circular vault. Here it is done as artistically as it could be done in the best Gothic vaults. The one defect that strikes the eye is that the hollow lines of the Corinthian capitals are too weak to support the pier-arches, though this criticism is equally applicable to all the original Roman basilicas of the Constantinian age; but, nevertheless, the whole is in such good taste, so rich and so elegant, that it is probably the very best church of its class in Italy."—*Fergusson.*

(The Via S. Agnese, behind the Annunziata, leads to the immense *Albergo dei Poveri*, beautifully-situated on a height, with a fine sea view. It is a grand foundation of Emanuele Brignole in 1564, and has been enriched by most of the other great Genoese families. The long white chapel, on the upper floor, has, at its high altar, a much-praised statue of the Virgin by *Puget*, and, over a side altar on the left, a small Pieta of *Michael Angelo*, wonderfully touching and beautiful.

Over the staircase and in the court are interesting statues of founders and benefactors.)

We now enter the *Via Balbi*, the most striking street in Genoa. The splendour of the palaces seems to increase at every step.

On the left (No. 4) is *Palazzo Balbi*, entered by a most lovely cortile, enclosed by triple rows of slender columns, through which a brilliant orange garden is seen. This is the most comfortable and well-furnished of all the Genoese palaces. The family inhabit the upper apartment, but

generously allow it to be shown to strangers. It contains—

Great Hall.—

Vandyke. Francesco Maria Balbi on horseback.
Il Cappuccino. Joseph interpreting the dream of the Chief Butler.

1st Chamber.—

Guido Reni. Lucrezia.
Titian. The Virgin and Child, with S. Catherine and S. Dominic.
Vandyke. Madonna with a pomegranate.

2nd Chamber.—

**Vandyke.* Philip II. on horseback (the head by Velasquez), the horse quite magnificent
Id. A lady in a blue and gold dress, seated with a fan.
Id. A male portrait standing, in a black cloak and dress.

3rd Chamber.—

Caravaggio. The Conversion of S. Paul.
Ann. Caracci. Portrait of a girl. A most refined and lovely picture.

Gallery.—

Garofalo. Holy Family.
H. Hemmling. Crucifixion.

On the right (No. 1) is the magnificent *Palazzo Durazzo della Scala.* Its beautiful court is surrounded by marble pillars, and approached by a staircase with a triple row of pillars upon the steps. As the Marchesa Durazzo is daughter and heiress of the late Prince Pallavicini, the Pallavicini collection is now removed here. Amongst the pictures of the Durazzo collection are—

1st Chamber.—

Ann. Caracci. A grand Portrait.

2nd Chamber.—

Andrea del Sarto. Virgin and Child.
Guido Reni. Sleeping Child.
Rubens. Portrait of himself.

4th Chamber (*passing the Sala Grande*).—

* *Vandyke.* The White Boy ("Ragazzo in abito bianco"), a most beautiful picture. The parrot, monkey, and fruit are by *Snyders.*
Vandyke. Children of James I. of England.
Rubens. Philip IV.
Vandyke. A Lady and the Children.

The Pallavicini collection includes :

A so-called *Raphael.* "La Madonna della Colonna."
Albert Durer. Virgin and Child.
* *Vandyke.* The family of James I. of England.
Luca d'Olanda. The Descent from the Cross.

No. 5 of the Via Balbi is the *Palazzo dell' Università*, approached from its cortile by a magnificent staircase, guarded by the most grand lions. It contains some statues

Staircase of Palazzo dell' Università, Genoa.

and bas-reliefs by *Giovanni de Bologna*, and has a Museum of Natural History and a Botanical Garden.

No. 10 is the *Palazzo Reale*, purchased from the family of Durazzo in 1815, and fitted up as a residence by Charles Albert in 1842. Its pictures have, for the most part, been removed.

The Via Balbi ends in the *Piazza Acqua Verde* (where is the entrance to the Railway Station), adorned with a modern monument to Columbus. It is here that Massena, after having held the place for 60 days, and having exhausted all his resources, even to the saddles of his horses—themselves eaten long ago, assembled the brave remnant of his garrison, who sang French patriotic songs in the midst of their Austrian conquerors.

Beyond the piazza, near the sea, is another palace, the magnificent *Palazzo del Principe*, so called from the title granted by Charles V. to Andrea Doria, by whom the Palazzo Fregoso, presented in 1522, was rebuilt on this site under *Montorsoli*. It bears the inscription: "Divino munere, Andreas D'Oria (Cevæ. F. S. R. Ecclesiæ Caroli Imperatoris Catolici maximi et invictissimi Francisci Primi Francorum Regis et Patriæ classis triremium IIII. præfectus ut maximo labore jam fesso corpore honesto otio quiesceret, ædes sibi et successoribus instauravit. MDXXVIII."

On the upper floor is a loggia (now glazed), richly decorated with stucco by *Montorsoli*, and painted in fresco by *Pierino del Vaga*, with portraits of the Dorias in heroic costume. Andrea is at the end of the loggia on the right, his brother Gioberti on the left. Lovely "putti" occupy the lunettes above. By the fresco of Andrea, we enter a great hall with a grand black and white marble chimney, and furniture of the time of the great admiral. On the ceiling is the Fall of the Giants, by *Pierino del Vaga*. Beyond this, is

Andrew Doria's bed-room, with a picture of him with his favourite cat, and his portantina. The ceiling represents the Caritas Romana. Beyond the loggia a delightful marble terrace on arches overhangs the garden and overlooks the port and town. Here, where the waves lap under the orange trees, Andrew Doria gave to the ambassadors his famous banquet, in which the plate was renewed three times, and after each course was thrown into the sea. On the fountain Andrew Doria is represented as Neptune. In another garden, behind the palace, is the tomb of the dog which Charles V. gave him—"Il gran Roldano." He died in the absence of Andrea Doria, and was buried by his servants at the foot of a statue of Jupiter, in order that, in the words of the epitaph, "though dead he might not cease to guard a god." It was in passing through the small gate of the neighbouring Porta S. Tommaso that Gianettino, the son of Andrea, was killed.

Further, on the left, are the lovely *Scoglietto Gardens*, whose balustraded terraces and mazes of flowers, with views of the sea between, are a perfect dream of beauty from March to November.

In returning to the Hotels, the Church of *S. Giovanni di Prè* may be visited. It dates from the thirteenth century, and belonged to the Knights of S. John. In the adjoining convent, Pope Urban V. resided after his return from Avignon, and here Pope Urban VI. murdered, in 1386, five of the cardinals whom he made prisoners at Lucera, because he discovered that they were plotting to restrict the evil use of the papal power. Some say they were tied up in sacks and thrown into the sea, others that they were put to death in prison and buried in a dungeon; only Adam of Hertford, Bishop of

London, was spared, at the intervention of King Richard II.

A separate excursion should be made to the humbler and more populous quarter of Genoa, where, instead of streets of palaces, we shall find only narrow alleys of tall houses, where cats can jump from roof to roof across the way, and where only a narrow slit of blue sky shines down upon the darkness.

"In the smaller streets the wonderful novelty of everything, the unusual smells, the unaccountable filth, the disorderly jumbling of dirty houses, one upon the roof of another; the passages more squalid and more close than any in St. Giles's, or in old Paris; in and out of which, not vagabonds, but well-dressed women, with white veils and great fans, are passing and repassing; the entire absence of any resemblance in any dwelling-house, or shop, or wall, or post, or pillar, to anything one has ever seen before; and the disheartening dirt, discomfort, and decay, perfectly confound one. One is only conscious of a feverish and bewildered vision of saints' and virgins' shrines at the street corners; of great numbers of friars, monks, and soldiers; of red curtains waving at the doorways of churches; of always going uphill, and yet seeing every other street and passage going higher up; of fruit-stalls, with fresh lemons and oranges hanging in garlands made of vine leaves . . . . And the majority of the streets are as narrow as any thoroughfare can well be, where people (even Italian people) are supposed to live and walk about, being mere lanes, with here and there a kind of well, or breathing-place. The houses are immensely high, painted in all sorts of colours, and are in every stage and state of damage, dirt, and lack of repair. They are commonly let off in floors or flats, like the houses in the old town of Edinburgh, or many houses in Paris. There are few street doors; the entrance halls are, for the most part, looked upon as public property, and any moderately-enterprising scavenger might make a fine fortune by now and then cleaning them out."—*Dickens.*

Following the arcades below the hotels (to the left) to their end, we find steps leading up from the end of the Porto Franco to the ramparts overhanging the sea, which are always crowded with fishermen and sailors from the different Riviera ports, who sit in groups on the broad flags, sprawl in the sun upon the wall, or play at Mora, in their brilliant

red *beretti*, loose white jackets, and crimson sashes. Most glorious are the views towards the Rivieras, that towards Pegli being backed by snowy Alpine ranges, while to the south the lovely promontory of Porto Fino stretches out into the sea, beyond the village and ruined church of Albaro.

"The Mediterranean is no more than a vast mass of salt water, if people choose to think it so; but it is also the most magnificent thing in the world, if you choose to think it so; and it is as truly the latter as it is the former. And as the pococurante temper is not the happiest, and that which can admire heartily is much more akin to that which can love heartily, *ὁ δὲ ἀγαπῶν, θεῷ ἤδη ὅμοιος*,—so, my children, I wish that if ever you come to Genoa, you may think the Mediterranean to be more than any common sea, and may be unable to look upon it without a deep stirring of delight."—*Dr. Arnold's Letters.*

Near the little striped Romanesque *Church of S. Giacomo* the steep *Salita di S. Maria in Castello* leads to the church of that name, also striped of black and white marble, and said to occupy the site of a temple of Diana, of which the twelve granite pillars separating the nave from the aisles are relics. The third chapel on the right is ancient, and contains a very striking picture by *Ludovico Brea* of the Virgin in glory, with a group of saints beneath, and an interesting predella of the Entombment. The lower part of the chapel is decorated with excellent *azulejos*. In the choir are tombs of the Giustiniani. A Gothic stone pulpit projecting from the wall of the chapel on the left of the high altar, and the flat grave-stones, with incised portraits of ancient Genoese citizens, should be observed. In the first chapel on the left is an ancient sarcophagus, and above it a very curious panel-picture of the Virgin and saints.

Turning left, below the church, we reach the small *Piazza Embriaci*, with an inscription which tells that—"Round this piazza the Embriaci had their home, a family renowned

in the wars of the cross and in their own country. Behind, rises intact the giant height of their ancient tower." Not far distant is another inscription of 1360, commemorating the destruction of the palace of the Raggio family, on that site, to punish their conspiring against the State (a similar inscription near the Church of S. Maria in Via Lata commemorates the site of the Fieschi palace). Close by is the *Church of S. Donato*, with an octagonal bell-tower of the twelfth century. Hence the *Stradone di S. Agostino* leads to the beautiful but ruined front of that church, of the fourteenth century: the campanile is inlaid with coloured tiles. Behind the church is the *Piazza di Pontoria*, with a picturesque chicken-market. Hence the broad paved *Via de Ponte di Carignano* leads across that extraordinary bridge to the church, which is such a prominent feature in all distant views of the town. In winter the bridge is a sunny and delightful walk, and from it you look down on the immensely high, many-storied, many-windowed houses of this crowded quarter; painted pink, blue, white, and yellow; with gardens of flowers on their roofs; with clothes suspended in mid-air from house to house. In the deep streets below are figures moving like ants, in an obscurity which seems almost black compared with the light above; and beyond all, is the deep blue sea, with the port, the light-house, the shipping, and the lovely chains of pink mountains fading into an amber sky.

The *Church of S. Maria di Carignano* was built in 1552, entirely at the expense of the Sauli family.

"Voici à quel évènement cette église, l'une des plus belles de Gênes, doit son existence.

"Le Marquis de Sauli, l'un des hommes les plus riches et les plus probes de Gênes, avait plusieurs palais dans la ville, et un entre autres

qu'il habitait de préférence et qui était situé sur l'emplacement même où s'élève aujourdhui l'église de Carignan. Comme il n'avait point de chapelle à lui, il avait l'habitude d'aller entendre la messe dans celle de Santa Maria in Via Lata, qui appartenait à la famille Fiesque. Un jour, Fiesque fit hâter l'heure de l'office, de sorte que le marquis de Sauli arriva quand il était fini. La première fois qu'il rencontra son élégant voisin, il s'en plaignit à lui en riant.

"—Mon cher marquis, lui dit Fiesque, quand on veut aller à la messe, on a une chapelle à soi.

"Le Marquis de Sauli fit jeter bas son palais, et fit élever à la place l'église de Sainte Marie de Carignan."—*Dumas.*

"As an example of how bad it is possible for a design to be, without having any faults which it is easy to take hold of, we may take the much-praised church of the Carignano at Genoa. It was built by Galeasso Alassi, one of the most celebrated architects of Italy, the friend of Michael Angelo and Sangallo, and the architect to whom Genoa owes its architectural splendour, as much as Vicenza owes hers to Palladio, or the city of London to Wren.

"The church is not large, being only 165 feet square, and the dome 46 feet in internal diameter. It has four towers at the four angles, and when seen at a distance these five principal features of the roof group pleasingly together. But the great window in the tympanum, and the two smaller windows on each side, are most unpleasing; neither of them has any real connection with the design, and yet they are the principal features of the whole; and the prominence given to pilasters and panels instead is most unmeaning. If we add to this, that the details are all of the coarsest and vulgarest kind, the materials plaster and bad stone, and the colours introduced crude and inharmonious, it will be understood how low architectural taste had sunk when and where it was built. Its situation, it is true, is very grand, and it groups in consequence well with the city it crowns; but all this only makes more apparent the fault of the architect, who misapplied so grand an opportunity in so discreditable a manner."—*Fergusson.*

Under the cupola are great statues of S. John and S. Bartholomew by *David*, and S. Sebastian and the Blessed Alessandro Sauli by *Puget*. The pictures are good specimens of second-class artists. Beginning from the right, we see:

Domenico Piola. S. Peter and S. John healing the palsied man.
Carlo Maratta. Martyrdom of S. Biagio.

Girolamo Piola. Virgin ("miraculous") and saints.
Vanni da Siena. The last Sacrament of S. Mary of Egypt.
Fiasella. Alessandro Sauli in the plague of Corsica. A very fine picture.
Cambiaso. The Deposition.
Procaccini. The Virgin with S. Francis and S. Carlo Borromeo.
Guercino. S. Francis receiving the stigmata.

In the sacristy, is the gem of the church—an *Albert Durer*, brought from an older church of the Sauli family, representing S. Fabiano, S. Sebastian, S. J. Baptist, and S. Antonio, with the Annunciation, and a Pietà.

Behind the church, on the left, the broad Via Galeazzo Alessi, and a shady rampart looking towards the mountains (which continues to Acqua Sola), leads to the *Church of S. Stefano*, with a stumpy brick Romanesque tower, a striped marble front, and a beautiful small cloister. Over the high altar is a picture of the Martyrdom of S. Stephen, supposed to be the joint-work of *Raphael* and *Giulio Romano*, given to the Republic of Genoa by Leo X. It was taken to Paris by Napoleon, and, while there, was retouched by Girodet.

From the west front of S. Stefano, the Via della Ponte degli Archi leads to the Vico di Pontecello, at the entrance of which is a curious relief, relating to the capture of the Porto Pisano by Conrad Doria, in 1260. Hence, passing under the magnificent lofty old gate, called *Porta di S. Andrea*, we again reach (right) the Piazza Nuova.

The visitor to Genoa will be constantly struck by the immensity and magnificence of the old decaying villas and palaces, with which, not only the city itself, but its outskirts and all the surrounding villages, are filled. This perhaps is owing to the fact that the sumptuary laws of the republic,

which forbade fêtes, velvet and brocaded dresses, and diamonds, did not extend to buildings, into which channel therefore the national extravagance of the people was diverted. The luxury of building is nowhere more manifest than in the suburb of *Albaro*, which abounds in mouldering colonnades, painted walls, and decaying terraces. Here, beautifully placed above the sea-shore, is a ruined church, dedicated to S. John the Baptist, because here his relics were first received upon their arrival at Genoa.

The *Campo Santo* of Genoa is beautifully situated, and deserves a visit.

An excursion may be made to the villas at Pegli (see chap i.), about half-an-hour by rail, 90 c. (a carriage 12 frs.). An order for the Villa should be asked for from the porter of the Palazzo Pallavicini Durazzo.

Porto Fino (see chap. iii.) may also be visited in the day from Genoa, as also many other places on both Rivieras.

The Railway from Genoa to Turin (18 frs. 30 c.; 12 frs. 80 c.; 9 frs. 15 c.), passes through the Apennines by a tunnel and the valley of the Scrivia, and then across the plains of Alessandria and Asti. The journey occupies about five hours.

CHAPTER III.

THE RIVIERA DI LEVANTE—CARRARA AND MASSA.

(The new railway from Genoa to Pisa, 17 frs. 65 c. ; 13 frs. 20 c.; 9 frs. 75 c., allows the traveller to accomplish the journey in six hours, but at great sacrifice of the beautiful scenery and quiet enjoyment with which it was formerly attended. He may, however, compensate himself by giving the time thus gained to spending a few days between Spezia and Massa Ducale, which are both delightful centres for excursions of perfectly ideal loveliness.)

THE first station of any importance is *Nervi* (*Pension, Il Stabilimento Inglese*), a place which is much frequented by English invalids in winter. From the railway and from the dusty high-road it appears most unattractive, but there are charming orange groves between the houses and the sea, with beautiful views towards Porto Fino. Still, to those who are in good health, Nervi will, at best, be a beautiful prison, as there are no walks, and its gardens are hemmed in on all sides by the mountains.

Camogli (stat.) may be made the subject of a pleasant excursion from Genoa.

"Camogli, seen from the road above, is like a tiny model on the margin of the dimpled water, shining in the sun. Descended into, by the winding mule-tracks, it is a perfect miniature of a primitive sea-faring town; the saltest, roughest, most piratical little place that ever was seen. Great rusty iron rings and mooring chains, capstans, and fragments of old masts and spars, choke up the way; hardy rough-weather boats, and seamen's clothing, flutter in the little harbour, or are drawn out on the sunny stones to dry; on the parapet of the rude pier a few amphibi-

out-looking fellows lie asleep, with their legs dangling over the wall, as though earth and water were all one to them, and if they slipped in, they would float away, dozing comfortably among the fishes; the church is bright with trophies of the sea, and votive offerings, in commemoration of escape from storm and shipwreck. The dwellings not immediately abutting on the harbour are approached by blind low archways, and by crooked steps, as if in darkness and in difficulty of access they should be like holds of ships, or inconvenient cabins under water; and everywhere there is a smell of fish, and sea-weed, and old rope."—*Dickens.*

Behind the town, rise on a hill the grounds of an old villa, overgrown with a wild luxuriance of cypress, oak, ilex, myrtle, and laburnum. From the shade of some old pine tree at the top you look down on one side over precipitous cliffs to the sea, and on the other through the woods to the village of Ruta, embedded on the green mountain-side. Far down, close to the shore, is a ruined chapel.

(*Ruta*, which in vetturino-days was the first stage from Genoa, is situated almost on the highest part of the mountain-side, which, further on, where it runs into the sea, forms the peninsula of Porto Fino. There are two tolerable inns here, and, close to the higher of them, is the mouth of a short tunnel for the high-road, which, as it were, forms an entrance to the sunny gardens of the south, and whence you look over a swelling luxuriance of peaches and almonds, carpeted with melons, and garlanded with vines, to Rapallo, Chiavari, and Sestri, lying in brilliant whiteness by the side of the deep-blue water, and thence to the mountains, at whose point the marble rocks of Porto Venere form the entrance of the lovely gulf of Spezia. The view toward Genoa also is most striking in the sunset, mountains and city and lighthouse and sea alike bathed with crimson as the sun goes down behind the horizon of waters.

A charming excursion may be made from Ruta, when the sun is not too hot, along the ridges of the promontory. Deep down below, in one of its clefts, is the *Convent of San Fruttuoso*, lying among its palm trees by the sea-shore, the place where the Dorias are now brought by sea for burial, and where their strange sarcophagus-tombs may be seen in the crypt. The spot had a melancholy interest some years ago, from the burning of a fine ship which had only left Genoa a few hours before. Two heroic peasant women put off in a small boat to save the crew, and one of them was lost in the attempt. *Porto Fino* is an interesting little town (about three miles from Ruta), situated in a tiny bay near the end of the promontory. The houses are supported by open arcades, the church is gaily painted, a fine umbrella-pine shades the neighbouring rocks, and the little port is crowded with picturesque fishing-boats. All the men in the town are fishermen, with tall red *beretti* on their heads, and the women are lace-makers, who sit at their pillows all day under the shady arcades beneath the houses. An enchanting terrace-walk of a mile, through the ilex-woods overhanging the sea, leads round the point of the bay from Porto Fino to the little cove of *Piccolo Paggi*, where a yellow castle on a rock forms a picturesque foreground to the purple mountains. Hence one may take a boat to *Santa Margherita*, half-an-hour's row distant. Perhaps the finest point in the whole promontory is seen by going this way; the desecrated *Convent of Cervaro* or *Sylvano*, on a rock surrounded by gigantic aloes and palm trees, which is the place where Francis the First was confined before he was conveyed to Catalonia.)

S. Margherita (stat.) is beyond the tunnel by which the

railway passes under the ridge of Ruta. Here there is a picturesque old castle in the sea.

Rapallo (stat.) is famous for the manufacture of lace. It has a graceful campanile. In the Church of *Madonna di Montallegro*, there is a great festa from July 1 to 3, with a pretty illumination at night.

Chiavari (stat.) (*Inn. Posta*) is a large place, and is said to be that whence most of the Italian organ-boys are sent to England. In the *Church of S. Francesco* is a picture, attributed to Velasquez, of S. Francis causing water to flow from the rock of Lavernia by his prayers.

The approach by road to Sestri is most beautiful. The mountains have grand and varied forms, the gaily-painted churches and villages rise amid luxuriant olives and cypresses, and magnificent aloes fringe the rocks by the way-side.

Approach to Sestri.

Sestri di Levante (stat.), the Roman Segeste (*Inns. Europa;*

Albergo della Strada Ferrata), is a charming spot, and quite worthy of a halt. There is a ruined chapel of black and white marble in a cove of the sea under the wooded promontory, and artists will find beautiful subjects in the ascent behind the town, looking towards Genoa.

(Immediately behind Sestri the post-road ascends, till it reaches the summit of the *Pass of Bracco*, whence there is a grand view over billow upon billow of hill, ending in the noble forms of the pink, hazy, jagged mountains of Camara. Hence the road descends by Matarana and Borghetto till it reaches the wooded heights behind Spezia.

Pass of Bracco.

"Coming upon Spezia from the Genoa road, down the zig-zags which descend the olive-terraced hills, nothing more beautiful can be imagined than the first sight of the bay. The sea is of a light azure blue, streaked with white lines of calm. On it are riding at anchor an abundance of vessels, from the stately man-of-war to the tiniest fishing-boat, all reflected in the waveless surface. Across the bay rise, one above another, lines of wooded hills, the lower ranges studded with glittering buildings; the higher, melting away from brown and green, and the still lingering yellow tints of autumn, into tenderest purple; and all surmounted, far, far above, in the blue sky, by a splendid jagged line of snowy Apennines, glowing with the warmest tints of the rose. Nor is the inland view from the shore unworthy of a sea-prospect so beautiful. Vast hills keep guard around this arsenal of Italy, terraced to the very summit with the grey olive. Seven different glens, each dark with recesses of shade and buttresses of rock, divide off one hill from another; and thick-sprinkled on every knoll of vantage, gleam out villages with

their slender steeples through the sunny haze. East of the town, and overhanging its suburbs, rises the dark ruin of its ancient castle, buttressed with wild ravines of yellow rock, fringed with ilex and myrtle."—*Dean Alford.*)

By the railway one sees none of these things. There are 47 tunnels between Genoa and Spezia, and between Sestri and Spezia one has only an occasional flash of blue sea, with its white foam and jagged rocks; indeed, where it is not in a tunnel, the railway is almost in the sea, overhanging it on the face of the precipice. The stations are mere fishing-villages, and the train seldom stops at more than one of them—*Levanto*—where, in one of the churches, there is a good picture, by *Andrea del Castagno.*

La Spezia (stat.) (*Inns. Croce di Malta*, good, with beautiful view; *Citta di Milano*, where Garibaldi resided in captivity after the battle of Aspromonte; *Albergo Nazionale*) was, a few years ago, one of the most beautiful places in Italy, and though the charm of the place itself is much destroyed since 1861, when it was made the harbour for Italian ships of war, it remains a centre for some of the most interesting excursions on this lovely coast. The views of the Carrara mountains are exquisite. There is a little public garden, with an avenue of oleanders. Above the town, under the olive-clad mountains, is an ancient castle of the Visconti: their badge, the viper, may still be seen upon it.

The *Gulf of Spezia*, broken into a succession of little bays, and studded with picturesque villages, is wonderfully beautiful. It is seven miles long, by three broad. In ancient times it was called the Gulf of Luna, being the port for the great town of Luna, which Pliny calls "the first city of Etruria." * Strabo accurately describes the harbour as one of

* Pliny, iii. 5, s. 8.

the finest and largest in the world, containing within itself many minor ports, and surrounded by high mountains, with deep water close to shore.* The advantages of the port were afterwards evident to the Romans, who, long before the subjection of the mountain tribes, were accustomed to make the Lunæ Portus the station for their fleets, destined either for Spain or Sardinia.† It is celebrated by Ennius, as quoted by Persius :—

> "Mihi nunc Ligus ora
> Intepet, hybernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens
> Dant scopuli, et multa littus se valle receptat.
> 'Lunai portum, est operæ, cognoscite cives.'
> Cor jubet hoc Ennî."—*Persius*, vi. 9.

and by other Latin poets :—

> "Tunc quos a niveis exegit Luna metallis,
> Insignis portu ; quo non spatiosior alter
> Innumeras cepisse rates, et claudere pontum."
> *Sil. Ital.* viii. 483.

> "Advehimur celeri candentia mœnia lapsu,
> Nominis est auctor sole corusca soror
> Indigenis superat ridentia lilia saxis,
> Et lævi radiat picta nitore silex.
> Dives marmoribus tellus, quæ luce coloris
> Provocat intactas luxuriosa nives."
> *Rutilius Itin.* ii. 63.

It was intended by Napoleon I. to make the bay of Spezia the Mediterranean harbour of his Empire, but this scheme was prevented by the outcries about the injury which would then be done to Toulon.

(It is a drive of about eight miles (carriage 10 frs., a boat with one rower costs the same), along the western shore of the gulf to *Porto Venere*. The road passes above the

* Strabo, v. p. 222.
† Livy, xxxiv. 8 ; xxxix. 21, 32.

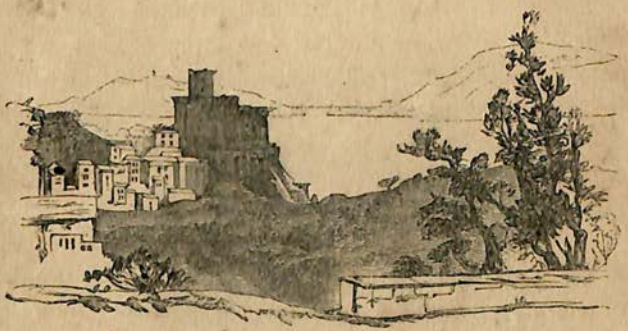
bays of Cala di Mare, Fezzano, Panigaglia, Delle Grazie, Varignano, and La Castagna, and skirts a succession of picturesque villages, which have each their own little bay and shipping, and their old churches standing in groves of tall cypresses, or their ruined watch-towers. At the mouth of the gulf is the *Island of Palmaria*, three miles in circumference, famous in ancient times for its marble quarries, and now containing a fortress for the imprisonment of brigands. It has two attendant islets, *Tino* and *Tinetto*, on the former of which are the ruins of a convent.

Gate of Porto Venere.

Wonderfully picturesque is the little harbour of Porto Venere, where the tall, many-coloured houses come sheer down into the deep-blue water. Here, by a strange eastern-looking gate-way, one enters the narrow street, which ends on open rocks, where, at the extreme point of the promontory, a broken stair ascends to the ruined *Church of S.*

Pietro, of black and white marble, built by the Pisans in 1118, marking the site of the temple of Venus, which gave the place its name. The ruined windows look down, on one side upon the still bay with its background of marble mountains, and the many villages reflected in its smooth surface; and, on the other, upon the precipices to the north, whose colouring is all the more gorgeous from the peculiar marble —*Portor*— of black, veined with yellow, which abounds here.

A second excursion should be made to *Lerici*, at the southern point of the gulf. The road runs inland for some



Lerici.

distance, but there is a noble view before arriving at the Pisan castle, with its high machicolated towers, fringed with golden lichen, and the town and harbour nestling beneath, while, across the still reaches of the gulf, glow the rocks of Porto Venere and Palmaria. Over the castle gate was the boastful patois inscription:—

Scopa boca al Zeno se
Crepacuore al Porto Venerese
Strepa borsello al Lucchese,

carried off in triumph in 1256 by the Genoese, who left lines of their own upon one of the towers.

Close to Lerici, between it and Sant' Arenzo, is the beautifully-situated villa of *Casa Magni*, once a Jesuit convent. Hither Shelley came to reside with his wife, and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, April 26, 1822. Here, as he was walking in the moonlight on the terrace in front of the house, he beheld the omen of "a naked child, which rose from the sea, and clapped its hands in joy, smiling at him." Then, in the night, he saw "a cloaked figure which came to his bedside and beckoned him to follow. He did so, and when they came to the sitting-room, the figure lifted its hood, disclosed Shelley's own features, and, saying—'Siete soddisfatto,'—it vanished." Still, Shelley continued in high spirits, though he said that this was in itself ominous of evil to him, as "the only warning he found infallible was his feeling peculiarly joyous, then he was certain that some disaster was about to ensue."

On July 1, he went to Leghorn with his friend Williams to see Leigh Hunt. On the 8th they set sail from Leghorn to return to Lerici. A sudden squall came on, after which his boat was never seen again. Terrible days of suspense ensued for the wives, and, on the 22nd, two corpses were found,—that of Shelley near Viareggio, that of Williams near the tower of Migliarino at Bocca Lerici, three miles distant. A volume of Sophocles was in one of Shelley's pockets; Keats' last book, lent him by Leigh Hunt, and doubled back at the "Eve of S. Agnes," in the other—"as if hastily thrust away, when Shelley, absorbed in reading, was suddenly aroused by the bursting squall." Three weeks later their sailor-boy, Charles Vivian, was found, four

miles off. The schooner in which they were lost was likewise found in September; she had not capsized, but had been swamped in a heavy sea.*

"The corpses were in the first instance buried in the sand, and quicklime was thrown in. But such a process, as a final means of disposing of them, would have been contrary to the Tuscan law, which required any object thus cast ashore to be burned, as a precaution against plague; and (Captain John) Trelawny, seconded by Mr. Dawkins, the English consul at Florence, obtained permission to superintend the burning, and carry it out in a manner consonant to the feelings of the survivors. This process was executed with the body of Williams on the 15th of August—on the 16th with Shelley's. A furnace was provided of iron bars and strong sheet-iron, with fuel, and frankincense, wine, salt, and oil, the accompaniments of a Greek cremation: the volume of Keats was burned along with the body. Byron and Leigh Hunt, with the health-officer, and a guard of soldiers, attended the poet's obsequies. It was a glorious day, and a splendid prospect—the cruel and calm sea before, the Apennines behind. A curlew wheeled close to the pyre, screaming, and would not be driven away: the flame arose golden and towering. 'The only portions of the corpse which were not consumed,' says Trelawny, 'were some fragments of bones, the jaw, and the skull; but what surprised us all was that the heart remained entire. In snatching this relic from the fiery furnace, my hand was severely burnt.' The ashes were coffered, and soon afterwards buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome."—*Rossetti's Memoir.*

Leaving Spezia and the coast, the railway reaches *Arcola*, with a fine old castle, and soon after crosses the river Magra, which was once the boundary between Liguria and Etruria, and afterwards between the territories of Tuscany and Genoa.

"Macra che per cammin corto
Lo Genovese parte dal Toscano.
Dante, Par. ix. 89.

Sarzana (stat.) (*Inns. New York*; *Lunigiana*), lying

* See Memoir, by William Michael Rossetti.

ıcw in the plain, was the birth-place of Pope Nicholas V. (Tommaso Parentucelli, 1447—1455). His statue adorns the façade of the *Cathedral*, an Italian Gothic building of 1355—1470; and in the Cappella di S. Tommaso is the grave of his mother, Andreola dei Calandrini. In the *Church of S. Francesco* is the tomb of the Pisan Giovanni Balducci, 1322. East of the town is the fortress of *Sarzanello*, built by Castruccio Castracani, Lord of Lucca, for the defence of the adjoining territory against the Malaspinas.

The family of Buonaparte (a name of partisanship, as Malaparte of the Gherardescas) is descended from that of Cadolingi, settled in this neighbourhood, where a Buonaparte existed in 1264; and hence they migrated to Corsica.

The ancient name of Sarzana was *Luna Nova*, from its having superseded the ancient *Luna*. An excursion may be made to this celebrated site, which is situated on the left bank of the Magra, near its mouth. This was the most northern city of Etruria, but had fallen into the hands of the Ligurians, before we hear of them in connection with Roman history. It was colonized by the Romans in B. C. 177. It had, however, fallen into complete decay before the time of Lucan, who speaks of it as deserted—

"Arruns incoluit desertæ mœnia Lunæ;"

but it continued to be famous for its white marble, of which the Panthéon, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, and other monuments at Rome were built, as were probably the "Candentia mœnia" of Luna itself, which Rutilius speaks of. It is strange that, being five miles distant from the Gulf of Spezia, it should have given a name to that harbour.

"About three miles from Sarzana, on the high-road to Lucca and Pisa, the traveller will have on his right a strip of low, grassy land, in-

tervening between him and the sea. Here stood the ancient city. There is little enough to see. Beyond a few crumbling tombs, and a fragment or two of Roman ruin, nothing remains of Luna. The fairy-scene, described by Rutilius, so appropriate to the spot which bore the name of the virgin-queen of heaven—'the fair white walls'—shaming with their brightness the untrodden snow—the smooth, many-tinted rocks, overrun with 'laughing lilies'—if not the pure creation of the poet, have now vanished from the sight. Vestiges of an amphitheatre, of a semi-circular building which may be a theatre, of a circus, a *piscina*, and fragments of columns, pedestals for statues, blocks of pavement, and inscriptions, are all that Luna has now to show."—*Dennis.*

Continuing the railway, we reach

Avenza (stat.)—on the left bank of the Carrione, formerly the Aventia—a town fortified by Castruccio Castracani, in 1322. Hence there is a branch-line leading, in 12 min. (55 c.; 40 c.; 30 c.), to

(*Carrara* (*Locanda Nazionale*,—terrible mosquitos here), a very ugly town, the capital of the marble-works, 400 mines with 6000 workmen are in operation. The works may be visited by ascending the right bank of the Torano and passing through the village of that name (Guide 3 frs.). The hours of labour are from 5 A. M. to 3 P. M.; a horn sounds when the rock is about to be blasted.

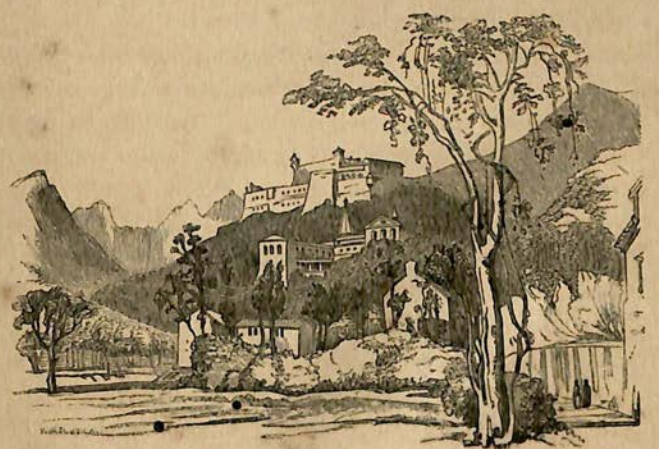
The town is one series of sculptors' studios, in which the greater part of the population is employed. A statue (1861), of the Arch-duchess Maria Beatrice, adorns the piazza. Several of the churches are well worth notice, especially *S. Andrea*, which was built in the 13th century, under the lordship of Pisa, in the semi-gothic style. *S. Giacomo* is of the renaissance. The *Madonna delle Grazie* is rich in costly marbles.

The only Carrarese sculptors of note have been Alberto Maffioli in the 15th, and Danese Cattaneo in the 16th

century. The latter was the intimate friend of Torquato Tasso, who speaks of him in his "Rinaldo" as being equally illustrious as poet and sculptor, while Bernardo Tasso, in the "Armadigi," places him on the mountain of glory, and calls him—

"Spirto alto ed egregio
E poeta, e scultor di sommo pregio.")

The outline of the mountains, with their jagged precipices, becomes unspeakably grand after leaving Avenza, but the views reach a climax of poetic loveliness at Massa, where a noble castle crowns the rich olive-clad height above the town, while beyond it, the hills, dotted with convents and



Massa Ducale.

villas, and radiant with vegetation, divide, to admit, like a fairy vision, the exquisitely-delicate peaks of the marble mountains.

Massa Ducale (*Albergo Quattro Nazione*, good) contains the immense *Palace* of Elisa Bacciochi, sister of Napoleon I., Duchess of Massa Carrara. She pulled down the old cathedral to improve her view, and only one door of it remains, inserted in the modern building. The walks through the lanes and vineyards near Massa, watered by running streams, are exceedingly lovely. Artists should make a point of staying here. The old castle of *Montignoso*, which belonged to the Lombard Agilulf, is passed on the left before reaching the station of Querceta.

Pietra Santa (stat.) (*Inn. Unione*) is another exquisitely attractive point in this land of beauty. In summer, nothing can exceed its soft loveliness,—the richness of the plain, with its Indian corn and vines, the luxuriance of the olive-covered

At Pietra Santa.

hills, and the noble forms of the mountain back-ground. In the midst rises the old walled town, which has stood many

sieges. Its perfectly mediæval piazza contains a machicolated Town Hall of 1346, and two fine old Gothic churches, while the battlemented walls rise behind.

S. Martino is of the 14th century, but restored internally in the 16th. The red campanile is of 1380. The octangular *Baptistery* has bronzes by *Donatello*. The pulpit and holy-water basons are by *Stagi*, who was born here. *S. Agostino* is Gothic, of the 14th century, with an unfinished façade. It contains a number of curious monuments. In the 1st chapel on the right a picture by *Taddeo Zacchia*, 1519.

A delightful excursion (carriage 6 frs.) may be made from hence to the marble-quarries of *Serravezza*, in which the first breach was made by Michael Angelo, in 1517, on a commission from Leo X. It is a lovely drive, through a valley of indescribable richness, waving with Indian corn, and with vines dancing in festoons from one peach tree to another, while behind is a most noble range of mountains, purple below, while above, the peaks gleam snowy-white against a deep blue sky. In the narrow gorge beyond the valley, are *Silver-Mines*, beautifully situated. In the mountains above Serravezza the rocks often take such strange forms, as to recall the descriptions of the beasts in the Apocalypse.

Viareggio (*Albergo del Commercio*), much-frequented from Florence and Pisa, is a dull sea-place, but it has exquisite views of the mountains. Hence the railway passes through the pine-forests, almost till it reaches the noble group of buildings, which watch over the campo-santo of Pisa.

CHAPTER IV

TURIN.

(*Carriages*, with 1 horse, the course 1 fr.; the 1st hour, 1½ fr., (at night 2 frs.), each half-hour afterwards, 75 c. Each piece of luggage 20 c. With 2 horses, ½ fr. more either by course or hour.

Hotels. Europa, most excellent, with the most charming *salle-a-manger* on the continent, and very well situated in the Piazza del Castello. *Londra*, Piazza Castello. *Trombetta*, formerly Feder, 6 Via S. Francesco di Paola. Close to the station is the *Grand Hotel de Turin*, which is most thoroughly excellent, clean, and comfortable. It is most convenient for those who only remain one night in Turin, or for the excursion to S. Ambrogio. It should not be confused with the Grand Hotel Suisse close by.

Restaurant. Caffè del Cambio, Piazza del Carignano.
Banker. Negra, 18 Via del Arsenale.
English Church. 15 Via Pio Quinto—services 11 A.M., 3. 30 P.M.

Église Vaudoise. Corso del Re. Services, 9 A.M., Italian; 11 A.M. French, with sermon; 3 P.M. Italian, with sermon.

For *Photographs* of the Pictures in the Pinacoteca, Maggi, 6 Via del Po.

TURIN (Torino) is said to owe its foundation to the Ligurian tribe of the Taurini, and afterwards to have received a Roman colony, Julia Augusta Taurinorum. It was ruled by its own Dukes in the middle ages, and came to the House of Savoy in the middle of the eleventh century, by the marriage of Adelaida, daughter of its last duke, Manfred, with Otho of Savoy. This family, justly popular in their own country, which is deeply indebted to them, have ever

since continued (until the late unhappy disturbances in the south of Italy) to hold their court here. The first sovereign was Emanuele Filiberto, 1553, after which the succession was—

Carlo Emanuele I., 1580.	Carlo Emanuele III., 1730.
Vittorio Amadeo I., 1630.	Vittorio Amadeo III., 1773.
Francesco Giacinto, 1637.	Carlo Emanuele IV., 1796.
Carlo Emanuele II., 1638.	Vittorio Emanuele, 1802.
Vittorio Amadeo II., 1675.	Carlo Felice, 1821.

The last of these princes died without male issue, when, in accordance with the right of succession settled at the Congress of Vienna, the crown passed to the House of Carignan (founded by Prince Tommaso Francesco, son of Carlo Emanuele I.) in the person of Carlo Alberto, who, being defeated by the Austrians at Novara, March 23, 1849, abdicated at the monastery of Laghetto, and died at Oporto. He was succeeded by his son, Vittorio Emanuele II.

To this line of (in their lawful kingdom) thoroughly national and constitutional monarchs, Turin, which is now one of the most prosperous cities in Europe, is indebted for everything it possesses. The town is regularly built, like an American city, long straight streets traversing it from end to end, and each at right angles with its neighbour. Many of the streets are lined with colonnades which form a pleasant shade from the burning Lombard sun in summer, while those near the palace are the favourite evening lounge of the upper classes, and are crowded after sunset with smartly dressed officers and civilians. Exposed to bitter Alpine winds, Turin is piteously cold in winter. It does not contain much which deserves the special attention of strangers,

beyond the Pinacoteca and the Armoury, yet the vicinity of the Po, the beautiful wooded hills on the further bank, and the charming walks of the Public Garden near Il Valentino, render Turin far from unpleasant as a resting-place for a few days in summer. The streets, in spite of their regularity, have a picturesqueness of their own from the richness with which the palaces are decorated, and, generally ending in arcades, remind one pleasantly of the background of many Venetian pictures.

No one who has strength for the ascent should omit to make Turin head-quarters for the glorious excursion to the Sagro di S. Michele.

Immediately opposite the station is the *Piazza Carlo Felice*, adorned with a statue of Massimo Azeglio by *Balzico*. On the pedestal are inscribed the remarkable words of his will (July 2, 1857)—"Rimanga la mia memoria nel cuore degli uomini onesti e dei veri Italiani, e sara questo il maggior onore che le si possa rendere e che io sappia imaginare."

Hence the Via di Roma leads into the heart of the town, passing through the *Piazza S. Carlo*, surrounded by open colonnades filled with book-stalls, where collectors may often find treasures. In the centre of the square is a fine equestrian statue by *Marochetti*, erected, 1858, to Emanuele Filiberto—"vindici et statori gentis suæ."

The Via di Roma ends in the *Piazza di Castello*, in the centre of which stands the old castle of Turin, the *Palazzo Madama*, formerly inhabited by the Queen Mother, having high tiled roofs crowded with chimneys, rich fragments of terra-cotta cornice, and four clumsy brick towers, two built up in a later façade, the others very quaint, and perforated with holes. It is always crowded by birds, like the old

buildings at Venice, and gives quite a charm and character of the Middle Ages to a comparatively featureless town. The handsome modern palace, and the tower of the cathedral, are seen behind it.

There is nothing especial to be seen in the Palazzo Madama. The *Palazzo Reale*, which contains public offices and the Sala del Senato, is entered by a door on the left of the central portal, whence a staircase leads to the great hall. On the first landing is the equestrian statue of Vittorio Amadeo I., commonly known as "Il Cavallo di Marmo," by *Adriano Frisio:* the king is represented as awkwardly riding over some captives.

In the Great Hall, *Sala della Guardia*, is a great picture of the battle of St. Quentin by *Palma Giovane.* Here servants are waiting (fee 1 franc) who will show the other state rooms. They are handsome, with rich ceilings, and are adorned by modern pictures. In the *Sala di Consiglio*, where the marriage contracts of the Princesses Clotilda and Pia were signed, are portraits of all "the religious" of the house of Savoy, including Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury. The rooms formerly appropriated to Queen Maria Teresa, and the Gallery, are no longer shown, being occupied by the family of the Duke d'Aosta.

(From the left of the Great Hall, except in the very early morning, the Chapel of the Santo Sudario must be entered.)

The Armoury is in the wing of the palace, and is entered by the first door in the arcade to the right when facing the palace. A ticket of admission (free) is obtained on the staircase.

The armour is not numbered; historical specimens are:

In the 1st Compartment:

The sword of Napoleon I., and the crown offered to Victor Emanuel by Naples and Turin.

In the 2nd Compartment:

The four first equestrian suits belonged to the still existing but ruined family of Martinengo da Brescia. The fourth is absolutely magnificent.

The fourth equestrian suit on the right belonged to the family of Rotta da Bergamo, under the Venetian Republic.

The last suit on foot in the next division was that of the Marchese Parella di S. Martino.

The next suit is gigantic, and is supposed to have belonged to a Grimaldi of Monaco.

Near this, in a case, is the scimitar of Constantine Paleologus, last Greek Emperor of Constantinople.

Last on right, is the figure of Prince Eugene of Savoy bearing his cuirass and sword: near it is his shield.

Returning, on left, is the suit of Emanuele Filiberto di Savoia, 1557, worn at the Battle of S. Quentin.

The cuirass of Carlo Emanuele III. worn at the Battle of Guastalla.

The cuirass of Prince Tommaso.

Shields taken at the battle of Pavia.

Saracenic armour.

Between the 3rd and 4th Martinengo, the suit of Count Lodroni of the Tyrol.

Behind the Palace is a small *Garden*, entered under the same arcade as the Armoury, and open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays, from 11 to 3.

To the left of the Palace is the *Cathedral*, originally founded in 602, but now an unimportant building of the fifteenth century, with a few very indifferent pictures. Behind the high altar, raised by a flight of steps, is the domed *Chapel of the Santo Sudario*, the master-piece of *Guarini*, built in 1648, to receive the shroud in which our Saviour is supposed to have been wrapped by Joseph of Arimathea. Similar shrouds exist at Rome, at Besançon, and at Cadouin in Perigord. The present relic is preserved in an altar

beneath the cupola. The chapel is lined with black marble, which has a singular effect. Surrounding it are monuments of the house of Savoy.

Emanuele Filiberto. *Marchesi.*
Principe Tommaso di Carignano. *Gaggini.*
Carlo Emanuele II. (1675). *Fraccaroli.*
Amadeo VIII. (1451). *Cacciatori.*
Maria Adelaida (1855), wife of Vittorio Emanuele II. *Revelli.*

From the Via Porta Palatina, which runs almost in front of the Cathedral (turning left), an opening on the right leads to the *Piazza di Citta*, which contains the *Palazzo del Municipio.* In the middle of the square is the bronze statue of "Il Conte Verde"—Amadeus VI. of Savoy (1334—83), by *Pelagio Pelagi.* At the entrance of the Piazza, on the right, is the *Church of Corpus Domini*, built by *Vitozzi* in 1617. It commemorates the miraculous refusal of a consecrated wafer to be carried off in 1453, by a soldier who was stealing it for the sake of the pyx in which it was enshrined.

The Via della Corte d'Appello on the right of the Palazzo del Municipio, leads into the *Piazza Savoia*, a little to the right of which is the *Church of La Consolata*, built in the 17th century by *Guarini*, but retaining a tower of the middle ages. It contains a so-called miraculous picture of "La Madonna delle Grazie," surrounded with ex-votos.

Returning to the Piazza del Castello by the Via Dora Grossa, we find, immediately on the left, unmarked by any portico, but with a fantastic ribbed dome, visible at a little distance above the houses, the *Church of S. Lorenzo*, built by *Guarini* for Emanuele Filiberto as a thank-offering for the victory of S. Quentin.

The Via delle Scienze, which opens from the piazza on the

right, leads immediately to Piazza Carignano. On the left is the fantastic *Palazzo Carignano*, one of the most extravagant works of *Guarini*. In the square stands the statue of the modern Italian philosopher Gioberti, a native of Turin (1801—48), by *Albertoni*. On the right is the Accademia.

The *Accademia delle Scienze* is open daily from 10 to 4. On the ground-floor are the Museum of Antiquities and the Egyptian Museum (with the halls above); on the first floor is the Museum of Natural History, containing the skeleton of a Megatherium; on the second floor is the Pinacoteca. The Galleries have no catalogues.

The *Egyptian Museum* is a very fine collection, comprising grand statues of:

Thothmes III. (basalt), B.C. 1591, and of his son—
Amenophes (granite), B.C. 1565, and of his son—
Setes II. (a gigantic figure), said to be the persecutor of Moses.
* Rameses II., "Sesostris" (basalt), B.C. 1300. The most beautiful of all known Egyptian statues.

The *Greek and Roman Museum* contains:

Statue of Augustus from Susa.
Bust of Antinous.
Statue of Bacchus.
Bust of Juno from Alba Pompeja, supposed to have been used by the priests for oracles.
Sleeping Cupid (the arm and foot modern).
Hercules sleeping on the lion's skin.
Hercules with the serpents.
Bronze statuette of Minerva, found at Stradella.
Bronze statuette of a Fawn (one leg missing).
* Head of Caligula in bronze—very beautiful.

The Pinacoteca has a very interesting and too little known collection of pictures, arranged in fifteen well-lighted walls. The most important pictures are—

Sala I. Pictures connected with the House of Savoy.

4. *Giacomo Fiamingo.* Prince Eugene.
15. *Giacomo Argenta de Ferrara.* Boy in a white dress, with a dwarf.
*26. *Vandyke.* Two children with a bird.
27. *Giacomo Argenta di Ferrara.* Portrait of Emanuele Filiberto, detto Testa di Ferro.
30. *Vandyke.* Principe Giacinto di Savoia—a most charming picture of an ugly child, sitting in its little chair, holding a bird.

Sala II. *Piedmontese Painters, of great importance in art, and many of them most beautiful.*

33, 34, 36, 37, 39, 40. *Macrino d'Alba* (1496-1506). Pictures of Saints.
35. *Presbyter Giovanni Canavesi.* Altar-piece in 16 compartments.
41. *Gandolfino* (1493). Altar-piece in 10 compartments.
*42. *Defendente Deferrari di Chivasso.* Altar-piece in many divisions, the central compartment most beautiful, of the Madonna with angels at her feet.
43. *Gerolamo Giovenone* (1514). Madonna and Child with saints, and the donor with her children—a very interesting picture.
44. *Defendente Deferrari.* Marriage of S. Catharine.
44, bis. *Gandolfino.* Madonna and Child with angels.
47, bis. *Giov. Giovenone.* Madonna and Child with four saints.
*49. *Gaudenzio Ferrari.* S. Peter and a kneeling donor—glorious in colour.
50, bis. *Macrino d'Alba.* Virgin and Child in glory, with saints and angels below.
52, 53, 57, 58. *Gaudenzio Ferrari di Valduggia.* Four small pictures.
54. *Gaudenzio Ferrari.* The Deposition.
54, bis. *Gaudenzio Ferrari.* Virgin and Child throned, with saints—the background most richly and carefully painted.
56. *Bernardino Lanini de Vercelli.* The Deposition.
59. *Ottaviano Cane da Prino* (1541). Virgin and Child throned, with S. J. Baptist and S. Antonio.—Feeble, compared with the works of Gaudenzio and Macrino.

Sala III. *Continuation of last hall, in later date.*

60, bis. *Bern. Lanini.* Virgin and Child with saints.
62. *Id.* (1564). Virgin and Child with SS. J. Baptist, Nicholas, Lucia, and James.

63. *Pietro Grammorseo da Casale Monferrato* (1523). Virgin and Child with SS. J. Baptist and Lucia.
64. *Cane da Trino* (1543). Marriage of S. Catherine.

Sala IV. *Continuation, but inferior.*

65. *Guglielmo Caccia.* "Il Moncalvo." The Bearing of the Cross.

Sala V. *General Italian School, 14th to 16th century.*

93. *Angelico da Fiesole?* Madonna and Child.
94, 96. *Id.* Two angels—undoubted and beautiful specimens of the Master.
97. *Ant. Pollajuolo.* Raphael and Tobias.
98. *Sandro Botticelli.* Tobias and three angels.
100. *Spinello Aretino.* Siege of Jerusalem.
101. *Francesco Francia.* The Entombment.
103. *Lorenzo da Credi.* Madonna and Child.
106. *Bugiardini.* Holy Family.
111. *"Scuola Lombarda."* Holy Family—a lovely picture
114. *Gian Pietrino.* SS. Catherine and Peter Martyr.
*117. *Girolamo S. Croce.* S. Jerome—a grand landscape.
*118. *Gir. Savoldo.* Adoration of the Infant Jesus—the figure of the Virgin most beautiful and touching in its humility.
121. *M. A. Franciabigio.* The Annunciation.
122. *Franc. Penni* (1518). The Entombment—a copy of the Borghese Raffaelle.
127. *Bronzino.* Lady in a crimson dress.
128. *Id.* Portrait of Cosimo de' Medici.
130. *Paris Bordone.* A woman with a basket of cherries.

Sala VI.

133. *Rinaldo Mantovano.* Assumption.
140. *Ant. Badile* (the master of *Paul Veronese*). Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple—a very instructive picture.
148. *Bassano.* Portrait.
*157. *Paul Veronese.* The visit of the Queen of Sheba—A most glorious picture, equally magnificent in effect, colour, and detail. The dress of the queen alone is a most wonderful study. The high-lights are nowhere more concentrated by the master than in this composition.

Sala VII. 17th and 18th centuries.

170. *G. Batt. Crespi.* SS. Francis and Carlo Borromeo praying before a statue of the Virgin.
182. *Paul Veronese.* The Finding of Moses. From the Palazzo Durazzo at Genoa.

Sala VIII. Chiefly copies by *Constantin.*

196. *Luca della Robbia.* Holy Family.

Sala IX. Flower-pieces.

Sala X. *Italian School, 16th to 18th centuries.*

234. *Paul Veronese.* Mary at the feet of Christ. The dog in the foreground is wonderful.
236. *Guido Reni.* A Group of Children.
237, 238. *Gaspar Poussin.* Landscapes.
239. *Guercino.* S. Francesca Romana—the head of the saint very grand.
241. *Eliz. Sirani.* Death of Abel.
242. *Guercino.* Ecce Homo.
243. *Bassano.* The Rape of the Sabines.
244. *Orazio Lomi.* Annunciation.
249. *Aurelio Lomi* (Pisano). Adoration of the Magi.
251. *Bernardo Strozzi.* The Blind Homer.
254. *Domenichino.* Three Children, supposed to represent Architecture, Astronomy, and Agriculture.

Sala XI.

260, 264, 271, 274. *Francesco Albani.* The Four Elements—(as Venus—Juno—Galatea—Cybele)—painted for Cardinal Maurice of Savoy.
262. *Guercino.* The Return of the Prodigal Son—magnificent in light and shadow.
263. *F. Albani.* Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.
276. *Carlo Dolce.* Madonna.
283, 288. *Canaletto.* Views of old Turin—good specimens of a bad master.

Sala XII. *German and Dutch Schools.*

*338. *Vandyke.* Children of Charles I. of England.
*351. *Id.* Clara Eugenia Isabella, daughter of Philip II. of Spain.

Sala XIII. *Cape d'Opere.*

355. *A. Mantegna.* Madonna and Child with saints—the head of the Virgin very grand, full of foreboding of the future, the rest inferior.
356. *Lorenzo di Credi.* Madonna and Child.
357. *Guercino.* Madonna and Child.
358. *J. Memling.* The whole story of the Passion, wonderfully interwoven in one picture.
359. *P. Christophsen.* Virgin and Child.
*363. *Vandyke.* Prince Thomas of the Savoy on a white horse—one of the noblest portraits in existence.
*369. *Sandro Botticelli.* The Triumph of Chastity—a very curious and interesting picture.
371. *Gaudenzio Ferrari.* Crucifixion.
*373. *Raffaelle.* Madonna della Tenda—a lovely replica of the picture at Munich.
374. *Sandro Botticelli.* Madonna and Child.
*375. *Donatello.* Virgin and Child—a marble relief.
376. *Il Sodoma.* Lucrezia.
*377. *Paul Potter.* Cows.
384. *Vandyke.* Holy Family.
385. *G. Honthorst.* Samson and the Philistines.
386. *Holbein.* Portrait of Erasmus.
392. *Velasquez.* Philip IV.

Sala XIV. *German and Dutch.*

415. *Mytens.* Portrait of Charles I. of England, standing at the end of an arched corridor.
450. *Rembrandt.* A Rabbi.

Sala XV. *French School.*

481. *Borgognone.* Battle Scene.

Behind the Palazzo Carignano is the *Piazza Carlo Alberto*, with an equestrian statue of Charles Albert, by *Marochetti.*

The broad *Via del Po*, on the left of which is the *University*, with an admirable Library, leads to the river, by the wide *Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.* This is our first sight of the Po, which will meet us so often again in our Italian wanderings. It rises on Monte Viso and flows to the Adriatic,

being navigable for nearly 250 miles. Many are the classical allusions to it :—

"Proluit insano contorquens vortice silvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes
Cum stabulis armenta tulit."—*Virgil, Georg.* i. 481.

"Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus : quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis."
Georg. iv. 371.*

On the opposite side of the river is the *Church of the Gran Madre di Dio*, built by Carlo Felice in (ludicrously bad) imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. From the Capuchin Convent which occupies the wooded hill above, there is an exquisite view, far beyond the town which lies at its feet, into the Alpine ranges.

The Avenue along the river-side is delightful, and leads to one of the most beautiful *Public Gardens* in Europe,—not to

I Cappuccini, Turin. From the Public Garden.

mere dressed walks, but to glades of elms and chestnuts, with wide and green lawns undulating to the water-side, and lovely views up the still reaches of the river, fringed with tufted foliage which is reflected in its water; or into bosky

* See also Lucan, ii. 408 ; vi. 273.

valleys of the hills on the opposite bank, with old turretted villas and convents rising on the different heights and looking down into the luxuriance of wood and vineyard which intersects them. Beyond all rises the Superga on its blue height, and pleasure-boats with white sails or striped awnings give constant life to the scene.

At the end of the gardens, where they melt into the open hayfields—completely in the country, though so close to the town—the grand old *Palace of Il Valentino* rises from the river bank. It was built in the old French style by a French princess, Christine, wife of Vittorio Amadeo I. and daughter of Henri IV. and Marie de' Medici. Of rich red stone,

Il Valentino, Turin.

with high-pitched roofs, tall chimneys, and heavy cornices, it resembles some of the best chateaux of the Loire, and, with its richly verdant surroundings, forms a beautiful subject for a picture. Altogether, though those who have not seen these gardens in spring condemn Turin as an ugly featureless city, those who have enjoyed their freshness, especially in May, when the white and crimson chestnuts are all in bloom, will carry away the impression of scenes of perfect Italian loveliness.

One may also visit the *Villa della Regina*, near the bridge over the Po, built by Cardinal Maurice of Savoy, after he had renounced his Orders in order to marry his niece, daughter of Vittorio Amadeo I.

The most popular excursion is that to *La Superga*, the building which crowns the highest summit of the hills near the town. An omnibus (20 c.) starts every hour from 25 Via del Po, for the Madonna del Pilone, a village in the valley, about 1½ mile from the town. Hence donkeys (1½ fr.) may be taken, or it is a stiff walk of 1½ hour, to the Superga. The high road must be followed to the turn on the right *beyond* the next village, whence the Stradone della Superga winds up the hill. There is a grand view from the platform at the top towards the immense snowy barrier, which hems in the valley of the Po with an endless variety of outline. Turin, with its palaces and churches, is seen at the foot of the envineyarded hills on the left. Beyond it rises the great peak of Monte Viso: but the most beautiful point is where the valley of Susa, half-shrouded in purple mist, opens beneath the white ranges of the Mont Cenis.

When the army of Louis XIV. was blockading Turin, King Vittorio Amadeo II., standing on this height with Prince Eugene, vowed a church to the Virgin, "if the Lord of Hosts would deliver him and his people out of the hands of their enemies." The French were totally defeated in the battle of Turin, Sept. 7, 1706, and Juvara was then employed to build the great Church of La Superga, which was begun in 1717 and finished in 1731.

The *Church* is ill-proportioned externally, and is swallowed up by its own dome. The interior is dull, cold, pompous

and splendid. The pillars are of coloured marble; three great marble reliefs represent the Annunciation, the Nativity, and "La Madonna del Ex-voto." In the vaults beneath, all the later monarchs of the house of Savoy are buried, with the exception of Carlo Felice, who rests at Haute Combe on the Lac de Bourget. Like the popes, the last king always occupies a temporary position—here a colossal tomb at the centre of the cross—till his successor comes to turn him out. Vittorio Amadeo II., Carlo Emanuele III., Vittorio Amadeo III., and Carlo Emanuele IV., have monuments here, surrounding that of the great Carlo Alberto, who died at Oporto, July 28, 1849.

"Here a king may fitly lie,
Who, bursting that heroic heart of his
At lost Novara, that he could not die,
(Though thrice into the cannon's eyes for this
He plunged his shuddering steed, and felt the sky
Reel back between the fire-shocks,) stripped away
The ancestral ermine ere the smoke had cleared,
And, naked to the soul, that none might say
His kingship covered what was base and bleared
With treason, went out straight an exile, yea,
An exiled patriot.

. . . And now that he is dead,
Admitting it is proved and manifest
That he was worthy, with a discrowned head,
To measure heights with patriots, let them stand
Beside the man in his Oporto shroud,
And each vouchsafe to take him by the hand,
And kiss him on the cheek, and say aloud,—
'Thou, too, hast suffered for our native land!
My brother, thou art one of us! be proud.'"—

E. Barrett-Browning.

Near each king rest his wives, one above another, as in the berths of a ship. One great chamber is devoted to the

babies of the House of Savoy! The reigning sovereign annually visits the graves of his ancestors on the 8th of September (the Nativity of the Virgin).

A pleasant object for a drive of about 6 miles, is the old palace at *Moncalieri* (the 1st station on the Alessandria line), built by Vittorio Amadeo I., and exceedingly handsome.

Stupinigi (5 m.) is a handsome palace, built as a hunting-lodge by *Juvara* for Carlo Emanuele III.

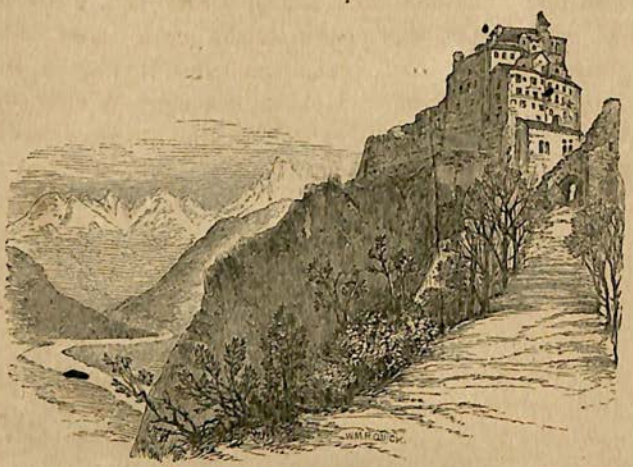
The most important expedition to be made from Turin is that to the extraordinary convent called *Il Sagro di San Michele*, which occupies the summit of the mountain overhanging the town of Sant' Ambrogio (on the way to Susa), to which it is best to proceed by railway.

Avigliana (stat.) is the birth-place of the House of Savoy.

Sant' Ambrogio (stat.) is a most picturesque little town. Its rugged street, full of country-people and donkeys, presents one succession of pictures, with its buttressed walls, Romanesque arches, overhanging roofs supported by heavy beams, and window-sills bright with carnations and chains of golden Indian corn; and beyond and over all rises the brown mountain side, with blue mist in its rifts, crowned by the vast pile of the Sagro, half convent and half castle.

A steep mountain way (donkeys may be obtained) winds up behind the curious old church, through rocks and fragments of chestnut forest. Near the summit, it passes the little village of S. Pietro, and then emerges upon a terrace on the top of the rocks, whence there is the most glorious view, into a wilderness of snowy mountain-ranges. The Sagro itself, a huge mass of building, rises in the fore-

ground, at the top of an almost perpendicular precipice, where it was built as a penance in the 10th century, by a certain Hugo de Montboissier, on a spot where Bishop Amisone had already been directed to found an oratory, by fire which descended from heaven and marked out its site.



Il Sagro di San Michele.

The most conspicuous portion externally is the apse of the church, which has a Romanesque arcade. Great flights of steps form the approach to a round-headed door facing the precipice, whence a tremendous staircase, supported by a single colossal pillar, ascends to the monastery, the walls being partly formed by the rock itself, which projects in huge masses through the masonry.* At the top of the first staircase a beautiful round arch with marble pillars, very richly

* Murray describes this staircase as having been lined with dried corpses, which were decorated with flowers by the peasants, but this has never been heard of at the Sagro itself.

sculptured, opens upon a second ascent leading to the *Church*, which is exceedingly curious, with many fragments of ancient sculpture, and a fine Gothic tomb of Guglielmo di Savoia, who was abbot here. A door on the left forms the entrance to a little platform overhanging the rock called *Il Salto della Bella Alda*, from an imprudent damsel, who, having leapt once from the top in safety under the protection of the Virgin, attempted to do it again, and perished in the attempt. Here is the entrance to the vaults filled with modern tombs, to which Carlo Alberto caused a number of the earlier sovereigns of the House of Savoy to be removed from the church of S. Giovanni at Turin. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more beautiful than the views upon which the *Monastery* looks down. It contains several pictures of the surrounding scenery, by *Massimo d'Azeglio*, who was, however, but a poor artist. Prince Eugene, who never married, was a titular abbot of S. Michele. There were formerly 300 Benedictine monks here, now the monastery is a centre for the Missionary Preachers under the direction of the Rettore Carlo Caccia.

A separate excursion on this line of railway should be made from Turin to *Susa*. A little beyond S. Ambrogio, on the left, may be seen the remains of walls on the side of the mountain. The place is called *Le Chiusa*, and the walls are relics of the famous fortifications erected in A. D. 772 by the Lombard king Desiderius, against his enemies from the north, and which he deemed impregnable. Charlemagne did not attack them, but was guided round the mountains by a Lombard spy (one Martin, a deacon, afterwards Archbishop of Ravenna), and, falling upon the Lombards from

the rear, totally defeated them. On this story is founded the "Adelchi," Manzoni's best play, carefully studied on the spot.

Susa, the ancient Segusio, is a wonderfully picturesque place, filled with mediæval towers and gateways, and with the river Dora rushing through its midst. The most conspicuous building is the *Cathedral of S. Justus*, which has a noble campanile of the 11th century, a fine grey marble font, and a gilt statue of the famous Countess Adelaida of Susa, through whom the House of Savoy acquired its Italian territory. In the sacristy is a silver cross, said to have been given by Charlemagne.

On a rising ground, behind the cathedral, is the beautiful marble *Arch of Augustus*, adorned with Corinthian columns, and reliefs representing sacrifices of rams and swine. It was erected, in honour of the Emperor, about B. C. 8, by Julius Cottius, son of King Donnus. Above the town is the ruined fortress of La Brunetta, destroyed by the French in 1798.

At the top of the *Monte di Roccia Melone*, above Susa, at a height of 11,139 feet, is a chapel, romantically founded by the crusader Bonifazio d'Asti, who was taken prisoner by the Saracens and vowed this shrine to the Virgin if he were ever set free: his fetters hang in the chapel. A pilgrimage is made here annually on the feast of the Assumption.

A little to the east of Susa, close under the Alps, is the site (it is little more now) of the famous Monastery of *Novalesa*, founded in 739, where Charlemagne once spent his Lent. In its prosperity, Novalesa used to send out in harvest-time the *plaustrum dominicale*, a great car,

supporting a pole with a bell hanging to it, which returned, heading all the waggons, bringing back the supplies of corn and wine from the monastic farms. It was a rule in the country-side, that no fairs should begin till the plaustrum of Novalesa had been seen to pass.

A railway leads in 3 hours from Turin to Cuneo for the passage of the *Col di Tenda.* It passes—

20 kil. *Villastellone* (stat.), 6 m. west of which is *Carignano*, a well-built town, with handsome churches. *S. Giovanni* was built by Count Alfieri: in *S. Maria delle Grazie* is the tomb of Bianca Palæologus, daughter of William IV., Marquis of Monserrat, and wife of Duke Charles I. of Savoy, before whom Bayard contended in a tournament. In 1650 the title of Prince of Carignano was taken by Tommaso, the youngest son of Duke Charles Emmanuel I., and from him the present royal family are descended. Carignano is still one of the royal titles.

29 kil. *Carmagnola* (stat.) was once, as the border-town of the Marquisate of Saluzzo, defended by a strong castle, a fragment of which remains as the tower of the *Church of S. Filippo.* In the cloister of *S. Agostino*, is the tomb of James Turnbull, a Scottish condottiere, 1496. This town is the birth-place of Francesco Bussone, Count of Carmagnola, who was born here, in 1389, as the son of a peasant, and served in boyhood as a cowherd. He fought as general for Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, for whom he reconquered a great part of Lombardy. From this service he passed into that of Venice, in which he took Brescia, and gained (1427) the battle of Maclodio; but, by the jealousy of the Senate, after having been allured back to Venice by a vote

of thanks and confidence, he was imprisoned, tortured, and beheaded "between the columns," May 5, 1432. His life is the subject of a tragedy by Manzoni.

The name of Carmagnola is known throughout the world from the "Dansons la Carmagnole, Vive le son des Carmagnoles," of the great revolution, the name having been given to the Savoyard boys, who were amongst the first revolutionary recruits, and many of whom came from hence.

38 kil. *Racconigi* (stat.). The *Castle*, restored by *Palagi*, was the favourite residence of Charles Albert. Trissino (1510) sang the beauty of the women of Racconigi:—

> "E quei di Scarnafesso e Racconigi,
> Ch' han bellissime donne."

45 kil. *Cavallermaggiore* (stat.). (Hence there is a branch-line to Savona, passing through *Brà*, which has a handsome *Church of S. Chiara*, built by *Vettone* in 1742. The town is united by an avenue to the Sanctuary of *S. Maria dei Fiori*, where it is said that on Dec. 29, 1336, an appearance of the Virgin was the means of rescuing a young girl from murder, in a copse of wild sloes, which have ever since blossomed three times annually. The Castle of *Pollenzo*, two miles from this, marks the Roman Pollentia.)

52 kil. *Savigliano* (stat.), (*Inn. Corona*), on the river Macra. A triumphal arch here commemorates the marriage of Carlo Emanuele II. with the Infanta, Donna Caterina. In the churches are many pictures by *Giovanni Molineri* (called "Il Carraccino," from his imitation of the Carracci), born here in 1577.

(There is a branch-line from hence in one ½ hour to *Saluzzo*. Its old castle was the residence of the sovereign

Marquises of Saluzzo, who became extinct in 1548. In the *Church of S. Bernardo* are the tombs of the Counts Della Torre. Saluzzo was in 1789 the birth-place of the poet and political martyr, Silvio Pellico, to whom a statue was erected in 1863.)

88 kil. *Cuneo* (stat.), (*Inn. Posta; Londra*), usually spoken of as *Coni*, so called from the *wedge* of land upon which the town was erected, in the 12th century, under protection of the Abbot of S. Dalmazzo, by peasants who rebelled against the tyrannies of the surrounding barons.

(About nine miles S. E. from Cuneo, in the Val Pésio, a pleasant situation amid woods and mountains, always green and fresh, is the *Certosa di Pesia*, now a pension, much frequented by English who pass the summer in Italy.

20 miles S. W. from Cuneo, in the Val di Gesso, are the *Baths of Valdieri*—resorted to for the cure of wounds—in a very fine natural situation.)

There is a diligence from Cuneo to Nice, in 22 hours, by the road, made in 1591, over the pass of the Col di Tenda (5883 feet). The French frontier is passed at Limone. At S. Dalmas di Tenda is a pension (6 frs.), most beautifully situated. The defile of the Roya, with the picturesque villages of Saorgio, Ghiandola, Broglio, and Sospello (Hotel Carenco), is well worth seeing. The unprotected ledges of the pass are, in places, very alarming.

CHAPTER V.

THE WALDENSES.

PROTESTANTS will be interested in an excursion to Waldensian Valleys (*Vallées Vaudoises*), which are situated about thirty miles S. W. of Turin, and occupy a district of about twenty-two miles by eighteen, under the Alps which bound the French frontier. Here, in spite of the most cruel persecutions, the inhabitants have preserved their own form of faith unchanged for 600 years.

The name of the Waldenses is sometimes derived from the Latin word Vallis, but more generally from Peter Waldo, a rich bourgeois of Lyons, who became, as it were, the S. Francis of heresy; while his disciples, who received the name of the Poor Men of Lyons, "resembled the Minorites, the lowest of the low." At a meeting which was assembled for devotional purposes, Waldo had seen a man fall dead, struck by lightning, and thenceforward religion was his one thought. Ignorant himself, he employed a poor scholar to translate the Gospels and some of the other books of Scripture, and in these he instructed his disciples. He sent them forth by two and two to preach the Gospel. They sought the support of Alexander III., but were harshly repulsed and censured by the Pope, and treated with the utmost obloquy and contempt by the clergy. The severity they met with caused their entire alienation from the Roman

Catholic Church. They denied that the priestly office had any intrinsic virtue, and maintained that a layman of pure life and manners might administer all religious rites. They condemned the vices of wicked popes. They rejected all the Sacraments, except Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and they denied all sanctity in the water of baptism, and transubstantiation in the Eucharist. They renounced prayers for the dead, purgatory, and indulgences. They enjoined, to the extreme, a pure and virtuous life. Above all, they read the Gospels, preached, and prayed in the vulgar tongue.

The followers of Peter Waldo are believed to have been the first teachers of these Alpine villages. The Waldensian Church occupies thirteen parishes situated in three valleys; S. Jean, La Tour, Villar, Bobbi, and Angrogna, in the valley of Luzerne; S. Germain and Pramol in the valley of Perouse; Pomaret, Maneille, Massel, Rodares, Prali, and Prarustaing, in the valley of S. Martin,—altogether a population of 24,000. The English term "Lollard" came from Peter Lollard, a Waldensian pastor in the middle of the thirteenth century.

The Protestant villages were situated in the dominions of the Duke of Savoy, from whom, early in the 15th century, they suffered their first persecution, when the inhabitants of the village of Prajelas were massacred or banished. In 1487, Pope Innocent VIII. issued a Bull calling upon "all authorities, spiritual and temporal, to unite in the extermination of the Vaudois." At this time 18,000 regular troops were sent against the valleys, when the inhabitants found their only protection in the mountain-fastnesses by which they were surrounded. When the Reformation in Germany took place, Pastor Martin of Luzerne travelled thither, and

brought back the writings of the Reformers, and, in the Synod of Angrogna (Sept. 12, 1532), the division of the Waldensian from the Catholic Church was formally ratified. This led to a fresh persecution, in 1532, from Charles, Duke of Savoy. In 1560, Emanuel Philibert of Savoy sent a fresh army against the Waldenses; they concealed their helpless in caves, and defended their valleys by ambushes. Their chief stronghold was the ravine of the Pra del Tor, which was attacked by the army of Savoy, under the Count de la Trinité, for four whole days; at the end of which he was repulsed with great loss, numbers of his soldiers being precipitated from the rocks into the river. After this, the Duke of Savoy perceived that he was only ruining both his army and his treasury to please the Inquisitors, and, accepting the mediation of his duchess Margaretta, he made a treaty with the Vaudois, in terms which allowed them the free exercise of their religion. Nevertheless, they were perpetually tormented by his successors, till, in 1655, by "the bloody order of Gastaldo," more than a thousand families were banished in the depth of winter into the Alpine recesses, where a great portion perished of cold and starvation. The valleys were then entered by the Marchese di Pianezza at the head of 15,000 men, who, aware of the desperate resistance he should meet with if he encountered the Vaudois on their own ground, pretended a wish for conciliation, and requested that, in token of obedience to the temporal power, they would receive companies of troops in their different villages. Their compliance was followed by the most cruel massacres. 14,000 Waldensians were imprisoned, of whom 18,000 died in thirteen days of hunger and suffering; only 3000 saw the light again, and these

were banished. Such atrocities aroused the indignation of all the Protestant powers. Cromwell ordered a general fast, had the narrative of the Waldensian sufferings printed and distributed through England and Wales, and himself headed a subscription for them with £2000 from the privy purse. A sum of £38,241 was raised for them. The British Ambassador, sent by Cromwell to the Duke of Savoy and received in the presence of his mother, Madame Royale, daughter of Henry IV., gave expression to the feeling of England.

"Audivit enim Protector (quod nemo celsitudinis vestræ regalis voluntate factum esse dixerit) miserrimos illos, partim ab vestris copiis esse crudeliter occisos, partim vi expulsos, domoque patriâque exturbatos, adeoque sine lare, sine tecto, inopes, omnique ope destitutos, per asperrima loca atque inhospita, montesque nivibus coopertos, cum suis conjugibus ac liberis vagari. Quid enim per hosce dies, quod genus crudelitatis inausum illis militibus, aut præteritum fuit? Fumantia, passim tecta, et laceri artus, et cruenta humus! Virgines, post stupra, differto lapillis ac ruderibus utero, ætate ac morbo clinici, in lectulis combusti? Infantum alii saxis allisi, alii jugulati, quorum cerebrum ab interfectoribus, immanitate plusquam Cyclopeâ, coactum ac devoratum."

It is this persecution of the Waldensian Church which is immortalized in the sonnet of Milton:—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow

A hundred-fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

For a time, the threats of Cromwell produced a certain degree of toleration for the Vaudois, but, on Jan. 31, 1686, Vittorio Amadeo II. published a decree that every Protestant church and chapel should be razed to the ground, and that every Protestant should renounce his faith within fifteen days, upon pain of banishment. The whole population consisted of 15,000, and of these only 2500 were capable of bearing arms. "Death rather than the Mass" was, however, the general answer. The French General Catinet asked from the Duke of Savoy "the honour of striking the first blow at the heretics," and, in the words of Henri Arnaud, "had the honour of being well beaten." But prolonged resistance against overwhelming numbers was useless, and the Waldensians submitted, upon a promise that they should then experience the mercy of the sovereign, which was kept by his throwing the whole Protestant population into prison. Here the greater part perished of hunger and fever, and, after six months, the sentence of the survivors was remitted to perpetual banishment. They were forced to cross the Alps in the depth of winter, hundreds perishing amid the snows, and they took refuge in the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. After three years the survivors, 800 in number, under the command of Henri Arnaud, determined to regain their native villages or perish in the attempt. They crossed the Alps, and so bravely maintained their position in the defiles above Angrogna, that at last the Duke of Savoy was induced to reinstate them, upon condition of their fighting for him against Louis XIV. Of this—"La glorieuse rentrée des Vaudois dans leurs vallées"—Henri Arnaud has left a detailed account.

For the generalship of the guerilla warfare in which the Vaudois were engaged, Arnaud was eminently fitted, and his personal bravery greatly contributed to their success. In battle he used to say—"I know not what the occasion may require of me; but while I advance, follow me, and, if I fall, avenge me." It is, however, only fair to Roman Catholics to say that the return of the Vaudois was attended by the most horrible massacres on their part, and that they avenged their past sufferings by doing their best to exterminate the inoffensive Catholic population which had taken their place in the valleys. As they were unable to provide for prisoners, none were taken, and no quarter was given to age or sex.

Vittorio Amadeo had afterwards so much reason to be satisfied with his Waldensian troops, that they were brigaded by themselves, were commanded by their own officers, and had a distinguished place in every action; and when Amadeo himself was forced to fly, it was with a Waldensian family in the village of Rora that he took refuge.

After their return, the Waldenses—exemplifying their doctrine that "the great end of Christian teaching is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned," drew up, at a Synod in the Valley of Prajelas above Pinerolo, their "Rule of Conduct":—

How people should conduct themselves with strangers:—

1. Love not the world.
2. Avoid bad company.
3. If possible, live in peace with all men.
4. Strive not in law.
5. Revenge not yourselves.
6. Love your enemy.
7. Be willing to suffer toils, calumny, threats, rejection of men, wrongs, and all torments, for truth's sake.
8. Possess your souls in patience.
9. Enter not into the yoke with the unfaithful.

10. Hold no communication with bad works, nor by any means what savours of idolatry, nor with services inducing to it, nor with anything of the sort.

How the faithful ought to keep their bodies under subjection :—

1. Serve not the mortal desires of the flesh.
2. Watch over your members, lest they be members of iniquity.
3. Rule your affections.
4. Submit the body to the soul.
5. Mortify your members.
6. Avoid idleness.
7. Be sober and temperate, in eating and drinking, in your words, and the cares of this world.
8. Do works of charity.
9. Live by faith and moral practice.
10. Control your desires.
11. Mortify the works of the flesh.
12. Devote yourselves to religion in due season.
13. Confer with one another on the will of God.
14. Diligently examine your consciences.
15. Cleanse, amend, and pacify your minds.

It was in consequence of examining these canons that Bucer declared that it must be allowed that the Vaudois had truly preserved among them the discipline of Christ's church, an opinion assented to by Luther, Œcolampadius, and Melancthon. The latter, in a letter written to the Vaudois, A. D. 1557, had thus expressed himself :—" I cannot in truth object to the severe discipline and practice prevailing among you ; would to God it were a little more severe among us."

The pastors of the Vaudois were diligently taught and rigidly examined. When approved of by the synod, they were ordained, with imposition of hands, by the moderator Their pastoral duties were explained and enforced, on these occasions, in a sermon, also by the moderator. Their wants

were supplied from the gratuitous offerings of their flocks, paid publicly to the synod.*

"The functions of the ancient Waldensian moderator were the same as those of the Protestant and Romish bishops. If the synod had a more general, the moderator had a more direct, authority. Though elected by the synod (as were all bishops in the primitive ages) he was not amenable to it; but, on the contrary, was, as now, its president, and his office was for life. He only could confer holy orders, by the imposition of hands; and he only had authority to visit the churches, inquire into the doctrine and practice of their pastors, examine at his discretion the whole economy of the Church, and reform such abuses as he might discover. Thus did the moderators, as *overseers*, take heed unto the flock."—*H. Dyke Acland.*

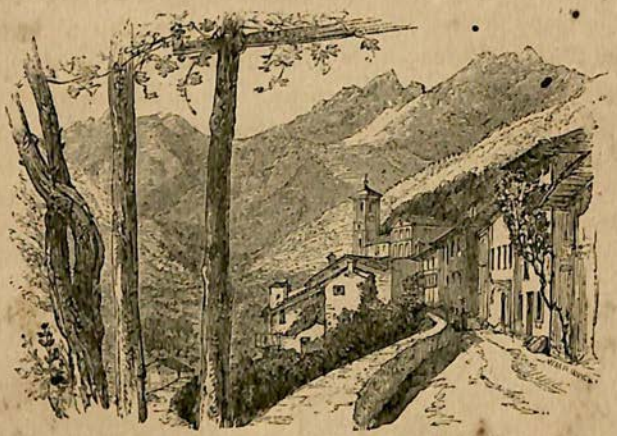
The Waldensian Valleys may be reached in 1½ hour from Turin by taking the train to Pinerolo (3 frs. 55 c.; 2 frs. 55 c.; 1 fr. 70 c.). There is an omnibus from Pinerolo to La Tour.

Pinerolo (*Inns. Grande Couronne, Verna Nova*) is a pleasantly-situated provincial town on the little river Lemina.

Hence it is 1 hour's drive to *La Tour* (Torre Luserna), (*Inns. Ours, Lion d'Or*), which may be considered the capital of the Vaudois, but is only a large country village, with a clear stream running down its street. Above rises the fine crag of *Castelluzzo*, and beyond it, Mont Vanderlin. The primitive aspect of the people, and their good manners, make them very attractive. All take off their hats and give a kindly greeting to strangers, and they appear to be of a different class to the usual Italian population. There is now a handsome Protestant Church here; a College for the education of young men for the Waldensian ministry; a Hos-

* See "Morland's History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piedmont," and "The Waldenses" of W. S. Gilly.

pital; and an Orphanage, where lace-making and straw-plaiting are admirably taught, and where specimens of the children's work may be purchased. Three excursions, which will give the best idea of the Vaudois valleys, may be made on foot, or on donkeys, from La Tour, in the day.



Villar.

I. (It is possible to drive, but the road is very bad) To *Villar*, a most picturesque village, with a vine-shaded street, and a glorious background of mountain-peaks. Beyond this, about 2½ hours from La Tour, is *Bobbi*, or *Bobbio*, another excessively picturesque village, nearer to the foot of the mountains. It has been twice destroyed by inundation, and is now defended by the *Breakwater of the Pelice*, built by a grant from Oliver Cromwell. In the war of 1799, the inhabitants of Bobbio were conspicuous for the humanity with which they treated the wounded French soldiers who were left behind; and, when their resources failed, carried

them on their shoulders across the frontier, and set them down in their own country. A wild mountain-path leads from Bobbio to the ruined fortress of *Mirabouc*,* and beyond it (3½ hours from Bobbio) to the *Bergerie de Pra.*

II. It takes about 2½ hours from La Tour to the *Pra del Tor.* It is a pleasant ascent, by the village of *Angrogna*, to this grand defile. In each village there are two churches, for the two religions. The inscriptions on those of the last village we pass are characteristic. On one is—"Allons a la Montagne de l'Eternel et a la maison du Dieu de Jacob, et il nous montrera de ses voies, et nous marcherons dans ses sentiers." On the portal of the opposite church is "Ave Maria Mater Gratiæ."

Pra del Tor.

The defile of Pra del Tor is as sacred ground to the Waldensian people. Here, most of all, they fought, suffered,

* The fact that this fortress was taken by the French, was used to inflame the popular feeling against the Vaudois, though not a Protestant was there when it surrendered.

and conquered for their faith, for, in the words of Leger *—"L'éternel Dieu, qui avoit destiné ce paiis-là pour en faire particulièrement le théâtre de ses merveilles, et l'asyle de son arche, l'a naturellement et merveilleusement fortifié." Here, when the Count de la Trinité invaded the pass in 1560, he was repulsed with shouts of "Viva Gesu Cristo," and two colonels, eight captains, and four hundred of his men perished. The *Rocks of Roccialla* are pointed out, whence the Vaudois showered down stones upon their enemies; the narrow pathway, where they formed their easy barricade; the clear river Angrogna, rushing amid the rocks in a succession of waterfalls, into which so many of their assailants were thrown; the stone from which, in 1686, "the French General" was hurled into the whirlpool beneath. At the end of the gorge is the *Pra* itself, not a meadow, but a rocky wilderness, with a few poor cottages.

Waldensian Cottage, Pra del Tor.

III. By Luzerne, to *Rora*, the smallest and most southern of the Protestant parishes, situated beneath the crags of Sea Bianca. Here Vittorio Amadeo II. (the persecutor of the

* Histoire des Eglises Vaudoises.

Waldensians) took refuge with the family of Durand, and when he escaped, owing to their magnanimity, rewarded them by granting their family for ever the privilege of using their garden as a burial-ground!

Only hardy mountaineers will attempt to visit, in the crag called "Le bric Casteluzzo,"* the famous *Cavern of Vandelin*, or *Casteluzzo*, in which from 400 to 500 fugitives could take refuge at a time. It is a kind of open gallery on the face of the cliff, into which people had to be let down by ropes, as into a mine. There are traces of a fountain there. It was explored by Dr. Gilly in 1829.

(From Pinerolo there is a road by Fenestrelles and Pragelas to Briançon.)

* From Bricca, a steep, craggy place.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VAL D'AOSTA.

ONLY 3 hours from Turin, by a branch line from Chivasso (3 frs. 65 c.; 2 frs. 55 c.; 1 fr. 85 c.), is the pleasant town of *Ivrea* (*Inns. Europa, Universo*), on the Dora Baltea (Doire), with a fine machicolated castle.

(Diligence to Aosta 8 frs.; a carriage with 2 horses, 30 frs.; a very large vetturino-carriage for much luggage, 60 frs. An arrangement may be made with a small one-horse carriage for the whole excursion, at 12 frs. a day.)

The road to Aosta passes under the old castle of *Montalto* to (12 miles) *Ponte S. Martino* (*Inn. Porta Rossa*), a very good halting-place, where there is a picturesque old Roman bridge, over the Lys (Lesa), to sketch. Hence the road ascends to *Donnaz*, where there is a Roman tunnel through the rock, and on to *Fort Bard* (1019 feet), which for eight days checked the advance of the French army under Buonaparte in 1800 (before the battle of Marengo), being garrisoned by only 400 Austrians. Passing the entrance (left) of the *Val di Camporciero*, and the village of *Arnaz*, we reach (7½ m.) *Vernex* (*Inns. Poste, Couronne*), with an old castle. Here French becomes the language of common intercourse.

A little beyond this, we enter a narrow gulley in the

rocks under the ruined castle of S. Germain, called the defile of Montjovet. The views are now most beautiful. The Doire tosses deep below. After passing the bridge called *Pont des Salassins* (Sarrasins) we reach—

9 m. *Chatillon* (*Inns. Hotel Royal, Lion d'Or*), and proceed by many small villages, and through a country rich in vineyards, beyond which

"the mountains
Lift through perpetual snows their lofty and luminous summits,"*

To (15 m.) Aosta (*Inns. H. du Mont Blanc*—with a beautiful view, kept by Jean Tairraz, very clean and good. *Couronne*, in the town.)

Aosta occupies the site of the city which was built for the

Arch of Augustus, Aosta.

permanent subjection of the Salassi, and to which Augustus gave the name of Augusta Prætoria. It speedily rose to prosperity, and became the capital of the whole surrounding region. Pliny speaks of it as the extreme point of Italy towards the north.

* Longfellow's *Evangeline*.

The town is entered by a noble *Triumphal Arch of Augustus* (Arco della Trinità), the effect of which, however, is rather spoilt by the tiled roof with which it is covered. To the right are the remains of a small *Roman Bridge* of one arch, and of a ruin, shown as the amphitheatre, but in reality the straight wall of a *Theatre*. Spanning the street further on, is a double *Gate*, with three arches in each façade.

In the centre of the town is a large Piazza. The *Cathedral* is the *Minster of SS. Gratus and Jocundus.*

"One can have little doubt in assigning a date of the eleventh century to the twin-towers of the cathedral church, the minster of S. Gratus and S. Jocundus. They must have been new when Anselm was born beneath their shadow. The northern tower is untouched, a magnificent example of the stern grandeur of this early style, which in England we see only in smaller and ruder examples. Of the southern tower, the upper part must have been rebuilt at the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, but with a certain adaptation to the earlier work, the midwall shaft being still used. The towers flank the apse, but so great is the width of the church between them that they hardly seem to belong to the same building. The church itself is plain, and much disfigured, but its massive square piers are most likely original. On the north side is an apsidal chapel of the fourteenth century, which would look in place either in Germany or England, and a cloister, bearing date 1636, of debased style certainly, but which might well have passed for a century older. The choir has a splendid mosaic pavement of about the fourteenth century, and a noble set of stalls; below it is a Romanesque crypt, in which classical capitals have been used up again. The treasury has also shrines and vestments to show, and a consular diptych of the time of Honorius."—*Freeman.*

The *Church of S. Urse* contains the tomb of Duke Thomas of Savoy, of 1232. It has a detached tower, and a beautiful Romanesque cloister, with the history of Esau and Jacob and other Scriptural subjects upon the capitals.

There are many picturesque points upon the old walls. The name of the *Tour Bramafan* (Cri de la faim) records the death of Marie de Bragance, wife of Count René of Chalons, who was imprisoned there by the jealousy of her husband in the fifteenth century, and left to die of starvation.

A little further, abutting upon the city wall, is a square tower called *Tour de la Frayeur*, from the ghost story of a white woman holding a lamp, who is said to be seen emerging from it on dark nights. It is also called the *Tour de Lepreux*, and is the scene of the pretty story of "Le Lepreux de la cité d'Aoste," by Xavier le Maistre.

(From Aosta an excursion may be made to the Great S. Bernard. It is about 5½ hours to the Hospice.)

A carriage from Aosta to Courmayeur costs—for 2 people—12 frs., or —for 3 people—15 frs. Places in the Corriere to S. Didier 2½ frs.

The road to Courmayeur leads through a number of villages sadly afflicted with goitres and cretinism. At Fort Roc the road passes through a defile above the Doire, and hence there is a grand view of Mont Blanc. It is also well seen from the Baths of S. Didier (*Hotel de la Rose*).

Courmayeur (*Hotel du Mont Blanc*, good; *Hotel Royal*) is a picturesque Italian village, with the most glorious view, and delightful walks through meadows in which you can "scarce see the grass for flowers." This is the starting-point for the excursion to Chamounix by the Col de la Seigne, the Col de Bonhomme, and the Col de Voza.

"There is a terrace upon the roof of the inn at Courmayeur where one may spend hours in silent watches, when all the world has gone to sleep

beneath. The Mont Chétif and the Mont de la Saxe form a gigantic portal not unworthy of the pile that lies beyond. For Mont Blanc resembles a vast cathedral; its countless spires are scattered over a mass

Courmayeur.

like that of the Duomo at Milan, rising into one tower at the end. By night the glaciers glitter in the steady moon; domes, pinnacles, and buttresses stand clear of clouds. Needles of every height and most fantastic shapes rise from the central ridge, some solitary like sharp arrows shot against the sky, some clustering into sheaves. On every horn of snow and bank of grassy hill stars sparkle, rising, setting, rolling round through the long silent night. Moonlight simplifies and softens the

landscape. Colours become scarcely distinguishable, and forms, deprived of half their detail, gain in majesty and size. The mountains seem greater far by night than day—higher heights and deeper depths, more snowy pyramids, more beetling crags, softer meadows, and darker pines. The whole valley is hushed, but for the torrent and chirping grasshopper, and the striking of the village clocks. The black tower and the houses of Courmayeur in the foreground gleam beneath the moon until she reaches the edge of the Cramont, and then sinks quietly away, once more to reappear among the pines, then finally to leave the valley dark beneath the shadow of the mountain's bulk. Meanwhile the heights of snow still glitter in the steady light: they, too, will soon be dark, until the dawn breaks, tinging them with rose."—*J. A. Symonds.*

CHAPTER VII.

VERCELLI AND NOVARA.

VERCELLI is reached in less than two hours by rail from Turin. The line passes through a luxuriant country, bounded, on the left, by the Alps. The only places of importance the railway passes through are *Chivasso*, which was the residence of the sovereign Marquises of Montferrat and Santhia, whence there is a branch-line to the manufacturing-town of Biella, six miles from which is the sanctuary of *La Madonna d'Oropa*, with an image, said to have been carved by S. Luke, and brought from Syria by S. Eusebio.

Vercelli, in a low marshy situation, presents many curious architectural features, and is well worth visiting between the trains. All those who are interested in Lombard art must certainly stop here, as here alone can the works of the great artist, Gaudenzio Ferrari, be seen in their perfection.

Close to the station is the noble *Church of S. Andrea*, which is of great beauty externally both as to colour and form. It was begun in 1219. The west front is gabled, and has three portals, with a rose window and two arcades above. The material is stone, but the inside of the arches is brick, giving much colour. The central tower is of brick, double, and octangular. On the south side is a detached campanile. Over one of the side doors is a representation

of the dedication of the church by its founder, who was the Cardinal Guala de' Bicchieri, the devoted ally of our King John, and papal legate in England during his reign and that of Henry III.

The Lombard exterior suggests something different to the graceful early-pointed arches of the interior. The mixture of brick and stone is most effective, but the church is spoilt by wretched painting, and worse stained glass. The only tomb (in the 2nd chapel—in the right transept) is that of Tomaso Gallo, first abbot, and architect of the church, ob. 1246, with a relief of his presentation to the Virgin, by Dionysius the Areopagite.

The adjoining *Hospital* was also founded and endowed by Cardinal Guala. It has a fine cloister, now used as a garden.

Behind S. Andrea is the *Cathedral*, which has an old brick campanile, but which otherwise is the work of *Pellegrino Tibaldi*, of the 16th century. It has a handsome portico. Opening out of the transepts are the chapels of S. Eusebio, first bishop of Vercelli, and S. Amadeo di Savoia. The shrine of the latter was decorated with silver by Carlo Felice, in 1823.

In the *Cathedral Library* is preserved the famous manuscript of the Gospels written in the 4th century by the first bishop, S. Eusebio, and bound in silver by order of King Berengarius. The manuscript is of the greatest importance, and is believed to be the most authentic copy of the "Itala" of S. Augustine. The order in which the Gospels are written is—S. Matthew, S. John, S. Luke ("Lucanus"), and S. Mark. The silver cover is very curious as a work of art. It represents the Saviour presenting the Gospels to the world.

By his side stands "Eusebius Episcopus." The inscription tells :—

> "Præsul hoc Eusebius scripsit, solvitque vetustas;
> Rex Berengarius reparavit idem."

From the Cathedral, passing on the right the Church of S. Bernardino, and crossing the Corso, we reach (about ½ mile) the *Church of S. Cristoforo*, which contains the principal works of *Gaudenzio Ferrari*, who was born in 1484 at Valduggia, near Novara, and died at Milan in 1550. He was a pupil of Luini, and his pictures nearly resemble the works of that master. Lomazzo ranks him amongst the seven greatest painters in the world.

"Gaudenzio must be pronounced a very great painter, and one who approached nearest of any of Raffaelle's assistants to Pierino and Giulio Romano. He appears truly unequalled in his expression of the divine majesty, the mysteries of religion, and all the feelings of piety of which he himself offered a notable example, having received the title of *Eximie Pius* in one of the Novarese assemblies. He was excellent in strong expressions; not that he aimed at exhibiting highly-wrought muscular powers, but his attitudes were, as Vasari entitles them, wild, that is, equally bold and terrible where his subjects admitted them.

"The warm and lively colouring of Ferrari is so superior to that of the Milanese artists of his day, that there is no difficulty in recognizing it in the churches where he painted; the eye of the spectator is directly attracted towards it. If we may so say, he represented the minds even better than the forms of his subjects. He particularly studied this branch of the art, and we seldom see more marked attitudes or more expressive countenances. Where he adds landscape or architecture to his figures, the former chiefly consists of very fanciful views of cliffs and rocks, which are calculated to charm by their novelty; while his edifices are constructed on principles of the best perspective."—*Lanzi.*

The frescoes in S. Cristofero are in honour of the Virgin and the Magdalen. They begin in the *Left Transept*:—

1. The Birth of the Virgin.
2. The Marriage (the Presentation seen in the background)

3. The Nativity.
4. The Adoration of the Magi. (Between these S. Catherine of Siena and S. Nicholas presenting two members of the Liguara family.)
5. The Assumption.

Most spectators will feel that the conception of this picture is far grander than that of Titian. The Virgin in a light-coloured robe with extended hands and long golden hair, floats upwards, her feet resting on the back of a cherub, while other cherubs circle round her and hold a crown over her head.

In the *Right Transept* are :—

1. The Crucifixion. Angels of wondrous beauty float around the cross. In the corner on the right is represented Padre Angelo Corradi, one of two brothers at whose expense the frescoes were executed. The Magdalen is the most conspicuous figure.
2. The Conversion of the Magdalen.
3. The Magdalen wiping the feet of our Lord.
4. The Preaching of the Magdalen at Marseilles.
5. The Assumption of the Magdalen.

The *Altar-piece* represents the Virgin and Child surrounded by saints. S. Christopher has a tree in his hand as a staff; there are two monks in white robes, and, in the foreground, two lovely children, besides S. John, who is holding a Lamb. In the *Sacristy* is a Nativity, with monks behind.

Other churches in Vercelli have works of Ferrari, but of less importance.

(There is a branch-line from Vercelli to *Valenza* on the line between Alessandria and Pavia. It passes through *Casale*, the capital of the Duchy of Montferrat, with an interesting Romanesque *Cathedral*, consecrated in 1107. In the *Church of S. Domenico*, a Renaissance building of 1513, is the grave of Benvenuto da S. Giorgio the historian, 1527. Of the Marquises of Montferrat was Guglielmo the great imperialist, taken prisoner in the war with Alessandria, who died in an iron cage.* His daughter Jolante married the

* Dante, Par. vii. 133.

Emperor Andronicus Palæologus, and the Marquises of Montferrat were continued by her second son Theodore. The male line became extinct in 1533.)

Half an hour's rail takes us from Vercelli to *Novara* (*Inns*, Tre Re. Italia), which a few years ago was an old city with heavy arcades like Padua, but is now a modern town like Turin. From the railway Novara has an imposing appearance, the lofty white dome which is seen from thence being that of the Basilica of S. Gaudenzio. Novara is a good sleeping-place, and an evening walk on the ramparts is agreeable, but its sights may easily be seen in two hours.

From the railway we must ascend the hill to the *Statue of Cavour* by *Dini* (1863.) A little to the right is the *Basilica of S. Gaudenzio*, built 1547 by *Pellegrino Tibaldi*, and a magnificent edifice of its kind. S. Gaudenzio, the patron and bishop of Novara, rests beneath the heavy high altar. The church contains :—

Left, 2nd Chapel. La Madonna del Mezzo—one of the finest works of Gaudenzio Ferrari. An altar-piece intended for the high altar, and executed in 1515. It is in six compartments. The Virgin and Child are attended by S. Ambrose and S. Gaudentius. The other divisions represent S. Peter and S. J. Baptist; S. Paul and S. Agibius; the Annunciation; and the Nativity.

Right, 1st Chapel. Moncalvo. A Deposition.

Right, 3rd Chapel. Gaudenzio Ferrari. Crucifix.

Returning to his statue, we should now follow the Via Cavour, on the right of which is a monument to Charles Albert, recalling his abdication in consequence of the victory gained over the Piedmontese at Novara by the Austrians March 23, 1849.

On the left is the *Church of S. Pietro del Rosario*, with pictures by *G. C. Procaccini* in the 4th Chapel on the right. The Church is only interesting at the place where, in 1304, the papal anathema was pronounced against the heresy of the fanatical reformer Fra Dolcino, who, having long defended himself with his followers on Mount Zerbal above Triverio, was put to a cruel death at Vercelli by order of Clement V. Dante represents Mahomet as desiring that Fra Dolcino may be warned of his danger:—

"Or di'a fra Dolcin dunque, che s'armi,
Tu, che forse vedrai il sole in breve,
(S'egli non vuol qui tosto seguitarmi)
Si di vivanda, che strette di neve
Non rechi la vittoria al Noarese,
Ch' altrimenti acquistar non sara lieve."
Inferno, xxviii. 55.

The street opposite this church leads to the old market, on the left of which is the *Cathedral*, entirely modernized (1860—70), and containing nothing of interest, unless an angel, by *Thorwaldsen*, at the high-altar, can be called so. Some frescoes, by *Luini* (once in the chapel of S. Giuseppe), have been removed to the Sacristy. They are:—

The Adoration of the Magi.
The Massacre of the Innocents.
The Virgin (Mater-Dolorosa), with S. Catherine and other saints.

Here also are two panel pictures by *Gaudenzio Ferrari*—

The Holy Family.
The Adoration of the Magi.

A "Last Supper" is attributed to *Cesare da Sesto*.

The *Cloisters* are of great size, and contain fragments of ancient fresco and sculpture, and two Roman pillars, of the same character as those in the Baptistry.

At the west end of the cathedral is a pillared atrium, on the other side of which is the circular *Baptistry*, surrounded by fluted Corinthian columns, relics of some Roman edifice, with a font for immersion in the centre; also a Roman relic, and bearing an inscription to "Umbrena Appolla." In the chapels between the pillars, with frescoed backgrounds, are sculptured groups from the Passion, by *Gaudenzio Ferrari* and his pupils. Some are very coarsely executed and cause almost a shock, from the real hair and beards of the figures, but the first group, of "the Agony in the Garden," is exceedingly beautiful—the suffering Saviour, the comforting angel, and the intense sleep of the disciples, being so powerfully pourtrayed as quite to take possession of the spectator. The man who offers the sponge in the Crucifixion scene is also a very fine figure.

CHAPTER VIII.

MILAN.

NOTHING of much importance, except Vercelli and Novara, is passed between Turin and Milan (16 frs. 95 c.; 11 frs. 95 c.; 8 frs. 55 c.). The journey occupies 3½ hours.

(*Hotels.* Hotel Cavour, Piazza Cavour; Hotel de la Ville, Corso Vittorio Emanuele; Hotel de Milan, Corso del Giardino; Albergo Reale, Via del Pesce; Hotel Gran Bretagna, Via Torino — very good and very reasonable in charges. Excellent *Restaurants* may be found in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele.

Omnibuses from the station to the Cathedral square, 25 c.; to the hotels, 50 c.; from any of the gates to the Cathedral square, 10 c. Carriages by day cost 75 c., by night 1 fr. 25 c. for the course or by the half-hour; for each succeeding half-hour, they are 75 c. and 1 fr.; each piece of luggage is charged 25 c.)

Banker. Ulrich, 21, Via Bigli.

Milan, as Mediolanum, situated in a plain midway between the rivers Ticinus and Addua, was the chief city of the Insubres in Cisalpine Gaul. In B.C. 222 it was taken by the Romans, and in B.C. 49 received the full Roman franchise and passed into the condition of a Roman municipium. Strabo and Pliny both mention it as a considerable city, and it was the native place of the Emperor Didius Julianus, and of Septimius Geta. The Emperor Maximian made the town his permanent residence, thus raising it to the rank of the capital of northern Italy. But greater importance was conferred upon the town by S. Ambrose, son of the Prætect of Gaul, and himself Prætor of Upper Italy, who, elected Bishop of Milan while yet an unbaptized catechumen, and consecrated in 374, made Milan the intellectual centre of Italy. It was here that he gave the great example of ecclesiastical independence, by refusing admission to his church to the Emperor Theodosius, while he was stained

with the guilt of murder, though the same Emperor, having done penance for his crimes, afterwards died in his arms.

Though the imperial court was transferred to Ravenna in 452, Milan continued to prosper, and, in the time of Theodoric the Great, surpassed Rome in its population and riches. It was plundered by Attila, and again (539) by Uraia, brother of Vitiges the Goth; yet, though the Lombard kings held their court in Pavia, Milan, as the seat of the Archbishopric, appears to have retained the rank of the capital of Liguria.

Strongly Guelfic, Milan, having tyrannized over the neighbouring town of Lodi, came in for a terrible siege from the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and having been forced by famine to capitulate, March 1, 1162, was destroyed by the imperialists; but the town was soon rebuilt by the famous Lombard League, and the Milanese avenged their losses by the victory of Legnano, gained desperately fighting around their carroccio, in 1176. The Emperor Henry VII. was crowned at Milan with the Iron Crown of Monza in 1312. Soon after, the chief power was conferred by the citizens upon Matteo Visconti, whose grandson Azzo was made imperial vicar by the Emperor Louis the Bavarian. The great alliances and the ability of the house of Visconti afterwards so extended their power that all Lombardy and Piedmont were under their rule.

In the 14th century lived Bernabo Visconti, so celebrated for his cruelties, who was imprisoned and poisoned by his nephew, Giovanni-Galeazzo, Count of Virtu. This was the first of the Visconti to obtain the title of Duke of Milan. Having already gained the sovereignty, not only of all the principal Lombard towns, but of Bologna, Siena, Pisa, Perugia, Assisi, and Spoleto, he was about to march to Florence to be crowned King of Italy, when he died, in 1402. It was under this Giovanni-Galeazzo that the greatest public works of the Visconti were accomplished. He spent the most enormous sums in order to turn away the Mincio from Mantua and the Brenta from Padua, and so render those towns defenceless. He founded the Certosa of Pavia, and the Cathedral of Milan, and finished the palace of Pavia, then of the utmost magnificence.

After the death of Gian-Galeazzo many of the towns he had governed deserted from the rule of his son, Gian-Maria Visconti, who was a cruel tyrant and was murdered in 1412. His successor, Filippo Maria, was even more hated. He beheaded his first wife, Beatrice di Tenda, and lived in such constant fear of assassination that he trusted no one, alienated the Count of Carmagnola, first his faithful general, and then, under Venice, his most formidable enemy, and shut himself up in the castle of Milan, scarcely ever visiting the town; he died, however, a natural death, in 1447, leaving no sons.

Bianca, the daughter and heiress of Filippo-Maria, had married the Condottiere Francesco Sforza, son of that famous Condottiere Giacomuzzo Attendolo, who, beginning life as a poor peasant of Cotignola, obtained the name of Sforza, because he always carried everything by force. Francesco ruled in Milan with great mildness and wisdom, and died in 1466. His son, Galeazzo-Maria, who was equally passionate and vicious, was murdered, and was succeeded by his brother, Ludovico il Moro, in whose reign the arts flourished at Milan under Leonardo da Vinci and Bramante. He fought against France, was taken prisoner in 1500, and died in prison. His son succeeded in expelling the French from Milan in 1512, but, being defeated at Marignano in 1515, was obliged to give up Milan in exchange for an annuity. His younger brother, Francesco, received the dukedom again in 1529 from Charles V., after his victory over the French. Upon his death, in 1535, Charles V. gave Milan as a fief to his own son Philip II. of Spain, and the Spanish rule continued till 1713, during which the proverb was verified—"I ministri del rè di Spagna in Sicilia rosicchiavano, a Napoli mangiavano, a Milano divoravano."

In 1710 Milan fell into the hands of Austria, and, after being repeatedly re-taken by the French, was united to the Austro-Venetian kingdom in 1814. By the peace of Villafranca, in 1859, it was restored to Italy.

The greatest architect who worked in Milan was *Bramante*, from 1479 to 1500. The chief painters employed here were *Borgognone*, c. 1500, and *Leonardo da Vinci* (1452—1519). Among the pupils of Leonardo were *Cesare da Sesto* (c. 1520), *Gio. Antonio Boltraffio* (c. 1510), *Francesco Melzi* (1568), *Marco d'Oggione*, *Andrea Salaino*, and the great *Bernardino Luini*, c. 1530.

Two whole days at least should be given to Milan, but weeks may be pleasantly devoted to the study of the art-treasures it contains. Those who are only here one day should see (the best) S. Ambrogio, S. Eustorgio, and the Leonardo da Vinci at S. Maria delle Grazie (in this order), S. Maurizio, the Cathedral, and the Brera Gallery. As a residence, Milan is not pleasant, being exceedingly hot in summer and dreadfully cold in winter. The streets are all modern and handsome, but have none of the picturesque beauty of other Lombard towns, and after the cathedral and Chiaravalle have been seen there is little external to admire

either in the city or its environs. Beautiful views of the Alps, however, may be obtained from the shady walks on the ramparts, or from the top of the Cathedral.

"L'aspect français de Milan, si fort accru dans ces derniers temps, avait été déjà remarqué par Montaigne. Il trouvait que 'Milan ressembloit assez à Paris, et avoit beaucoup de rapport avec les villes de France.' La même ressemblance avait frappé le Tasse lorsqu'il vint passer à Paris deux années à la suite du cardinal d'Este, et qu'il écrivit son étrange parallèle de l'Italie et de la France."—*Valery*.

Nurses and peasant-women may still occasionally be seen in the streets with the picturesque national head-dress of silver pins arranged in a circle, like rays of the sun. Black veils, after the manner of Spanish mantillas, are often worn by women of the middle classes.

At Milan.

The great centre of interest at Milan must always be its glorious *Cathedral*, built of white marble. It was founded in 1387, by Gian' Galeazzo Visconti, on the site of a more ancient building, the original church on this site having been spoken of by S. Ambrose when writing to his sister Marcellina, as

"the great new basilica." Heinrich von Gmunden, who built the Certosa for the same great founder, was the principal architect, though architects and sculptors from all nations were associated in his work. Since his time the building has been very gradually carried on. The octagonal cupola was erected in 1490—1522, under the *Omodei;* the west end of the nave was finished in 1685; the spire in 1772, from designs of *Croce;* the ugly western façade in 1790. The Roman doors and windows in this façade are portions of a design for a huge Roman portico, by *Francesco Ricchino*, which was fortunately not carried out. Even as it is, the contrast of these portions of the front with the Gothic work around them, greatly mars the effect of the whole.

Great variety of opinions exist as to the beauty of Milan Cathedral, and, as a whole, the general feeling will be, that the oftener you see it, the uglier it seems externally. But, as to the exquisite beauty and finish of its Gothic details all will agree, though, in order to appreciate these thoroughly, it will be necessary to ascend to the roof, an effort which is also well worth while on account of the noble view of the Alpine ranges to be obtained from thence.

"The Cathedral of Milan has been wonderfully contrived to bury millions of money in ornaments which are never to be seen. Whole quarries of marble have been manufactured here into statues, relievos, niches, and notches; and high sculpture has been squandered on objects which vanish individually in the mass. Were two or three thousand of those statues removed, the rest would regain their due importance, and the fabric itself become more intelligible. Those figures stand in rows which cross and confound the vertical direction of the architecture; for here the eye naturally runs up the channelled pillars, the long windows, the lateral spires, the tall thin buttresses, and never can keep in the horizontal line of the Greek entablature."—*Forsyth.*

"Upon the whole, the exterior is in no respect more Italian than it is

German in its style; it belongs to no school, and has no fellows; from the beginning it has been an exotic, and to the end of time will probably remain so, without a follower or an imitator in the singular development of which it is the only example . . . It has all the appearance of having been the work of a stranger who was but imperfectly acquainted with the wants or customs of Italian architecture, working to some extent with the traditions of his own native school before him, but, at the same time, impressed with a strong sense of the necessity under which he lay of doing something quite unlike what he had been taught to consider necessary for buildings in his native land . . . There is a constant endeavour to break up plain surfaces of wall, unlike the predilection for smooth surfaces of walling so usual in thoroughly Italian work, and destructive of the kind of breadth and dignity which this last generally has . . . The architect appears to have been shocked at the necessity under which he lay of sacrificing the steep lines of roof so dear to him in his native land, and to have striven with all his might to provide a substitute for their vertical effect by the vertical lines of his panelled buttresses and walls, by the gabled outline of his parapets, and by the removal of such a mark of horizontalism as the commencement of the traceries of his windows even on one line. And his work is a most remarkable standing proof of the failure of such an attempt; for, despite all these precautions, and I incline to believe in consequence of them, the general effect is, after all, entirely depressing and horizontal."—*Street's Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages.*

The first appearance of the *Interior* is most striking—the great height of the pillars, their exquisitely-sculptured capitals, the general solemnity, and the rich effect of light which streams in from the upper windows upon the golden pulpits at the entrance of the choir, form a picture to be revisited again and again. Yet even here more intimate acquaintance will serve to dispel many illusions, for the traceried roof is only painted, and but a few of the sculptures have any intrinsic merit.

"The solitary blot upon this otherwise noble work is one for which its architect is in no way responsible—the cells of the groining are all filled in with painted imitations of elaborate traceries in brown colour, an abominable device, which never ceases to offend and annoy the eye more and more every time it is observed. The window tracery through-

out is meagre, confused, and unmeaning, and the traceries introduced at mid-height most unsatisfactory; but the glass with which it is filled, though poor and late in its character, contains much rich colour, and gives the entire building a very grand and warm tone."—*Street.*

At the entrance are the two huge granite columns given by S. Carlo from the quarries at Baveno. Turning into the right aisle, we see :—

1*st altar.* *F. Zucchero.* S. Agata.
2*nd altar.* *M. Gherardino.* S. Augustine.
3*rd altar.* *Fiamminghino.* Madonna and two Saints.

Right transept. The monument of the brothers, Gian' Giacomo and Gabriele de' Medici (erected by their brother, Pope Pius IV.), by *Leon Leoni*, but said by Vasari to have been designed by *Michael Angelo;* the figures are in bronze. The splendid *altar* next to it was a gift of Pius IV., who was uncle of S. Carlo. The tribune of this transept has a statue of S. Giovanni Bono, Archbishop of Milan, ob. 660, by *Busca*. The elaborate bas-reliefs, which tell his story, are by *Simonetta, San Petro, Zarabatta, Bussola,* and *Brunetti.* Then comes the entrance to the subterranean passage to the archbishop's palace. Then a relief of the Presentation of the Virgin (1510), by *Bambaja.* Then the famous statue of St. Bartholemew flayed, with the inscription, —"Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrates."

Passing the Altar of S. Agnese, we enter the *Ambulatory*, at the back of the choir, which is itself copiously adorned with bas-reliefs of the 17th century, relating to the life of Christ. On the right is a most beautiful Gothic door, by *Porino Grassi*, leading to the sacristy; then a fine statue of Martin V., by *Jacopino di Tradate*, placed here by Filippo-Maria Visconti, to commemorate his having consecrated the high altar, on his way from Constance to Rome, immediately after his election. Then comes the tomb of Cardinal Marino Caracciolo, Governor of Milan (ob. 1538), in black marble with figures in white marble, by *Bambaja.* A curious tablet on the wall with a monogram is called the "Chrismon Sancti Ambrogii," and has the inscription :—

"Circulus hic summi continet nomina regis,
Quem sine principio, et sine fine vides,
Principium cum fine tibi denotat Α Ω."

Next, passing an inscription to S. Carlo, is the tomb of Ottone Visconti (ob. 1295), Archbishop of Milan. Beyond, is the statue of Pius IV. (1559—65) by the Sicilian, *Angelo de Manis:* the beautiful

Gothic bracket which supports it is by *Brambilla*. Here is another rich door leading to the second Sacristy.

Now we enter the *North Transept*, which contains the grand bronze candelabrum, given in 1562 by Giovanni Battista Trivulzio, archpriest of the church. Here are the slab tombs of two Visconti archbishops, and that of Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, nephew of S. Carlo. By the latter tomb travellers will remember with what tenderness and skill the character of Cardinal Federigo is drawn in the delightful pages of the Promessi Sposi. We watch the meekness and love of the saint softening the haughty savagery of the "unknown," the firmness and zeal of the chief pastor rebuking and inspiriting the pusillanimous Don Abbondio:—"He was one of those too rare characters who have devoted with unchanging energy great natural powers, all the resources of immense wealth, all the advantages of an exalted position, to the search after and practice of truth and goodness. His life was like a stream which flashes pure from the rock, and without ever becoming stagnant or stained carries its waters down their long and varied course, and pours them pure into the river. He made truth the sole rule of his thoughts and actions. Thus he learnt that life was not given to be a burden to the many, a holiday to the few, but to all a charge, of which each must one day give account: and from a child he began to think how he might make his own life useful and holy." It is said that the canonization of his cousin Carlo had so crippled the fortune of his family that they were in to decline for Federigo so well-deserved but so costly an honour.

Entering the *Left Aisle* we have a picture of S. Ambrose absolving Theodosius, by *Baroccio*, and the Marriage of the Virgin, by *F. Zucchero*; then a crucifix, which S. Carlo carried in procession during the plague of 1576, at an altar which is adorned by modern statues of Martha by *Monti*, and Mary by *Marchesi*. Next is a tomb, with a Madonna by *Marchesi*. Near the entrance is an early mediæval bas-relief of the Virgin and Child with eight saints, the latter in red Verona marble. Opposite this is the Baptistery, by *Pellegrini*, a porphyry bason with four columns of macchia-vecchia marble supporting the canopy.

The *Choir* was designed by *Pellegrini*. The *High Altar* supports a great tabernacle of gilt-bronze, given by Pius IV., and wrought by the *Solavi*.

Beneath, is the subterranean chapel of S. Carlo.

"The subterranean chapel in which the body of San Carlo Borromeo is preserved, presents as striking and as ghastly a contrast, perhaps, as any place can show. The tapers which are lighted down there, flash and gleam on alti-relievi in gold and silver, delicately wrought by skilful

hands, and representing the principal events in the life of the saint. Jewels, and precious metals, shine and sparkle on every side. A windlass slowly removes the front of the altar; and, within it, in a gorgeous shrine of gold and silver, is seen, through alabaster, the shrivelled mummy of a man; the pontifical robes with which it is adorned, radiant with diamonds, emeralds, rubies; every costly and magnificent gem. The shrunken heap of poor earth in the midst of this great glitter, is more pitiful than if it lay upon a dunghill. There is not a ray of imprisoned light in all the flash and fire of jewels, but seems to mock the dusty holes where eyes were, once. Every thread of silk in the rich vestments seems only a provision from the worms that spin, for the behoof of worms that propagate in sepulchres."—*Dickens.*

The *Sacristy* contains some curious mediæval vessels and church-ornaments.

From the Piazza del Duomo is the entrance to the really magnificent *Galleria Vittorio Emanuele*, the handsomest and loftiest arcade of shops in the world—erected by an English company. When lighted up in the evening and filled with people, walking, or sitting under the Caffés, it has the effect of a great ball-room.

Having seen the cathedral, the other sights of Milan may be visited in three walks, taking the Piazza del Duomo as a centre, viz.:—

I. The Church of S. Ambrogio, Baths of Hercules, Church of S. Lorenzo, Church of S. Eustorgio, Churches of S. Celso and S. Maria presso S. Celso, Church of S. Nazzaro Maggiore, Ospedale Maggiore, Churches of S. Giovanni in Conca and S. Satiro.

II. Palazzo della Ragione, Loggia degli Ossi, Palazzo della Città, Broletto, Church of S. Maurizio, Palazzo Litta, Church of S. Maria delle Grazie, Church of Sepolcro, Ambrosian Library.

III. Piazza and Teatro della Scala, Churches of S. Fedele, S. Carlo Borromeo, S. Marco, and S. Sempliciano, Arco della Pace, Castello, Church of S. Maria del Carmine, Brera Gallery.

I.

Turning to the left from the Piazza del Duomo, we follow the Via Torino. An opening on the right shows the *Church of S. Giorgio in Palazzo*, founded in 750 by Bishop Natalis, but completely rebuilt in 1800. It contains:—

Gaudenzio Ferrari. S. Jerome.
Luini. Ecce Homo—very beautiful.

The Via del Torchio, and its continuation, the Via Lanzone, lead (right) to the *Church of S. Ambrogio*, the most remarkable church in Milan, founded in 387 by St. Ambrose, and dedicated to All Saints. It was at the same time enriched with the bones of the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius. It is the church where S. Augustine was baptized, and where the Te Deum was first recited by Ambrose and Augustine, who took up the verses alternately as they advanced to the altar. It was rebuilt by Archbishop Anspertus in the 9th century, and, though restored in the 19th century, it remains comparatively unaltered.

"It was under the worthiest of the Karlings, Louis, King and Emperor, that the pile arose in which he lies buried. It seems impossible to withstand the direct evidence which assigns not only the glorious goldsmith's work of the high altar and the soaring baldacchino above it, but the main part of the building itself, to Archbishop Ansbert, in 868. The building has received large changes and additions; the vault with the pointed arches across the nave, the octagonal dome, the advanced upper story of the west front, seem all to belong to a renovation which began in the twelfth century, most likely after the overthrow of the city by Frederick Barbarossa. But everything leads us to believe that, in the main arcades of the nave, and in the most distinctive feature of the whole building, the *cortile*, or western cloister, the genuine work of the 9th century still survives. It is the genuine Lombard style, something

utterly unlike the classical forms of Ravenna, Lucca, Pisa. It comes nearer to our Northern Romanesque in its Norman variety, but has throughout an earlier and ruder air. The general look of the building is dark and cavernous; the proportions are low and broad; the arcades support a large open triforium, but without a clerestory. As at Pisa, the arcade is continued across the transept arches, and the triforium assumes the form of coupled arches under a containing arch. The compound pier is used throughout both in the church and the cortile, to the exclusion alike of the classical column, of the square piers of the German Romanesque, and of the vast cylindrical piers of the English form of Norman. But there is a heavy squareness and flatness throughout, surpassing anything in Norman work. The capitals are famous for the lavish use of animal forms; nowhere in Italy is there less imitation of classical forms. The subjects in some of the columns should be noticed, as well as those in other parts where animal forms are used. Some are mere plays of fancy, others seem to represent hunting-scenes; but there is a more remarkable one in the west front, representing a human figure between two lions. The reference to the sports of the amphitheatre is obvious, but its special purport may be doubted. It may, of course, refer to some legend of martyrdom; but it should not be forgotten that the combats with wild beasts went on at least as late as the reign of Theodoric, though they were looked on with no favouring eye by the Gothic King and his great Minister. Altogether, if one can really believe this church to be in its main features the genuine work of Anspert, we have in it one of the most instructive buildings in all Christendom, and the evidence seems directly in favour of such a belief." —*Freeman.*

The exterior of the church is highly picturesque. The atrium is surrounded by open arches, the arcades being filled with ancient inscriptions, altars, and fragments of carving. In the doors are two small panels of cypress wood, removed hither from the Basilica Portiana, now S. Vittore al Corpo, and believed to be part of the identical gates which S. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius.

"When Ambrose was informed of the massacre of Thessalonica, his mind was filled with horror and anguish. The Emperor was deeply affected by the reproaches of his spiritual father, and, after he had bewailed the mischievous and irreparable consequences of his rash fury, he proceeded, in the accustomed manner, to perform his devotions in

the great church of Milan. He was stopped in the porch by the archbishop; who, in the tone and language of an ambassador of heaven, declared to his sovereign, that private contrition was not sufficient to atone for a public fault, or to appease the justice of the offended Deity. Theodosius humbly represented, that if he had contracted the guilt of homicide, David, the man after God's own heart, had been guilty, not only of murder, but of adultery. 'You have imitated David in his crime, imitate, then, his repentance,' was the reply of the undaunted Ambrose. The rigorous conditions of peace and pardon were accepted; and the public penance of the Emperor Theodosius has been recorded as one of the most honourable events in the annals of the Church."—*Gibbon.*

The interior of S. Ambrogio is exceedingly simple and beautiful. On either side the nave stands a pillar; that on the right is surmounted by a curious old cross; that on the left by a bronze serpent, shown as the brazen serpent of the wilderness, and given as such, in 1001, to Archbishop Arnulphus by the Emperor of the East. In the decorations of the pulpit, is a curious bas-relief, representing an Agape, and beneath it, an early Christian sarcophagus, called, without foundation, the tomb of Stilicho. The Tribune is covered with Byzantine mosaics upon a gold ground, representing the Saviour, with SS. Protasius, Gervasius, Satirus, Marcellina, Candida, and the cities of Milan and Tours, the latter in reference to the story of S. Ambrose having been miraculously present at the death-bed of S. Martin of Tours, without leaving his own episcopal city. The inscriptions are partly in Greek and partly in Latin. They are supposed to have been executed, A. D. 832, by the monk Gaudentius. Beneath, is the ancient episcopal chair of S. Ambrose, in which the archbishops sate in the midst of their eighteen suffragans, whose sees extended from Coire to Genoa. The seats of the other bishops remained till the 16th century. In front of the tribune stands the high altar, beneath a baldac-

chino, on the spot where St. Augustine was baptized by St. Ambrose. Here the coronations with the iron crown took place—Berengar, 888; Lothair, 931; Otto the Great, 961; Henry the Black, 1046; Henry IV., 1081; Henry VII. of Luxemburg, 1311; Louis of Bavaria, 1327; Charles IV., 1355; and Sigismund, 1431. The golden front of the altar was presented by Archbishop Angilbertus II., about 835.

"Within this venerable and solemn old church may be seen one of the most extraordinary and best-preserved specimens of Mediæval Art: it is the golden covering of the high-altar, much older than the famous *pala d'oro* at Venice; and the work, or at least the design, of one man; whereas the *pala* is the work of several different artists at different periods. On the front of the altar, which is all of plates of gold, enamelled and set with precious stones, are represented in relief scenes from the life of our Saviour; on the sides, which are of silver-gilt, angels, archangels, and medallions of Milanese saints. On the back, also of silver-gilt, we have the whole life of St. Ambrose, in a series of small compartments, most curious and important as a record of costume and manners, as well as an example of the state of Art at that time. In the centre stand the archangels, Michael and Gabriel, in the Byzantine style; and below them, St. Ambrose blesses the donor, Bishop Angilbertus, and the goldsmith Wolvinus. Around, in twelve compartments, we have the principal incidents of the life of St. Ambrose, the figures being about six inches high, viz.:—

1. Bees swarm around his head as he lies in his cradle.
2. He is appointed prefect of the Ligurian provinces.
3. He is elected Bishop of Milan in 375.
4. He is baptized.
5. He is ordained.
6, 7. He sleeps, and beholds in a vision the obsequies of St. Martin of Tours.
8. He preaches in the Cathedral, inspired by angels.
9. He heals the sick and lame.
10. He is visited by Christ.
11. An angel wakes the Bishop of Vercelli, and sends him to St. Ambrose.
12. Ambrose dies, and angels bear away his soul to heaven."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

In making the round of the church, beginning on the right, we see :—

1st Chapel. Gaudenzio Ferrari. Three frescoes of the Bearing the Cross, the three Maries, and the Deposition.

6th Chapel. Bernardino Lanini. The Story of St. George, signed "Bernardinus Juvenis."

The *7th Chapel* (of S. Satiro) was called the Basilica of Fausta in the time of St. Ambrose, and was only united to the church in the 9th century. The mosaics of the 5th century are very curious, and have full-length figures of Ambrose, Gervasius, Protasius, Maternus, Felix, and Nabor.

In the apse of the right aisle is a fine old Lombard picture of saints. Hence, passing through the many-pillared crypt, we reach the apse of the left aisle, where is a beautiful fresco of Christ amongst the Doctors, by *Amb. Borgognone.* In returning down the *Right Aisle*, the chapel nearest the entrance has a fresco of Christ between Angels, by *Bern. Luini.*

The shrine of SS. Gervasius and Protasius,* saints celebrated in the dedication of many cathedrals and churches, is of unusual interest.

"Their relics were found by St. Ambrose, who fell into a vision while praying in the church of SS. Nabor and Felix, in which he saw two beautiful youths presented to him by SS. Peter and Paul, and it was revealed to him, that their martyred bodies were buried beneath the spot on which he knelt. These bodies, of huge size, with severed heads, were found in a tomb, with a written record of their fate and story. Their removal to this church by S. Ambrose, and his laying their bones beneath the altar, saying, 'Let the victims lie in triumph, where Christ is sacrificed; He upon the altar, who suffered for all; they beneath the altar, who were redeemed by His suffering!' was the signal for calumnies of the Arians, who accused him of having invented the new saints and bribed others to support him. The church was originally dedicated to the brothers, but, after the death of St. Ambrose, was re-named. Their legend tells that :—

"'They were twin-brothers, who had suffered for the faith under the Emperor Nero. Having been sent bound to Milan, together with Nazarus and Celsus, they were brought before Count Artesius, who,

* In honour of these saints an annual procession has taken place, but it has lately been forbidden by the authorities, because the people of Piacenza threatened, if it occurred again, to produce *their* relic—the third leg of S. Protasius!

sharing in the enmity of his master against the Christians, commanded them to sacrifice to his idols. On their refusal, he condemned Gervasius to be beaten to death with scourges loaded with lead; and ordered Protasius to be beheaded. A good man, whose name was Philip, carried home their bodies, and buried them honourably in his own garden; and they remained undiscovered until their revelation to St. Ambrose. On the second day after the discovery of the relics, they were borne in solemn procession to the Basilica. And as they passed along the street, many of those who were sick or possessed by evil spirits, threw themselves in the way, that they might touch the drapery with which the bodies were covered; and immediately they were healed. Among these was a man, named Severus, well known to all in the city, who had been blind for many years, and was reduced to live upon the alms of the charitable. Having obtained permission to touch the bones of these holy martyrs, he was restored to sight; which miracle, being performed before all the multitude who accompanied the procession, admitted of no doubt, and raised the popular enthusiasm to its height.'"—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

Returning to the Corso Porta Ticinese, which continues the Via Torino, we find, on the left, the *Colonne de San Lorenzo*, sixteen ancient Corinthian columns, said to be the peristyle of the Baths of Hercules, built by Maximinian. They were greatly injured by fire in 1071. Hence we enter the curious octangular

Church of S. Lorenzo, rebuilt by *Pellegrino* and *Martino Bassi*, in the 16th century, on the plan of S. Vitale at Ravenna. On the right is the octagonal chapel of S. Aquillinus, containing the shrine of the saint in pietra-dura. Here are some early Christian Mosaics, representing our Lord amongst his Apostles, and the Sacrifice of Isaac; also the sarcophagus—adorned with the Christian monogram and two lambs—of Ataulphus, who married Galla Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the Great. Some consider that this chapel was a chamber in the Roman baths.

Behind the high-altar of the church is a fine tomb, erected, 1538, by Gaspare Visconti to Giovanni Conti.

Continuing in a straight line down the Corso di Cittadella (which takes its name from this having been the first portion of the town fortified by the Visconti), we reach, on the left, the square, in front of the

Church of S. Eustorgio, originally built by Archbishop Eustorgius, in A. D. 320. In the 13th century it was rebuilt by *Tomaso Lombardino*, for the Dominicans who had established themselves in the adjoining convent. The beautiful brick steeple is of this period. The whole building (of brick) is very interesting, as well as the tombs it contains. Adjoining the west front is the open-air pulpit from which S. Peter Martyr often confuted the Manicheans. In the interior, which has three aisles, are :—

(*Right*) *1st Chapel.* Architecture by *Bramante.* The beautiful cinquecento tomb of Stefano Brivio, 1456. The altar-piece in three parts, by *Amb. Borgognone*, is a Madonna and Child with saints.

2nd Chapel (of S. Dominic). Tomb of Pietro Torelli, 1416, son of Guido, Lord of Guastalla.

4th Chapel. Tomb of Stefano, son of Matteo Magno Visconti, 1327, —a sarcophagus supported by eight spiral columns, resting on lions.

5th Chapel. Tombs of Uberto Visconti and Bonacorsa Borri, brother and wife of Matteo Magno.

6th Chapel (built to S. Martin, by the Della Torre family). Tombs of Gasparo Visconti, 1430, and his wife Agnese. The former bears traces upon its armorial bearings of the Order of the Garter, conferred by Edward III., when Gasparo was ambassador to the court of England.

Chapel, right of High-Altar. A great sarcophagus, supposed to have contained the relics of the Magi, to receive which the church was originally built. The relics were carried off to Cologne by Rinaldus, Archbishop of that city, when Milan was taken by Frederick Barbarossa. A bas-relief, of 1347, attributed to the scholars of *Balduccio di Pisa*, tells the story of the Nativity and the coming of the Magi.

The *High-Altar* has 14th-century bas-reliefs of the Passion.

From the *Crypt* beneath the church, a passage leads to the *Chapel of S. Pietro Martire*, built, in 1460, by *Pigello de' Portinari*, a Florentine. It contains the shrine of the saint,

by *Balduccio da Pisa*, looked upon by Cicognara and others as a master-piece. It is inscribed—"Magister Iohannes Balducci de Pisis sculpsit hanc archam, Annò Domini, 1339."

Next to the founder, S. Peter Martyr is the glory of the Dominican Order. He was born at Verona, 1205, and was induced by S. Dominic to become a monk in his 15th year. To reward his unrelenting persecution of heretics, he was appointed Inquisitor-General by Honorius III. His cruelties in this office led to his murder, in a wood between Milan and Como, by two Venetian noblemen, April 28, 1252. He was canonized, by Innocent IV., in 1253. The history of his imaginary miracles fills twenty-two pages of the Acta Sanctorum.

"Balduccio's monument to this saint (1336—1339) consists of a sarcophagus, supported upon eight pilasters, in front of which stand allegorical figures of Hope, Prudence, Justice, Obedience, Charity, Faith, Force, and Temperance, all bearing the strongest evidence of Giotto's influence upon him. Take, for instance, the Hope, with upturned eyes, full of intense expression; and the Temperance, charming in repose, and noble in drapery, with a wreath of ivy-leaves around her veiled head, and a look of dreamy gentleness in her wide eyes; or the triple-faced Prudence, which looks at once at past, present, and future. The eight bas-reliefs upon the side of the Arca, representing scenes in the saint's life, are very inferior in workmanship to these statues, and cannot stand a moment's comparison with the bas-reliefs of Nicola or Giovanni Pisano, and far less with those of Andrea Orcagna. They are separated from each other by statuettes of SS. Peter, Paul, Eustorgio, Thomas Aquinas, and the Doctors of the Church; and upon the sides of the lid of the 'Arca,' the donators are represented in relief. Statuettes of angels, and a tabernacle, under which sits the Madonna and Child, with SS. Peter Martyr and Dominic, complete this elaborate work, which has few equals in unity of design, earnestness of feeling, and a judicious use of the symbolism of Christian art."—*Perkin's Tuscan Sculptors.*

Turning to the left, along the boulevard, just beyond S.

Eustorgio, and descending the first wide street on the left, we find (right) the

Church of S. Celso, originally built, A. D. 396, by S. Ambrose, over the remains of S. Celsus, which he discovered here, with the body of S. Nazarus, in a field "ad tres moros." The small church, as it now exists, with a handsome brick campanile, was built by Filippo-Maria Visconti in 1429. Beside it stands the large

Church of S. Maria presso San Celso (generally called La Madonna) begun in 1491, by Galeazzo Sforza, to accommodate the crowds of pilgrims who came out of devotion to a small picture of the Madonna (who was said to have herself appeared on the spot) placed by S. Ambrose in the adjoining church of S. Celso. The original designs were by *Bramante*, but were altered, in 1572, by *Martino Bassi*, and completed by *Galeazzo Alessi*. The church is approached by a cloistered court. Over the door are two Sibyls, by *Annibale Fontana*. The beautiful statues of Adam and Eve, on either side, are by *Stoldo Lorenzi*.

The great chapel on the right contains a S. Jerome, by *Paris Bordone*. Over the 1st altar on the left, is a small head of the Madonna, by *Sassoferrato*, and over it a Madonna with two angels, by *Amb. Borgognone*. Over the altar of the Madonna del Pianto, in the same aisle, is an interesting fresco of the Madonna and two saints. The shrine of SS. Nazarus and Celsus has a sepulchral urn of the fourth century.

Continuing along the Corso di San Celso as far as the Piazza S. Eufemia, and turning (right) between that church and S. Paolo opposite it, we reach the Corso di Porta Romana, on the right of which is the

Church of S. Nazzaro Maggiore, founded by S. Ambrose in A. D. 382. Having been burnt 1075, it was rebuilt by S. Carlo Borromeo. It is entered by the curious octangular

sepulchral chapel, of 1518, of the Trivulzi family, who lie around it, on eight sarcophagi, unfortunately too high up to allow of their being well seen. They are Antonio Trivulzi, 1454: his son, the great Gian-Giacomo, Marquis of Vigerano, 1518 (with the inscription—"Johannes Jacobus Magnus Trivultivs Antonii filius, qui nunquam quievit quiescit, tace;" the wives of Gian-Giacomo, Margherita Colleoni, 1488, and Beatrice d'Avalos; his son, Gian-Niccolo, 1512, and his wife, Paula Gonzaga; Ippolita, Luigi, and Margherita, children of Gian-Niccolo; and, lastly, his son Gian Francesco, 1573, who erected these monuments to his family. The chapel itself was built by Gian-Giacomo, and is said to have been designed by *Bramante.*

From the left aisle of the church opens the *Capella di S. Caterina della Ruota*, with noble frescoes by *Bernardino Lanini*, of the story and martyrdom of the saint. Lanzi says that the colouring is that of Titian, while the face of the saint recalls the work of Guido, the angels that of Gaudenzio. In the same chapel is a beautiful Gothic altar in carved wood, representing the Adoration of the Magi.

(Higher up the Corso, a side street on the left leads to the Church of S. Alessandro, opposite which is the *Palazzo Trivulzi* (never shown without an order), containing many interesting historical memorials, especially the tomb, by *Balduccio*, of Azzo Visconti, Lord of Milan.

"The front of the sarcophagus, on which the recumbent figure of the deceased prince lies, watched over by angels, is sculptured with reliefs, representing knights, and their patron saints (typical of the cities subject to Azzo), kneeling before S. Ambrose. It is supported upon two columns, above which stood the now detached statues of S. Michael and the Dragon, and a female figure holding before her a small child with clasped hands, possibly emblematic of her soul."—*Perkin's Tuscan Sculptors.*

At the *Porta Romana*, which closes the Corso at the lower end, are some curious reliefs.

"The victory of the Milanese at Legnano (A. D. 1176) is commemorated at Milan in the bas-reliefs of the Porta Romana, which represent the triumphal citizens returning to their half-destroyed homes, headed by a monk named Frate Jacopo bearing the city banner in his hand, and accompanied by their allies from Cremona, Brescia, and Bergamo. One of the inscriptions upon the gate records the name of Anselmus as the sculptor of these reliefs, and honours him with the title of a second Dædalus; but by applying to him the name which erroneously stood to them as the type of perfection in sculpture, his contemporaries showed how incompetent they were to estimate him rightly, for the short, clumsy, thick-set figures, ranged one behind the other in stiff monotony, dangle in the air like a row of wooden dolls with pendent feet and shapeless hands. Filled with contempt and hatred for Barbarossa, the Milanese caused two portrait bas-reliefs of himself and his wife, the Empress Beatrice, to be set up upon the Porta Romana, one of which is a hideous caricature, the other too grossly obscene for description."—*Perkin's Italian Sculptors.*

Behind the Church of S. Nazzaro is the *Great Hospital* (Ospedale Maggiore) founded by Duke Francesco Sforza and his wife Bianca Maria, in 1456, on the site of an old palace of Bernabo Visconti. It is a magnificent building of brick, with terra-cotta ornaments. The southern portion is the work of *Antonio Filarete*, the original architect; the rest was added in 1621. In the church is an Annunciation, by *Guercino.*

"The immense façade owes its effect not merely to its unsurpassed wealth of ornament, but still more to its beautiful distribution and gradations; the brick style has never produced a more splendid and, at the same time, a nobler creation. Briefly to recapitulate its principal features:—Two rows of pointed windows, bisected by small columns. The common framework with its elegant decorations, above all with an arabesque of vine-leaves and grapes, interspersed with exquisite birds. In the upper arched compartment vigorously-treated half-length figures of male and female saints. The lower row of windows, enclosed by circular sham-arcades resting on semi-columns. In the pendentives half-

length figures of saints, standing out in strong relief. Then the broad frieze, separating the two stories, decorated alternately with rosettes and branch-work, eagles, and angels' heads. Above, the windows of the lower story are repeated with the same rich ornament, but in rectangular frames, and the compartments thus obtained are again adorned with heads in relief, so that four rows are presented of these heads and half-length figures. All this is executed with incomparable freshness and sharpness in the purest forms, and is a perfect wonder in clay sculpture. The twenty-nine arcades to the right of the principal portal are less richly executed than the seventeen of the left side. The heads in the upper windows are able and somewhat more realistic in style than those of the upper parts, and here and there appear with a flowing and tolerably detailed beard. On the left side the utmost abundance of ornament is displayed. Its terra-cottas are perhaps the freest, most life-like, and most important works which Upper Italy has produced in burnt clay. They bear the perfect stamp of the sixteenth century. The male heads exhibit the utmost power; at the same time, the treatment of the forms throughout is grand and bold. The female half-length figures are full and soft, beautiful, even voluptuous in the flow of the lines and in the mass of the falling hair; the Putti in the framework of the windows are full of life, freshness, and grace. In addition to all this there is the equally rich ornament of the large central court, executed a little later by Richini. In the upper and lower rows of columns, medallions fill the compartments above the arches, forming altogether no less than 152 heads. The style here is somewhat feeble and more conventional than even in the later parts of the façade, although a few very able works appear among them."—*Lübke, History of Sculpture.*

A little behind the Ospedale Maggiore is the Renaissance *Church of S. Stefano in Broglio*, celebrated as the place where Galeazzo-Maria Sforza was murdered.

"The most abominable lust, the meanest and vilest cruelty, supplied Galeazzo-Maria with daily recreation. Three young nobles of Milan, educated in the classic literature by Montano, a distinguished Bolognese scholar, had imbibed from their studies of Greek and Latin history an ardent thirst for liberty, and a deadly hatred of tyrants. Their names were Carlo Visconti, Girolamo Olgiati, and Giannandrea Lampugnani. Galeazzo Sforza had wounded the two latter in the points which men hold dearest—their honour and their property. The spirit of Harmodius and Virginius was kindled in the friends, and they determined to rid Milan of her despot. After some meetings in the garden of S.

Ambrogio, where they matured their plans, they laid their project of tyrannicide as a holy offering before S. Ambrose, the patron saint of Milan. Then, having spent a few days in poignard exercise for the sake of training, they took their place within the precincts of S. Stephen's Church. There they received the sacrament and addressed themselves in prayer to the Protomartyr, whose fane was about to be hallowed by the murder of a monster odious to God and man. It was on the morning of Dec. 26, 1476, that the duke entered San Stefano. At one and the same moment the daggers of the three conspirators struck him—Olgiati's in the heart, Visconti's in the back, Lampugnani's in the belly. He cried, 'Ah, Dio!' and fell dead upon the pavement. The friends were unable to make their escape; Visconti and Lampugnani were killed on the spot; Olgiati was seized, tortured, and torn to death."—*Symonds' Renaissance in Italy.*

Returning to the Corso Porta Romana, and its continuation, the Via del Unione, we pass, on the right, the

Church of S. Giovanno in Conca, ruined and used as a store-house. The brick front has a good rose-window and doorway. Here was the grand tomb of the tyrant Bernabo Visconti, now removed to the Brera. The house on the right of the church is called *Dei Cani*, from the hounds which he kept there, and for the maintenance of five thousand of which he compelled the citizens to pay.

A little further (right) the Via del Falcone leads to the curious brick chapels at the back of the

Church of S. Satiro. The original church was built by Archbishop Anspertus in the 9th century, but the present building is of 1480. The interior is very simple and effective. The octagonal sacristy is by *Bramante.* A curious *Mortorio* in one of the chapels, "like a *tableau-vivant* out of one of the old 'Mysteries,'" is by *Ambrogio Caradosso*, c. 1490.

Hence the Via Torino leads again to the Piazza del Duomo.

II.

Leaving the Piazza del Duomo by the west, we find ourselves at once in the *Piazza de' Tribunali*, surrounded by some of the most curious buildings in the city. In the centre rises the *Palazzo della Ragione*, almost dividing the piazza into two parts. It stands upon open arches, now enclosed with glass as a kind of Exchange. It was begun in 1228, and finished in 1233, by Oldrado da Tresseno, Podesta of the city, who is represented on horseback, on the south wall of the building. The inscription below sets forth, among his other virtues, his persecution of Manichean heretics :—

"Qui solium struxit, Catharos ut debuit ussit."

On the shields ornamenting the third and fifth arches, is introduced the traditional half-fleeced sow which guided the Gaul Belovesus to the foundation of Mediolanum (In medio lanæ).

On the left of the piazza, is the beautiful Gothic *Loggia degli Ossi*, so called from the family who built it, in 1316. The front is richly adorned with shields. It was from the balcony in front of this edifice that sentences were pronounced upon criminals, and that the Podesta asked the assent of the people to the acts of government. Beyond this is the *Scuola Palatina*, a renaissance building, now an office for mortgage deeds, with statues of Ausonius and S. Augustine in front. The opposite side of the piazza is occupied by the *Palazzo della Citta* (with a clock-tower), a town hall of the 16th century. It is adorned with a statue of S. Ambrose, replacing that of Philip II. of Spain,

destroyed by the mob in 1813. On the north of the piazza is the *Broletto*, built by Filippo-Maria Visconti.

Turning a little to the right, beyond the piazza, we reach the Via Meraviglie, descending which—to its continuation, the Corso Magenta—we reach, on the left, the

Church of S. Maurizio, said to have been one of the three buildings spared by Barbarossa in his general destruction of Milan. Small fragments of Roman work may be discovered in one of the two towers, which are the only really ancient portions remaining. The present church was built by *Dolcebono*, a pupil of Bramante, 1497—1506, and the façade added by *Perovano* in 1565. It is a perfect gallery of the pictures of the school of *Luini*.

In the chapels on the left are, 1. The Resurrection; 2. The Preaching and Stoning of S. Stephen (by *Aurelio Luini*); 3. The Birth and Martyrdom of the Baptist (*Aurelio Luini*); 4. The Deposition (pupils of *Luini*). The 2nd Chapel on the right has saints, by *Bern. Luini*; the 4th Chapel, Christ bound between S. Catherine and S. Stephen, and the founder of the chapel kneeling (*Bern. Luini*). In the lunettes of the screen are the Mocking, the Crucifixion, and the Deposition of Christ; on the side walls, the Agony in the Garden and the Resurrection (*Bern. Luini*). The Almighty, the Evangelists, and the Angels, are attributed to *Borgognone*.

'Numerous works in the church of the Monasterio Maggiore, the altar-wall in the inner church (with the exception of the old altar-picture), and a chapel, are painted by Luini. Here we have the most beautiful figures of female saints, admirable heads of Christ, and lovely infant angels. From the dado, painted in brown chiaro-scuro, to the roof, the walls are covered with masterly frescoes, and the spectator can scarcely fill his gaze in this lavish display of fancy. On the wall above the entrance to the choir is a large composition representing the Crucifixion, containing about 140 figures; among which a group around the fainting figure of the Virgin, the fine form of the Centurion, those of the soldiers dividing the garments, and the Magdalen kneeling in ecstasy, are peculiarly remarkable. The painter, however, has attained the highest perfection in his figure of St. John, whose action and expression are full of the loftiest inspiration and faith. Single figures, also of great

Beauty, are still preserved upon the different piers and walls of the church. There is also a very graceful Madonna in a lunette over the door of the Refectory, and a Last Supper in the Refectory itself, much resembling Leonardo's, but not a copy of it (perhaps not even the work of Luini)."—*Kugler*.

Nearly opposite this church is the handsome *Palazzo Litta*, built by *Richini*. It contains some interesting frescoes of *Luini*, brought from a ruined church, and a small *Correggio* of Apollo and Marsyas. Beyond, on the same side of the street, we reach the famous

Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, built 1463—93, having been founded by Count Gasparo Vimercati, commander of the army under Francesco Sforza I. The great cupola is a very rich and picturesque work of *Bramante*.

In the 4th Chapel on the right are grand frescoes of *Gaudenzio Ferrari* (1452), of the Flagellation and the Crucifixion. On the vaulting are angels bearing the instruments of the Passion.

In the *Choir* are a series of half-length terra-cotta figures, by *Bramante*.

The adjoining convent is now turned into a Barrack, but the *Refectory* is reserved under the superintendence of the Academy of Arts. Here, on the wall by the entrance, is a great fresco of the Crucifixion, by *Giov. Donato Montorfano* (dated 1495), and opposite it, the world-famous *Cenacolo of Leonardo da Vinci*.

"The purpose being the decoration of a refectory in a rich convent, the chamber lofty and spacious, Leonardo has adopted the usual arrangement: the table runs across from side to side, filling up the whole extent of the wall, and the figures, being above the eye, and to be viewed from a distance, are colossal; they would otherwise have appeared smaller than the real personages seated at the tables below. The moment selected is the utterance of the words, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me:' or rather, the words have just been uttered, and the picture expresses their effect on the different

auditors. The intellectual elevation, the fineness of nature, the benign God-like dignity, suffused with the profoundest sorrow, in the head of Christ, surpassed all I could have conceived as possible in Art; and, faded as it is, the character there, being stamped on it by the soul, not the hand, of the artist, will remain while a line or hue remains visible. It is a divine shadow, and until it fades into nothing, and disappears utterly, will have the lineaments of divinity. Next to Christ is St. John; he has just been addressed by Peter, who beckons to him that he should ask 'of whom the Lord spake':—his disconsolate attitude, as he has raised himself to reply, and leans his clasped hands on the table, the almost feminine sweetness of his countenance, express the character of this gentle and amiable apostle. Peter, leaning from behind, is all fire and energy; Judas, who knows full well of whom the Saviour spake, starts back amazed, oversetting the salt; his fingers clutch the bag, of which he has the charge, with that action which Dante describes as characteristic of the avaricious:—

'Questi risurgeranno dal sepolcro
Con pugno chiuso.'

'These from the tomb with clenched grasp shall rise.'

"His face is seen in profile, and cast into shadow; without being vulgar, or even ugly, it is hateful. St. Andrew, with his long grey beard, lifts up his hands, expressing the wonder of a simple-hearted old man. St. James Minor, resembling the Saviour in his mild features, and the form of his beard and hair, lays his hand on the shoulder of St. Peter—the expression is, '*Can* it be possible? have we heard aright?' Bartholomew, at the extreme end of the table, has risen perturbed from his seat; he leans forward with a look of eager attention, the lips parted; he is impatient to hear more. On the left of our Saviour is St. James Major, who has also a family resemblance to Christ; his arms are outstretched, he shrinks back, he repels the thought with horror. The vivacity of the action and expression are wonderfully true and characteristic. St. Thomas is behind St. James, rather young, with a short beard; he holds up his hand threatening—'If there be indeed such a wretch, let him look to it.' Philip, young and with a beautiful head, lays his hand on his heart: he protests his love, his truth. Matthew, also beardless, has more elegance, as one who belonged to a more educated class than the rest; he turns to Jude and points to our Saviour, as if about to repeat his words, 'Do you hear what he says?' Simon and Jude sit together (Leonardo has followed the tradition which makes them old and brothers); Jude expresses consternation; Simon, with his hands stretched out, a painful anxiety.

"To understand the wonderful skill with which this composition has been arranged, it ought to be studied long and minutely; and to appreciate its relative excellence, it ought to be compared with other productions of the same period. Leonardo has contrived to break the formality of the line of heads without any apparent artifice, and without disturbing the grand simplicity of the usual order; and he has vanquished the difficulties in regard to the position of Judas, without making him too prominent. He has imparted to the solemn scene sufficient movement and variety of action, without deducting from its dignity and pathos; he has kept the expression of each head true to the traditional character, without exaggeration, without effort. To have done this, to be the first to do this, required the far-reaching philosophic mind, not less than the excelling hand, of this 'miracle of nature,' as Mr. Hallam styles Leonardo, with reference to his scientific as well as his artistic powers."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

"Indefatigable was Leonardo in the execution of this work. 'I have seen him,' says Bandello, the novelist, 'mount the scaffold at day-break and continue there till night, forgetting to eat or drink. Not but what he would sometimes leave it for many days together, and then return only to meditate upon it, or to touch and retouch it here and there. The Prior was for ever complaining of the little progress that he made, and the Duke at last consented to speak to him on the subject. His answer is given by Vasari. 'Perhaps I am then most busy when I seem to be most idle, for I must think before I execute. But, think as I will, there are two persons at the supper to whom I shall never do justice—Our Lord and the disciple who betrayed Him. Now, if the Prior would but sit to me for the last—'

"The Prior gave him no more trouble."—*Notes to Rogers' Italy.*

Retracing our steps, as far as the entrance of the Via Meraviglie, a street on the right will lead to a piazza in which is the

Church of S. Sepolcro, modernized, but with towers of the 11th century. It contains some curious figures carved in wood. Over the door is a fresco, by *Suardi.*

'Bramantino the younger, or more properly Bartolomeo Suardi, has left a Dead Christ mourned by the Marys, which is particularly celebrated; it is over the door of the church of S. Sepolcro; the foreshort-

ening of the body (the feet being nearest to the eye) is said to be inimitable. To protect it from the weather, this picture is unfortunately shut up in glass and grating, so that no part of it can be thoroughly examined." —*Kugler.*

Behind this church, occupying a large palace, entered on the other side, is the celebrated *Biblioteca Ambrosiana*, founded in 1609, by Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan.

The library is open from 10 to 3. The collection of MSS. is of the greatest interest. It comprises some of the earliest specimens of the Gaelic language known, consisting chiefly of portions of the Bible, found in the convent of Bobbio, which was founded in the 7th century by S. Columba. The *Palimpsests*, also from Bobbio, were discovered by Cardinal Mai when he was at the head of this library. They are written upon vellum, upon which the original MS. has been, as far as possible, effaced, to make use of the same surface for monastic purposes—so that their deciphering and restoration has been both long and difficult: amongst them are fragments of the *Codex Argenteus*, a Gothic Bible, written A.D. 360—80, by Ulfilas, an Arian bishop. One of the greatest treasures is Petrarch's copy of Virgil with his notes, and a miniature by *Simone Memmi*, representing Virgil with "the various species of his poetry personified;" this afterwards belonged to Galeazzo Visconti. The correspondence, and portions of the sermons, of S. Carlo Borromeo, and his Missal with his motto "Humilitas" are preserved here.

The upper rooms are used as a museum and picture-gallery. The pictures are ill-arranged and numbered. The best works are:—

Sala III.

Amb. Borgognone. Virgin and Child throned, with saints.
Virgin and Child with S. John, unfinished—attributed to Raphael?
Andrea Mantegna. Daniel and the lions.

Sala IV.

Sketches of the Old Masters.

Sala V.

* *Raffaelle.* Cartoon for the School of Athens.
B. Luini. Holy Family, copied from the Paris Leonardo.
* *Cesare da Sesto?* (called a Luini). Head of the young Christ.

"The early works of this master resemble Leonardo's; among them is a youthful head of Christ, in the Ambrosian Library, of very bland and unaffected expression, simply and beautifully painted."—*Kugler.*

* *B. Luini.* St. John and the Lamb.

"The spirit of Leonardo was so largely imbibed by Luini, that his latest works are generally ascribed to Leonardo. This was the case for a long time with the enchanting half-length figure of the Infant Baptist playing with the Lamb."—*Kugler.*

* *Leonardo da Vinci.* Portraits of Ludovico Moro and Beatrice d'Este.

"Painted in oil, in the early and rather severer manner of the artist."—*Kugler.*

Giorgione. Holy Family.
Titian. His own portrait.
Id. The Adoration of the Magi.
* *B. Luini.* Tobit and the Angel—a most beautiful sketch.
Id. The Madonna reading—a sketch.
Leonardo da Vinci. Two portraits in chalk.

Sala VI.

Moroni. A standing Portrait, 1554.

Sala VII.

Vandyke. Portrait of a Lady.
Moroni. A Portrait.
Bonifazio. A Portrait.

III.

Turning (right) from the Piazza del' Duomo, through the splendid Galleria Vittorio Emanuele—lined with shops and restaurants, and covered in with glass at the whole height of the houses—we reach the *Piazza della Scala*, with a modern statue of Leonardo da Vinci. Facing us, is the magnificent *Theatre of La Scala*, second only in size to that of San Carlo at Naples, and capable of containing 3600 persons. It was built from designs of *Piermarini*, and opened in 1779. It derives its name from the Church of S. Maria della Scala, on the site of which it was built.

Turning to the right from the end of the Galleria, and passing (left) the Palace of the *Magistrato Camerale*, we reach (left) the

Church of S. Fedele, built by *Pellegrino Pellegrini* for S. Carlo Borromeo. It contains a few tolerable pictures.

A street on the right leads us back to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, following which, on the left, we find the

Church of S. Carlo Borromeo, built from designs of *Amati*, 1838, as a thank-offering for deliverance from cholera. It is circular, and surmounted by a dome, 105 feet in diameter, and 150 feet high (with the lantern). It contains two marble groups, by *Marchesi*—on the right of the high altar, a Pietá, called "Il Venerdi Santo;" on the left S. Carlo Borromeo administering a first Communion.

Passing, on the right, *S. Babila*, and, on the left, the *Seminario Arcivescovile*, with a handsome gate, we reach the *Naviglio*, which encircles Milan. Here, turning (left) down the Via Senato, and passing (right) the Palace of the

Archivio and the Hospital of the Ben-Fratelli, we find (right) the

Church of S. Marco, a very handsome brick building of 1254, with a good campanile. observe—

Right, 3rd Chapel. Lomazzo. Virgin and Child, with Saints.
4th Chapel. A magnificent bronze candlestick.
8th Chapel. Virgin and Child with S. Maurice?

In the *Right Transept* are a most interesting collection of 13th-century monuments, the most remarkable that by *Balduccio de Pisa* of Lanfranco Settala, the first General of the Augustinians, 1243, and a Professor of Theology.

"On the top of the sarcophagus, which is raised upon consoles, and set against the wall, the deceased monk lies upon a mortuary couch, behind which two figures raise the folds of a curtain. He is again represented in the centre of the front of the 'Arca,' seated at a desk, instructing his scholars, who are sculptured in bas-relief within the side panels, and his very earnest face, as well as his cowl, frock, and hands, being coloured, the effect is life-like and striking."—*Perkin's Tuscan Sculptors.*

The frescoes are by *Lomazzo*. Near the high altar are some huge pictures by *C. Procacini*.

Continuing, the Strada S. Sempliciano (on right) leads to the

Church of S. Sempliciano, built by the Milanese after they defeated Barbarossa at Legnano, because they believed that they had been assisted in the battle by the spirits of saints (buried by S. Ambrose in a small oratory on this site), who perched upon the mast of their carroccio. The church is much altered: there are modern mosaics over the three doors in its west front. In the tribune is a fresco of the Coronation of the Virgin, by *Amb. Borgognone.*

Turning right, we reach the wide space called *Piazza d'Armi*, beyond which, outside the Porta Sempione, is the *Arco della Pace*, built 1807—38, from a design of the *Marchese Cagnola*, originally intended and used (merely for

a wooden arch) in honour of the marriage of Prince Eugene Beauharnois.

"Un arc de triomphe à qui celui du Carrousel passerait entre les jambes, et qui pourrait lutter de grandeur avec l'arc de l'Etoile, donne à cette entrée un caractère monumental que le reste ne dément pas. Sur le haut de l'arc, un figuré allégorique, la Paix ou la Victoire, conduit un char de bronze attelé de six chevaux. A chaque angle de l'entablement, des écuyers tendant des couronnes font piaffer leurs montures d'airain; deux colossales figures de fleuves accoudés sur leurs urnes s'adossent au cartel gigantesque qui contient l'inscription votive, et quatre groupes de deux colonnes corinthiennes marquent les divisions du monument, soutiennent la corniche et séparent les arcades au nombre de trois; celle du milieu est d'une prodigieuse hauteur."—*Théophile Gautier.*

On the other side of the Piazza d'Armi is the *Castello*, built originally by Galeazzo Visconti in 1358, but destroyed on his death, and rebuilt by his son, Gian Galeazzo. The second castle was destroyed by the people in 1447, and the present edifice (much altered by Philip II., and stripped of its fortifications by Napoleon) is the work of Francesco Sforza. It is rather picturesque. Being now used as a barrack, almost all the frescoes in the interior have perished.

Turning (left) to the Corso di Porta Garibaldi, and following it for a little distance, the Via del Carmine leads to the

Church of S. Maria del Carmine, where, over an altar on the left, is a beautiful little fresco by *Bern. Luini* of the Madonna and two saints, and two pictures by *Camillo Procaccini.*

"The Eclectic school of the Procaccini at Milan rose to greater importance than that of the Campi, owing to the patronage of the Borromeo family. Its founder was Ercole Procaccini (1520—1590), who was born and educated at Bologna. His best scholar was his son Camillo, who flourished about the beginning of the seventeenth century. His later pictures are in the churches and galleries of Milan; in these a peculiar gentleness occasionally reminds us of the manner of Sassoferrato."—*Kugler.*

Following the Via del Carmine to the Via della Brera, and turning left, we reach (right) the Palace containing the famous

Galleria della Brera (so called from the Collegio di Santa Maria in Brera—Brera, a corruption of Prædium, meaning meadow). The palace was erected by the Jesuits in 1618, from designs of *Richini;* the portal and façade are by *Piermarini.* In the centre of the court is a bronze statue of Napoleon I., by *Canova:* around it are statues of famous natives of Milan.

The ground-floor is occupied by a *Scientific Institute*, a *Library*, a *Museum of Coins and Medals*, and the

Archæological Museum (entrance 50 c.), which is worth visiting, if it is only for the sake of seeing the exquisitely beautiful recumbent statue, by *Agostino Busti* (*Bambaja*) of Gaston de Foix, nephew of Louis XII. and Governor of Milan, who was killed, 1512, in the battle of Ravenna, after a short career of two months—"qui fut toute sa vie et son immortalité."* The statue was brought from his famous tomb in the now destroyed Church of S. Marta, where it was erected by the French when they were in possession of Milan.

"Were it not for this one statue, we should think Bambaja overrated, notwithstanding his great skill as an ornamental sculptor. Clothed with armour, and wearing a helmet wreathed with laurel upon his head, the young soldier lies in a simple attitude, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and a severe and dignified expression in his face, 'quasi tutto lieto nel sembiante, così morto per le vittorie avute.'"—*Perkin's Italian Sculptors.*

In the centre of the gallery is a great equestrian statue of *Bernabo Visconti,* Duke of Milan (1385), celebrated for

* Henri Martin. Histoire de France.

cruelties, which can can only be accounted for by insanity. He kept five thousand hounds, which he quartered upon the richest citizens. Every two months there was an inspection. If a dog was too fat, the keeper was fined for over-feeding; if he was too thin, he was fined equally; but, if a dog was dead, the householder was imprisoned, and all his property was confiscated. Bernabo was treacherously seized by his nephew, Gian-Galeazzo, Conte di Virtu, and imprisoned in the castle of Trezzo, where he died of poison, upon which his nephew took possession of his sovereignty.

"It is well to recall what manner of man Bernabo was as we look at his statue, which needs some historical association to give it interest. Clad in armour, and holding the baton of command in his left hand, he sits stiffly upon his horse, whose trappings, enriched with his cypher and the emblems of his house, were once gay with gilding and colour; two diminutive figures of Fortitude and Justice stand like pages at his stirrups. The statue is raised upon a sarcophagus which rests upon nine short columns, and has its four sides adorned with coarsely-modelled bas-reliefs of the Crucifixion, the dead Christ and Angels, the Evangelists, and single figures of saints. It is not the monument of Bernabo, as one would naturally suppose, but that which he erected to the memory of his wife, Regina della Scala, who had great influence over him, and to whom he was much attached, despite his cruelty, his bad temper, and libertinism. It originally stood behind the high-altar at S. Giovanni a Conca, in such a position that the worshippers appeared to be praying to Bernabo, which was considered so scandalous, that it was removed, soon after the tyrant's death, to a more fitting place near the door. Matteo da Campione is said to have been its sculptor, but we feel rather induced to ascribe it to Bonino, from the resemblance of the equestrian group to that with which he crowned the Gothic tomb of Can Signorio at Verona."—*Perkin's Italian Sculptors.*

Among other monuments here, we must notice the beautiful Renaissance tomb of Bishop Bagaroto, 1519, brought from S. Maria della Pace.

"The figure of the deceased is dignified, and the drapery grandly arranged; the arm is drawn easily below the head, and thus the effect of quiet slumber is obtained."—*Lübke, History of Sculpture.*

The tomb of Lancino Curzio, 1513, is by *Bambaja.*

"Among the most important works here, which evidence the commencement of the new style, there is an extremely nobly-conceived female monumental statue, represented lying with arms crossed, with grandly-arranged drapery, the head and arms treated with the finest perception of nature, and with a long flowing garment, in which we can still trace remains of the Gothic style. Several masterly heads in relief exhibit the advanced realism of the fifteenth century: thus, for instance, a male portrait of energetic expression, the luxuriant hair encircled with a laurel wreath, and the mouth especially betraying vigorous power, while the whole recalls to mind the heads of Mantegna or Buttinone. Another head exhibits the still bolder and commanding features of an older man, who acquires a character of unflinching firmness from the strongly projecting lower lip. A cap covers the shortly-clipped hair. Another, with a great wig-like head of hair, reminds us of Bellini's heads. There is a head in relief in black marble of Ludovico Moro, recognizable from the fat double chin and rich hair, a work of delicate execution and masterly conception. Among the most important works of the time, there is also a statue of a woman praying, with long hair falling to her feet, in simple, flowing, and grandly-designed drapery, and with an expressive head. Among the relief compositions, a gracefully executed Madonna, with the Nativity, is especially striking. Mary and Joseph and a group of angels are worshipping the Child, who is lying on the ground. The style of the drapery belongs, in its creased and restless folds, to the most conventional works of the period. On the other hand, a relief of Christ teaching in the Temple, just as He is discovered by his parents, exhibits the nobly-finished style of about 1520."—*Lübke.*

A number of Roman altars, fragments of sculpture, and inscriptions, are collected here; also some interesting inscriptions (near the entrance) relating to the great plague of Milan.

Ascending the handsome staircase in the court-yard, we reach (right) the entrance to the *Pinacoteca*, open on week-days, from November to February, from 9 to 3; in the summer months from 9 to 4; on Sundays from 12 to 3: admission free.

The entrance corridor is almost entirely occupied by a

most lovely collection of the works of *Bernardino Luini.* They are chiefly frescoes.

"Foremost amongst the scholars of Leonardo stands Bernardino Luino (or di Luvino, a village on the Lago Maggiore), a master whose excellence has been by no means sufficiently acknowledged. It is true, he rarely rises to the greatness and freedom of Leonardo; but he has a never-failing tenderness and purity, a cheerfulness and sincerity, a grace and feeling, which give an elevated pleasure to the student of his works. That spell of beauty and nobleness, which so exclusively characterizes the more important works of the Raphaelesque period, has here impelled a painter of comparatively inferior talent to works which may often rank with the highest which we know."—*Kugler.*

All the pictures of Luini in this corridor are well-deserving of study; perhaps especially noteworthy are—

23. The Ascension.
45. The Virgin and Child, with saints (signed 1521).
*50. The Burial of St. Catherine.

"And when S. Catherine was beheaded, angels took up her body, and carried it over the desert, and over the Red Sea, till they deposited it on Mount Sinai. There it rested in a marble sarcophagus, and there a monastery was built over it in the eighth century, where it is revered to this day."—*Legend of S. Catherine.*

"Three angels sustain the body of S. Catherine, hovering over the tomb in which they are about to lay her. The tranquil, refined character of the head of the saint, and the expression of death, are exceedingly fine."—*Jameson's Legendary Art.*

3. *Bart. Suardi detto' Il Bramantino,* is a beautiful Madonna and Child, with angels.
24. *Gaudenzio Ferrari,* is a most beautiful Adoration of the Magi.

Hence we enter the Main Gallery, and may observe:

Sala I.

75. *Titian.* St. Jerome.
79. *Palma Vecchio.* Four Saints.
81. *Vandyke.* Madonna and Child, with S. Antony of Padua.
85. *Niccolò Rondinelli.* S. Giovanni Evangelista appearing to Galla Placidia in the church she had dedicated to him at Ravenna.

94. *Domenichino.* Virgin and Child throned, with saints.
96. *Paris Bordone.* Baptism of Christ.
115. *Tintoretto.* Dead Christ.

Sala II.

120. *Giacomo Francia.* Virgin and Child, with saints and worshippers.
124. *Paul Veronese.* The Coming of the Magi.
125. } The doors to this picture—the Fathers of the Church.
126. }
142. *Girolamo Savoldo.* Virgin and Child, with saints.
143. *Tintoretto.* A group of Saints.
144. *Paul Veronese.* SS. Cornelius, Antonius, and Cyprianus.

Sala III.

147. *Gentile da Fabriano.* Coronation of the Virgin—called "Il Quadro della Romita."
149. *Carlo Crivelli.* In three divisions. In the centre, the Madonna; on the left, S. Peter and S. Dominic; on the right, S. Peter Martyr and S. Gemignano.
154. *Girolamo Genga.* Saints around the Madonna, God the Father and angels above.
155. *Gentile Bellini.* The preaching of S. Mark at Alexandria.

"In the works of Gentile the heads display more softness than those of Giovanni Bellini. This may be said of a large picture with numerous figures in the Brera; the subject is St. Mark preaching at Alexandria. This painter, as is well known, repaired to Constantinople, by desire of the Sultan (1497). Several of his still-existing pictures bear evidence of that journey, especially this, in which oriental costumes are almost exclusively introduced."—*Kugler.*

158. *Bart. Montagna da Vicenza,* 1499. Madonna and Child, with SS. Andrew, Monica, Ursula, and Sigismund.
162. *Palmezzano* (signed in his peculiar manner). Nativity (1492).
164. *Timoteo della Vite.* Annunciation, with S. John Baptist and S. Sebastian.

"This picture is of the painter's earlier time, before he joined Raphael; the heads recall Francia and Perugino."—*Kugler.*

168. *Andrea Mantegna* (1454). Saints in twelve compartments.
169. *Cima da Conegliano.* SS. Peter Martyr, Nicholas, and Augustine.
172. *Frate Carnevale* (1484). Madonna, with the kneeling knight Duke Federigo d' Urbino—very interesting to those who have studied his beautiful life.

173. *Giovanni Sanzio.* Annunciation.
181. *Bartolomeo Montagna.* Virgin and Child, with S. Bernardino and S. Francesco.
184. *Paul Veronese.* The Supper in the Pharisee's house.
185. *Giovanni da Udine.* S. Ursula and her virgins.
187. *Benvenuti Garofalo.* The Crucifixion.
192. *Giotto* (signed "OP MAGISTRI JOCTI"). Madonna and Child.

This picture was originally in the Church of S. Maria degli Angeli at Bologna. It had side-panels, with saints and angels, which are now in the gallery at Bologna.

194. *Marco Palmezzano da Forli* (signed 1493). Madonna and Child, with saints.
195. *Stefano da Ferrara.* Madonna and Child throned, with four saints.

"This artist was a pupil of Mantegna; his works have a peculiarly fantastic character."—*Kugler.*

199. *Carlo Crivelli.* Virgin and Child, with garlands of flowers.

Sala IV. (The 1st of the small rooms).

207. *Lorenzo Lotto.* Pietá.
212. *Correggio.* Virgin and Child, with SS. Barbara and Lucia.
220. *Giovanni Bellini.* Dead Christ, with the Madonna and S. John.
234. *Vittore Carpaccio.* St. Stephen and the Doctors of the Law.

Sala V.

235. *Palmezzano.* Coronation of the Virgin.
250. *Liberali da Verona.* S. Sebastian.

Sala VI.

272. *Scuola di Perugino.* S. Sebastian.
*287. *Cima da Conegliano.* S. Peter throned, with S. Paul and S. John Baptist standing.
288. *Cima da Conegliano.* Madonna
293. *Giovanni Bellini.* Madonna and Child.
*296. *Francesco Albani.* Dance of the Cupids.
*312. *Giovanni Bellini.* (Signed 1510). Madonna and Child.

Sala VII.

318. } *Cima da Conegliano.* Two small pictures of Saints.
320. }

315. Sketch either for or from the Nozze Aldobrandini, attributed to Raphael.

* 319. *Guercino.* Abraham and Hagar.

"Agar pleure de désespoir et d'indignation; mais elle se contient, l'orgeuil féminin la roidit; elle ne veut pas donner sa douleur en pâture à Sarah, sa rivale heureuse. Celle-ci a la hauteur d'une femme légitime qui fait chasser une maîtresse; elle affecte de la dignité et cependant regarde du coin de l'œil avec une méchanceté satisfaite. Abraham est un père noble qui représente bien, mais dont le tête est vide; il etait difficile de lui trouver un autre rôle."—*Taine.*

321. *Marco Basaiti.* S. Jerome.
322. *Andrea Solari.* Portrait.
323. *Cesare da Sesto.* Virgin and Child.
324. *Luca da Cortona.* The Flagellation.
325. *Andrea da Milano.* Holy Family.
326. *Velasquez.* Sleeping Monk.
* 328. *Leonardo da Vinci.* Head of Christ (in chalk).

"This sketch is of the highest interest, as being the original study for the all but lost fresco in the Madonna delle Grazie."

329. *Bern. Luini.* Madonna and Child (much restored).
331. *Fil Mazzuola.* Portrait.
332. *Moroni* (1565). Portrait.
* 334. *Raffaelle.* The Spozalizio.

"This picture is inscribed with the painter's name, and the date, 1504. The arrangement is simple and beautiful: Mary and Joseph stand opposite to each other in the centre; the high priest, between them, joins their hands; Joseph is in the act of placing the ring on the finger of the bride: beside Mary is a group of the Virgins of the Temple; near Joseph are the suitors, who break their barren wands,—that which Joseph holds in his hands has blossomed into a lily, which, according to the legend, was the sign that he was the chosen one. In the background is the lofty Temple, adorned with a peristyle. With much of the stiffness and constraint of the old school, the figures are noble and dignified; the countenances, of the sweetest style of beauty, are expressive of a tender, exquisite melancholy, which lends a peculiar charm to this subject, inappropriate as it is in more animated representations."—*Kugler.*

"Raphael avait vingt et un ans, et copiait avec quelques petits changements un Pérugin qui est au musée de Caen. C'est une aurore, la première aube de son invention. La couleur est presque dure et

découpée en taches nettes par des contours secs. Le type moral des figures viriles n'est encore qu' indigne ; deux adolescents et plusieurs jeunes filles ont la même tête ronde, les mêmes yeux petits, la même expression moutonnière d'enfant de chœur ou de communiante. Il ose à peine ; sa pensée ne fait que peindre dans un crépuscule. Mais la poésie virginale est complète. Un grand espace libre s'étend derrière les personnages. Au fond, un temple en rotonde, muni de portiques, profile ses lignes régulières sur un ciel pur. L'azur s'ouvre amplement de toutes parts, comme dans la campagne d'Assise et de Pérouse ; les lointains paysages, d'abord verts, puis bleuâtres, enveloppent de leur sérénité la cérémonie. Avec une simplicité qui rappelle les ordonnances hiératiques, les personnages sont tous en une file sur le devant du tableau ; leurs deux groupes se correspondent de chaque côté des deux époux, et le grand prêtre fait le centre. Au milieu de ce calme universel des figures, des attitudes et des lignes, la Vierge, modestement penchée, les yeux baissés, avance avec une demi-hésitation sa main où le grand prêtre va mettre l'anneau de mariage. Elle ne sait que faire de l'autre main, et, avec une gaucherie adorable, la laisse collée à son manteau. Un voile diaphane et délicat effleure à peine ses divins cheveux blonds ; un ange ne l'eût pas posé sur elle avec un soin et un respect plus chaste. Elle est grande pourtant, saine et belle comme une fille des montagnes, et près d'elle une superbe jeune femme en rouge clair, drapée d'un manteau vert, se tourne avec la fierté d'une déesse. C'est déjà la beauté païenne, le vif sentiment du corps agile et actif, l'esprit et le gout de la renaissance qui percent à travers la placidité et la pieté monastiques."—*Taine.*

Sala VIII.

343. *F. Francia.* The Annunciation.
345. *Luca da Cortona.* Virgin and Child.
346. } *Vittore Carpaccio.* The Presentation and Marriage of the
353. } Virgin.
*350. *Andrea Mantegna.* Pietà.

"The giants painted in chiaro-oscuro by Paolo Uccello in the Palazzo dei Vitelliani at Padua furnished Mantegna with an object of study and emulation ; and by dint of constantly exercising his pencil in every variety of fore-shortening, and habituating himself to overcome the greatest difficulties in this branch of the art, he at length succeeded in producing this astonishing figure of the dead Christ, which, from the peculiar position of the body, with the feet towards the spectator, presented a problem to the artist, the solution of which had been hitherto reputed impossible."—*Rio.*

351. *Il Civetta.* The Nativity.

352. *Lorenzo Costa.* The Coming of the Magi.

*354. *Dosso Dossi* (sometimes considered to be the work of Giorgione). S. Sebastian

"St. Sebastian is standing, bound to an orange tree, with his arms bound above his head; his dark eyes raised towards heaven. His helmet and armour lie at his feet; his military mantle of green, embroidered with gold, is thrown around him. This picture, with the deep blue sky and deep green foliage, struck me as one of the most solemn effects ever produced by feeling and colour. He is neither wounded nor transpierced."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

355. *Guido Reni.* SS. Peter and Paul.

*363. *Giorgione.* The Finding of Moses.

"A picture in the Brera at Milan, very deserving of notice, is perhaps one of Giorgione's most beautiful works; it is historical in subject, but romantic in conception. The subject is the Finding of Moses; all the figures are in the rich Venetian costume of Giorgione's time. In the centre the princess sits under a tree, and looks with surprise at the child, who is brought to her by a servant. The seneschal of the princess, with knights and ladies, stand around. On one side two lovers are seated on the grass; on the other are musicians and singers, pages with dogs, a dwarf with an ape, &c. It is a picture in which the highest earthly splendour and enjoyment are brought together, and the incident from Scripture only gives it a more lively interest. The costume, however inappropriate to the story, disturbs the effect as little as in other Venetian pictures of the same period, since it refers more to a poetic than to mere historic truth, and the period itself was rich in poetry; its costume, too, assisted the display of a romantic splendour. This picture, with all its glow of colour, is softer in the execution than the earlier works of the master, and reminds us of Titian, the more successful rival of Giorgione—not like him, to be cut off by death in the very midst of the greatest efforts."—*Kugler.*

"Personne ne songe ici à Moïse: la scène n'est qu'une partie de plaisir près de Padoue ou de Vérone pour de belles dames et de grands seigneurs. On voit des gens en beau costume du temps sous de grands arbres, dans une large campagne montagneuse. La princesse a voulu se promener et a emmené tout son train: chiens, chevaux, singes, musiciens, écuyers, dames d'honneur. Dans le lointain arrive le reste de la cavalcade. Ceux qui ont mis pied à terre prennent le frais sous les feuillages; ils se donnent un concert; les seigneurs sont couchés aux pieds des dames et chantent, la toque sur la tête, l'épée au côté;

elles, rieuses, causent en écoutant. Leurs robes de soie et de velours, tantôt rousses et rayées d'or, tantôt glauques ou d'azur foncé, leurs manches bouffantes à crevés font des groupes de tons magnifiques sur les profondeurs de la feuillée. Elles sont de loisir et jouissent de la vie. Quelques-unes regardent le nain qui donne un fruit au singe, ou le petit nègre en jaquette bleue qui tient en laisse les chiens de chasse. Au milieu d'elles et plus fasteuse encore, comme le premier joyau d'une parure, la princesse est debout; un riche surtout de velours bleu fendu et rattaché par des boutons de diamants laisse voir sa robe feuille-morte; la chemise pailletée de semis d'or avive par sa blancheur la chair satinées du col et du menton, et des perles s'enroulent avec de molles lueurs dan les torsades de ses cheveux roussâtres."—*Taine.*

Sala IX.

369. } *Lorenzo Lotto.* Magnificent Portraits.
370. }
371. }

376. *Titian.* Portrait.

377. *Francesco da Cottignola.* Virgin and Child, with SS. Nicholas and Francis.

381. *Sassoferrato.* Madonna and sleeping Jesus.

385. *Vandyke.* Portrait of a Lady

Sala X.

388. *Gaspar Poussin.* S. John Baptist as a child, in the wilderness.

395. *Pietro da Cortona.* Virgin and Child, with saints.

427. *Bonifazio.* The Supper at Emmaus.

441. *Salvator Rosa.* S. Paul the Hermit, in the wilderness.

Sala XI.

445. *Marco d'Oggiona.* The Archangels.

447. *Gaudenzio Ferrari.* Martyrdom of S. Catherine.

"St. Catherine is represented in a front view, kneeling, her hair dishevelled, her hands clasped, and in the eyes, upraised to the opening heavens above, a most divine expression of faith and resignation; on each side are the wheels armed with spikes, which the executioners are preparing to turn: behind sits the emperor on an elevated throne, and an angel descends from above armed with a sword. In this grand picture the figures are life-size."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

"This is a work of strong and somewhat coarse expression! The scene of torture is well-executed, though the colouring is somewhat glaring;

the saint is noble and gentle, and the executioners full of effective action."—*Lübke.*

449. *Bernardo Zenale.* Madonna and Child, with the Fathers of the Church.
450. *Calisto da Lodi.* Madonna and Child, with S. Jerome and S. John Baptist.
459. *Cesare da Sesto.* Holy Family.
460. *Bern. Luini.* The Drunkenness of Noah.
479. *Amb. Borgognone.* Christ bound.
480. *Amb. Borgognone.* Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin.

Sala XII.

Among modern pictures, the *Statue of "The Reading Girl"* of *Cav. Magni*, 1861.

Sala XX.

At the end of many rooms of sculpture. The Three Graces and Cupid of *Thorwaldsen*, as a monument to Andrea Appiani.

In the *Galleria Oggioni*, opening out of the first room with the frescoes, are only two pictures especially demanding notice :—

762. *Carlo Crivelli* (signed 1493). The Coronation of the Virgin.
784. *Bern. Luini.* Madonna.

No one should leave Milan without making an excursion to the wonderful old church of *Chiaravalle*, about 3½ miles distant, beyond the Porta Romana.

"This was the church of the first Cistercian monastery that was established in Italy. The Cistercian reform was first introduced by St. Bernard, who was abbot of Clairvaux in France. In 1134 St. Bernard crossed the Alps to attend a council at Pisa, and on his way back paid a visit to Milan. The citizens of Milan advanced seven miles beyond their gates to receive him. His presence excited the most enthusiastic feelings; and within a year after his departure a monastery was built at a distance of about four miles from the city, which was to be governed by St.

Bernard's rules, and to receive a name from the parent institution. The monastery was inhabited in 1136, but it was not till nearly the close of the twelfth century that the church was completed. It is in the Lombard style, and deserves consideration, as an architectural composition, for the importance of its central tower. The body of the fabric is left perfectly plain, and, in effect, serves only as a base for the leading features of the design. The tower alone is enriched. Octagonal in its form up to a certain height, it becomes a spire above. Both the octagonal and spiral portions are enriched with Lombard galleries, which give an appearance of lightness, and attract the eye to that part of the building on which it is intended to rest. It is evident that the architect must have made the central tower the chief object; and whenever an architect has had a peculiar object, and has succeeded in producing the effect which he desired, his work deserves to be studied." —*G. Knight.*

The monastery was suppressed in 1797. The interior of the church is falling into decay, but very picturesque and beautiful. The tomb of Ottone Visconti is shown, who lived much here in retirement. In the adjoining graveyard are many monuments of the Torriani, who governed Milan before the Visconti, including that of Pagano della Torre, 1241. Here also is the tomb, marked by five stars on the wall, of the famous Wilhelmina, a Bohemian, who died in 1282.

"She appeared in Milan, and announced her gospel, a profane and fantastic parody, centering upon herself the great tenet of the Fraticelli, the reign of the Holy Ghost. In her, the daughter, she averred, of Constance, Queen of Bohemia, the Holy Ghost was incarnate. Her birth had its annunciation, but the angel Raphael took the place of the angel Gabriel. She was very God and very woman. She came to save Jews, Saracens, false Christians, as the Saviour the true Christians. Her human nature was to die as that of Christ had died. She was to rise again and ascend into heaven. As Christ had left his vicar upon earth, so Wilhelmina left the holy nun, Mayfreda. Mayfreda was to celebrate the mass at her sepulchre, to preach her gospel in the great church at Milan, afterwards at St. Peter's at Rome. She was to be a female Pope, with full papal power to baptize Jews, Saracens, unbelievers. The four gospels were replaced by four Wilhelminian evangelists. She was to be seen by her disciples, as Christ after his resurrection. Plenary indul-

gence was to be granted to all who visited the convent of Chiaravalle, as to those who visited the tomb of our Lord: it was to become the great centre of pilgrimage. Her apostles were to have their Judas, to be delivered by him to the Inquisition. But the most strange of all was that Wilhelmina, whether her doctrines were kept secret to the initiate, lived unpersecuted, and died in peace and in the odour of sanctity. She was buried first in the church of S. Peter in Orto; her body was afterwards carried to the convent of Chiaravalle. Monks preached her funeral sermon; the Saint wrought miracles; lamps and wax candles burned in profuse splendour at her altar; she had three annual festivals; her Pope, Mayfreda, celebrated mass. It was not till twenty years after that the orthodoxy of the Milanese clergy awoke in dismay and horror; the wonder-working bones of S. Wilhelmina were dug up and burned; Mayfreda and one Andrea Saramita expiated at the stake the long unregarded blasphemies of their mistress."—*Milman's Latin Christianity.*

CHAPTER IX.

PAVIA.

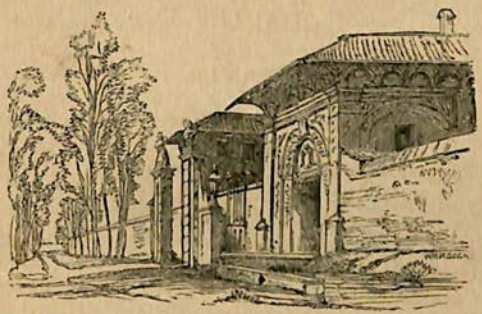
NO lover of art must leave Milan without making an excursion to the wonderful Certosa, and the curious old city of Pavia.

(The Croce Bianca at Pavia is a tolerable hotel, but both the Certosa and Pavia may be visited in a day from Milan. In the spring and summer months, the best way is to take the train which leaves Milan at 12.10 for the Certosa, proceeding to Pavia at 4.25, and returning to Milan at 8.50. Tickets to Pavia, 4.40; 3.20; 2.30.)

The fine church of Chiaravalle (right) is the only object of interest passed on the way to the Certosa.

The Certosa appears to be close to the station (of La Certosa), but it is nearly a mile to the entrance, as half the circuit of the wall of the convent garden has to be made. Carriages may generally be procured at the station. Ladies are now admitted to see everything here. The Certosa stands in the midst of the unvaried Lombard plain, whose marshy meadows, ever resounding from a chorus of frogs, produce several crops in the course of the year. Thick bands of willows and poplars, which follow the ditches and canals, shut out the view on every side. Here Gian-Galeazzo Visconti founded (Sept. 8, 1396) the most magnificent monastery in the world, as an offering of atonement for the blood of his uncle and father-in-law Bernabo Visconti and

his family, whom he had sent to be poisoned at the castle of Trezzo. Since the suppression of monasteries, only eight monks have been allowed to remain here, barely sufficient to take care of the monastic buildings, and to show them to visitors.



Gate of the Certosa, Pavia.

The convent gate is covered with fading frescoes, by Lumi, and is most picturesque. It forms the entrance to a large quadrangular court, on the opposite side of which rises the gorgeous western façade of the church, which is coated with marble, while the rest of the building is of brick. This façade, which bears an inscription dedicating it to "Mary the Virgin—mother, daughter, and bride of God," is covered with delicate arabesques, and small bas-reliefs of Scriptural subjects, often beautiful in themselves, but producing, in their general effect, more of richness than of grace. The principal bas-reliefs on the right relate to the foundation of the church, those on the left pourtray the funeral procession of Giovanni Galeazzo from Melagnano to the Certosa, on Nov. 9, 1443. The smaller reliefs relate to the lives of the

Virgin, St. John Baptist, S. Ambrose and S. Siro, and are described by Cicognara as, "oltre ogni credere degni d'admirazione."

"If we are content, as the Italians were, that the façade of the Certosa shall be only a frontispiece, suggesting rather than expressing the construction of the church behind it, this is certainly one of the most beautiful designs of the age. It was commenced in the year 1473, from designs prepared by Borgognone, a Milanese artist, whose works here show how much more essentially he was a painter than an architect. The façade consists of five compartments, divided vertically by buttresses of bold and appropriate form; the three central divisions representing the body of the church, with its aisles, the outer ones the side chapels of the nave. Horizontally it is crossed by two triforium galleries—if that name can be applied to them—one at the height of the roof of the aisles, the upper crowning the façade, and reproducing the gallery that was round the older church under the eaves of the great roof. All these features are therefore appropriate and well placed, and give relief with light and shade to the composition, to an extent seldom found in this age. The greatest defect of the design as an architectural object is the amount of minute and inappropriate ornament which is spread over the whole of the lower part of the façade, up to the first gallery.

The erection of the cupola on the intersection of the nave and transepts was commenced and carried on simultaneously with that of the façade, and is not only a very beautiful object in itself, but is interesting as being the only important example of a Renaissance copy of the sort of dome used by the Italians in the Mediæval period."—*Fergusson.*

The plan of the church is a Latin cross. The nave is divided from the transepts and chapels by rich bronze gates. The latter are still shown by a Carthusian monk in his picturesque white robes.

"I think it is hardly possible to scan or criticize the architecture of such a building as this; it is better to follow the guidance of the cicerone, and look at the pictures behind the many altars set round with precious stones, and enclosed within reredoses made of such an infinite variety of marbles, that, with some degree of envy, one thinks how precious such an array would be on this side the Alps, even if spread through fifty churches."—*Street's Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages.*

Making the round of the church, beginning from the right, we have :—

1*st Chapel. Procaccini.* S. Veronica. Here, and in most of the other chapels, the altar is a gorgeous specimen of pietra-dura work.

* 2*nd Chapel.* Madonna and Child, with two Cistercian saints (Antelmo, and Hygoni, Bishop of Lincoln), by *Macrino d'Alba.* The other compartments by *Borgognone.*

3*rd Chapel. Carlo Cornara,* 1668. S. Benedict seeing the assumption of his sister Scholastica in a vision

* 4*th Chapel. Borgognone.* A Crucifixion, with angels floating round the cross.

* 5*th Chapel. Borgognone.* S. Syrus, Patron and first Bishop of Pavia.

6*th Chapel. Guercino.* The Virgin, with SS. Peter and Paul.

7*th Chapel. Procaccini.* The Annunciation, with a beautiful modern predella of the flight into Egypt, with angels floating in the sunset, by *Galli da Milano.*

Here we enter the *South Transept.* At the end is a fresco, by *Borgognone,* in which Gian-Galeazzo Visconti, on his knees, presents the church to the Madonna; behind him kneels his son Filippo; his sons, Giovanni and Gabriele Maria, are on the opposite side. The beautiful stained glass window representing S. Gregory, is by an unknown master. The magnificent bronze candlesticks are by *Fontana.*

On the left is the grand tomb of the founder, Gian-Galeazzo Visconti, begun in 1490 from designs of *Galeazzo Pellegrini,* but not finished till 1562. The figure of Galeazzo, guarded by angels, lies under a canopy, surmounted by a statue of the Madonna. *Giov. della Porta* and *Giov. Cristoforo,* whose name appears on one of the architraves, were employed in the details of this monument. Strange to say, Galeazzo never benefited by his tomb. It was not finished till 60 years after his death, and during that time it had become forgotten where his bones were provisionally deposited!

Continuing, beyond the statue of S. Veronica, we come to a beautiful door decorated with portraits of Bianca Maria, the wife of Galeazzo, and her family, the Sforzas. Entering the sacristy, on the right of the high altar, we find the magnificent *Lavatoio dei Monaci,* sculptured in marble by *Alberto da Carrara;* over it is a bust said to represent Heinrich of Gmunden, the architect of the church: near it is a well. The beautiful stained glass here is by *Cristoforo de' Motis,* 1477. Opposite the Lavatoio is a beautiful fresco of the Virgin and Child, by *B. Luini.*

Hence we enter the *Choir,* approached, from the church between

splendid jasper columns. The tabernacle and altar screen are by *Francesco Brioschi.* The beautiful decorations to the right and left of the altar by *Stefano da Sesto:* in that on the right St. Peter is administering the Sacrament to the Virgin. The magnificent candelabra are by *Fontana.* The frescoes are by Crespi. The intarsiatura work of the stalls is by *Bartolomeo da Pola,* 1486.

Leaving the choir, we enter (right) the *Sagrestia Vecchia,* containing a wonderful ivory altar-piece, with sixty small reliefs and eighty statuettes. Here (left) is a fine picture of S. Augustine, by *Borgognone.* Re-entering the church, by a door adorned with medallion portraits of Galeazzo Sforza and the males of his family, we have, in the North transept, first a copy of the statue of Christ in the Minerva at Rome: then, the beautiful figures, by *Cristoforo Solari,* of Ludovico il Moro * and his wife, Beatrice d'Este, who died in child-birth, Jan. 2. 1497.

"The monument which contained these effigies was set up in the apse of S. Maria delle Grazie, whence it was removed to one of the side aisles, and finally, little more than a century after, was broken up and sold to the highest bidder; the sepulchral effigies were then purchased for the Certosa, by Oldrado da Lampugnano, for 38 scudi a-piece. They are most interesting as faithful portraits, and careful records of costume. The duchess wears a closely-fitting hood, and her hair is curled in small, elaborate ringlets, which fall upon her neck and about her heavy placid face. The lids of her closed eyes are fringed with thick lashes, sharply cut out in the marble, and her figure is completely enveloped in the folds of a rich dress covered with a corded net-work, decorated with jewels and tassels. Her arms are crossed and partially concealed under her robe, and upon her feet she wears shoes, with extremely thick soles. The figure of her husband, who is also dressed in the costume of his time, is worked out in an equally realistic spirit. While looking at these two statues it is interesting to remember, that the duke passed the night before his escape from Milan, on the approach of the army of King Louis XII., in watching by the tomb of his wife. She had been a support to him in previous hours of danger, and this was a last and touching proof of the attachment which he had always shown to her while living, by associating her name with his in all public acts and inscriptions, and by causing her portrait to be always painted with his own. Had she lived, he might perhaps have been spared the loss of his kingdom, and those eight weary years of captivity in the castle of Loches, which were closed by his death; but when he lost her he was left to follow the dictates of a fluctuating and uncertain will, and daring too much not to

* So called, not from his dark complexion, but because he adopted the mulberry-tree as his device.

have dared more, he committed a series of mistakes, which at last threw him into the power of his enemy. Although accused of some grave crimes, he was in many respects a model sovereign, and a distinguished patron of art and letters."—*Perkin's Italian Sculptors.*

At the end of the transept is a fresco of the Coronation of the Virgin, by *Borgognone*, and a picture of Christ in Judgment—but only with the good—by *Crespi*.

In the left aisle we have :—

1st Chapel. Morosini. Madonna del Rosario.

2nd Chapel. Borgognone. S. Ambrogio, with his brother S. Satiro, his sister S. Marcellina, and SS. Nazaro e Celso (in a curious costume with spurs).

6th Chapel. Perugino. God the Father encircled with cherubs. The Virgin and Child below, and The Guardian Angel, are *Copies of Perugino;* The Fathers of the Church are by *Borgognone.*

From the South transept the cloisters may be visited. The *Chiostro della Fontana* is entered by a beautiful marble door covered with delicate reliefs, by *Amadeo.* It is filled with flowers. The arches surrounding it are exquisite specimens of terra-cotta ornamentation, and so is the lavatory. They are left in their natural red colour, and, as the walls are white-washed, they have a very singular effect. The Refectory is entered from this cloister; it has frescoes of *Borgognone.* Another door leads to the *Great Cloister*, 412 feet long by 334 feet wide, now enclosing a corn-field. It is beautifully ornamented with terra-cotta, and is surrounded by the cells of the monks—pleasant little houses, with two rooms below and two above, and delightful little gardens, each with its flowers, its vines, its stone seats, and a well. Only three of these are now inhabited.

The *Sagrestia Nuova*, which is generally shown last (and where photographs of the buildings are sold by the monks),

contains an Assumption by *Bernardo Campi*, with saints on each side, by *A. Solari*. Over the door is an interesting picture, by *Bart. Montagna*, of the Virgin and Child, with S. John Baptist and S. Jerome.

"Brantôme raconte qu'après sa défaite, François 1er, pris prisonnier dans le parc de la chartreuse, se fit conduire à l'église pour y faire sa prière, et que là, le premier objet qui s'offrit à ses yeux fut cette inscription tirée d'un psaume : *Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me, ut discam justificationes tuas.* C'était une grande, une touchante leçon, que la religion seule pouvait donner au roi *qui avait tout perdu fors l'honneur.*"—*Valery.*

Through the rich plain we must now proceed to Pavia

Pavia, the ancient Ticinum, situated on the left bank of the Ticino, about 5 m. above its junction with the Po, was originally founded by the Celtic Lævi and Marsici. It was a considerable town under the Roman Empire, but was destroyed by Attila. Theodoric raised it from its ruins, and, under the name of Papia, it became the residence and capital of the Lombard Kings. It was then called by the name of Papia, which was probably revived from the original name of the Celtic town. In A. D. 774 Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, was besieged here by Charlemagne and forced to surrender. From this time Ticinus ("quæ alio nomine Papia appellatur" *) sank to the rank of an ordinary provincial town. In 924 it was stormed by the Hungarians under Berengarius; in 1004 it was destroyed by fire; in 1139 it was stormed by the Emperor Lothaire; in 1315 it fell into the hands of the Visconti. In 1524 it was unsuccessfully though repeatedly stormed by Francis I. of France with 20,000 men, and Francis I. and Henry II. of Navarre were made prisoners in the then vast zoological garden of Pavia which was near the Certosa. In revenge the French plundered the town in 1527.

Entering the town we follow the Contrada di Porta Marengo (now called Corso Cavour)—passing, on the right, an old palace with handsome terra-cotta ornamentation—till we reach (right) the Contrada S. Giuseppe, which leads to the Piazza del Duomo.

* Paulus Diaconus, ii. 15.

The Cathedral (dedicated to S. Siro, who was bishop of Pavia for 56 years in the 4th century, and whose effigy appears on the early coinage) is externally more picturesque than beautiful. It was begun in 1488, but is still unfinished. Among some earlier portions which are remains of an ancient Lombard basilica, the principal is a glorious old doorway between the campanile and the main building. The model of *Cristoforo Rocchi* for the construction of the present edifice is preserved in the church. On the left of the entrance is a pillar brought from some Roman building. On the left is a good picture, by *D. Crespi*, of the Virgin and Child, with S. Syrus and S. Anthony of Padua; on the right is the Adoration of the Magi, by *G. B. Crespi*.

But the great interest of the church is concentrated in the chapel on the right, which contains the famous *Arca di Sant' Agostino*, or Tomb of Augustine, which is attributed to various sculptors.

"It was probably made by Matteo and Bonino da Campione, the two most remarkable artists formed by Balduccio during his residence at Milan. Twelve years were employed and four thousand golden scudi spent in constructing it in the sacristy of San Pietro in Cielo d'Oro, whence it was removed to its present position in the duomo, when that building was demolished. It is enriched with bas-reliefs, statuettes, and architectural accessories in the pointed style, which form an *ensemble* of a most inspiring character. The effigy of the saint, covered with a winding-sheet held up at the corners and sides by six angels, lies upon a mortuary couch, seen through the arches which support its second story. The statuettes of the apostles are placed two by two in compartments around the basement story, separated from each other by pilasters, faced by statuettes of the Virtues. Above them smaller statuettes of saints and prophets stand against the pilasters of the second story, upon which rest consoles supporting seated figures of saints and martyrs. A row of pointed gables decorated with crochets and finials runs round the uppermost story, upon which is a series of bas-reliefs representing incidents in the life of S. Augustine, separated from each other by twenty statuettes.

The figures, which are very Pisan in style, have their surfaces highly polished, the borders of their robes carefully elaborated, and the pupils of their eyes painted black, according to a common custom of the time."—*Perkin's Italian Sculptors.*

"The 'Arca,' or shrine, of S. Augustine at Pavia, is attributed by the best critics to the brothers Jacobello and Pietro Paolo of Venice, and without a shadow of doubt belongs to the Sienese branch of the Pisan school. It is rather heavy perhaps, but not the less a most elaborate and beautiful piece of architectural sculpture. The sarcophagus, on which the effigy is laid down by angels, the canopy that overshadows it, the pillars that support the canopy, each and all are covered with bas-reliefs, delineating the life and miracles of the Saint, and interspersed with small statues of Apostles and Virtues ingeniously allegorized. These single figures struck me as superior to the bas-reliefs, though even in them there are many pleasing figures; the soft contemplative Sienese expression prevails throughout, and some of the figures have even grace and dignity. The Arca was begun in 1362."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

Proceeding northwards from the Cathedral, the Strada S. Rocco leads to (left)

S. Maria del Carmine, externally one of the most beautiful brick churches in Italy, built in 1373. It has a tall and most graceful campanile, and exquisite terra-cotta ornamentation round the doors and windows of the west front, where there is a fine rose-window. In the interior the brick pillars are left visible; upon them are remains of frescoes; one of S. Onofrio is very curious.

Beyond this church (right) is the modern *Palazzo Malaspina*, containing a small gallery of indifferent pictures, and some good engravings.

A little further, the street opens on a boulevard near two old churches—*S. Croce*, with a good brick campanile, and *S. Pietro in Cielo d'Oro* (desecrated), with a curious octangular cupola. It was celebrated for the important monuments which it contained, especially that of Boethius.

"Lo corpo ond'ella fu cacciata giace
Giuso in Cieldauro, ed essa da martiro
E da esilio venne a questa pace."—*Parad.* x. 127.

"Le tombeau de Luitprand, d'abord placé à l'église Saint Adrien, fut dans la suite porté à la basilique de Saint Pierre *in ciel d'auro:* il avait voulu par son testament être enterré aux pieds de Boëce, afin, disait-il, qu'en cessant de vivre, il ne parût point cesser de lui manquer son respect. Le cercueil de ce grand roi, rapporte un érudit pavesan, était soutenu par quatre petites colonnes de marbre ; au-dessus était sa statue en habits royaux. Le concile de Trente fit descendre le cercueil, parce qu'il avait décrété que la sépulture seule des saints pouvait s'élever au-dessus de terre. Les cendres de Luitprand furent déposées au pied d'un pilastre du chœur; l'ancienne épitaphe, qui rappelait sa religion, sa vaillance, la sagesse de ses lois, sa conquête de l'état romain, ses victoires en France sur les Sarrasins quand il accourut au secours de Charles-Martel, la prise de Ravenne, de Spolète, et de Bénévent, tous ces signes de gloire disparurent, et il ne resta sur cette tombe déchue que les mots: *ici sont les os du roi Luitprand*, simple inscription qui, elle-même, devait être un jour ignoblement enfouie sous des bottes de foin, et que je ne pus retrouver."—*Valery*.

Near these is the *Castello*, the old palace of the Visconti, built 1460—69, and once most richly decorated and filled with the treasures collected by Gian-Galeazzo. These were all carried off to France by Louis XII., and little now remains but the ancient walls with their picturesque towers at the angles and bold Guelfic machicolations. The interior is now a barrack.

Following the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, opposite the castle, we reach a monument erected to "Pavesi caduti per la patria, 1859—69."

Opposite this, are the buildings of the *University*, whose foundation is attributed to Charlemagne the Great in 774. It was greatly enriched in the 14th century by Gian-Galeazzo, who appointed Baldus professor of law. Little remains of the ancient buildings; the present edifice is chiefly

due to Maria Theresa in 1779, but in some of the courts are curious monuments of early professors, removed from desecrated churches.

On the north of the university buildings, the Via Tre Collegi leads to the

Church of S. Francesco, another beautiful brick church, well deserving of study, though modernized inside. Beyond it is the *Collegio Ghislieri*, with a bronze statue of Pius V. in the court in front of it.

From the west door of S. Francesco a street leads south, passing two very tall brick towers (there are two others a little to the left)—slightly leaning, and something like those of Bologna—to the

Church of S. Michele, founded before 661, when Unulfus took sanctuary there from King Grimoaldus. It is built of stone, finished with brick. The interior is very handsome, simple, and beautiful in colour. The cupola is eight-sided. In the tribune is a fresco of the Coronation of the Virgin.

"The earlier period of Lombard architecture is the more original. It may be seen in full development on the façade of S. Michele at Pavia—rude indeed to a degree, but full of fire and a living record of the daring race that created it. The archangel trampling down the dragon appears over the central door, S. George similarly victorious, and Jonah vomited by the whale, over those to the right and left; while in the jambs of the arches and in belts running along the walls, kindred subjects are sculptured in every direction and without the least apparent connection—dragons, griffins, eagles, snakes, sphinxes, centaurs—the whole mythological menagerie which our ancestors brought with them from their native Iran,—and these either fighting with each other or with Lombard warriors, or amicably interlaced with human figures, male and female, or grinning and ready to fly at you from the grey walls—interspersed with warriors breaking in horses or following the hounds, minstrels, and even tumblers, or at least, figures standing on their heads; in short, the strong impress everywhere meets you of a wild and bold equestrian nation, glorying in war, delighting in horses and

the chace, falconry, music and gymnastics—ever in motion, never sitting still—credulous, too, of old wives' stories, and tenacious of whatever of marvellous and strange had arrested their fancy during their long pilgrimage from the East,—for zodiacs from Chaldæa, and emblems of the stirring mythology of Scandinavia, constantly alternate, in these and similar productions, with the delineation of those pastimes and pursuits which their peculiar habits induced them to reiterate with such zest and frequency. They are rude, most rude,—I plead only that they are life-like, and speak with a tongue which those who love the Runic rhyme and the traditions of the North, and feel kindred blood warm in their veins, will understand and give ear to."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

Turning south from S. Michele we reach the picturesque covered bridge, with a hundred little granite columns supporting the roof, built by Gian-Galeazzo over the Ticino.

At Pavia.

The bridge is of brick with stone quoins. The waters of the Ticinus are celebrated by the Latin poets for their clearness and beauty :—

"fœcundis humida ripis
Colla levat pulcher Ticinus."
Claud. VI. Cons. Hon. 194.

"Cæruleas Ticinus aquas, et stagna vadoso
Perspicuus servat turbari nescia fundo,

Ac nitidum viridi lenta trahit amne liquorem.
Vix credas labi: ripis tam mitis opacis,
Argutos inter volucrum certamina cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham."
Sil. Ital. iv. 83.*

There are pleasant views both of Alps and Apennines from the ramparts of Pavia.

* It was on the banks of the Ticinus that the first action took place (A.C. 218) between Hannibal and the Romans, but the exact point of their meeting is unknown.

CHAPTER X.

MONZA AND COMO.

(Monza may be visited on the way to Como, but the trains are not always convenient, being at long intervals, and travellers must remember that the usual Como trains do not set down passengers at Monza, but only those on the Milano—Lecco line. Those who spend a few days at Milan may, therefore, find it more convenient to make Monza an afternoon's excursion from thence, taking the 1.20 train to Monza, and coming back by one of the return carriages which may generally be obtained at Monza for 2 or 3 frs.

Inns. Falcone; Castello,—indifferent. 1½ hour suffices for seeing all the curiosities of Monza.)

MONZA, as the ancient Modoetia, was the residence of the Lombard kings, and thus of the famous Queen Theodolinda, to whom the interest of the place is chiefly due. Daughter of Garibald, King of Bavaria, she was married, in 589, to Autharis, King of the Lombards, who so romantically won her affections, disguised as a follower in the suite of the ambassador he sent to ask for her hand, that when, from political motives, the marriage was afterwards broken off, she fled from her country to join him at Verona, where the wedding was celebrated with great pomp. As the wife of Autharis, Theodolinda so gained the esteem of the Lombard people, that upon his death six years after, by poison, in the palace of Pavia, they offered her the crown, and promised to acknowledge as King whomsoever she should choose as her husband. She selected

Agilulf, Duke of Turin, whom she converted from paganism, and dissuaded from an intended attack upon Rome, thus securing the gratitude of the pope, and lasting fame for herself.

"The very existence of Monza in earlier times may be doubted. At all events, it could have been a place of no moment whatever till it attracted the discerning eye of the great Goth. Theodoric, not indeed a King of Italy, but a King reigning in Italy, was the fitting founder of the future home of the Italian crown. The Lombard Paul tells us how he built himself a palace at Modicia—seemingly the eldest of the many spellings of the name—on account of the healthiness of the air in a spot so near to the Alps. One almost wonders that the spot was not lighted on in the age when Milan was the dwelling-place of the Emperors; but, as far as we know, Theodoric was the first to make the spot, if not a dwelling-place of man, at any rate, a dwelling-place of Kings. But the glory of the Goth shone only for a moment; the continuous history of Monza begins with the more lasting dominion of the Lombard. At Monza, as elsewhere, the name of the Arian was wiped out, and local devotion gathers round the second foundress, the famous Queen Theodolinda. The local chronicle records indeed the earlier work of Theodoric, but the legend which that chronicle preserves, which represents the Queen as converting her husband Agilulf from the worship of idols, evidently looked upon Monza as a site which before her time stood desolate. She vows to build a church—an *Oraculum*—to St. John the Baptist, and a miraculous voice causes her to build it on a spot where there was only a great tree; and as the voice said 'Modo,' and the Queen answered 'Etiam,' the name of the place was called *Modoetia*. And when we remember how Theodoric is dealt with by the sculptor's art in the great minster of his own Verona, we can hardly wonder that he should be forgotten in his own Monza. Theodolinda stands by herself. When we read of the Bavarian Princess as 'filia Garibaldi,' the name seems to carry us from the earliest age of strictly Italian history to the latest; and her two romantic marriages, allowed as she was to carry the Lombard Kingdom as her dower, her missionary zeal for the Orthodox faith, her friendship with the great Gregory—if these things really do not put her on a level with her Gothic predecessor, they may at least have easily made her more dazzling in local eyes. She built the palace of whose painted ornaments the Deacon Paul gives so vivid a picture; how in his day could still be seen what manner of men the Lombards were in her day, and how, among other points of costumes and manners, they wore inner

garments, loose and of various colours, 'qualia Angli Saxones habere solent.' She too founded the great church of Monza, the Basilica or *Oraculum* of St. John, which we would gladly see in such sort as the famous Queen left it; not an episcopal church, but only a chapter of secular canons. The fame of its foundress and the riches of its treasury put it almost on a level with churches of higher rank, and the chief of its canons, the arch-presbyter, bore, like our united abbots, the episcopal insignia, and asserted, at least in theory, his right to perform the most dazzling of episcopal functions."—*Freeman.*

Emerging from the station, and turning to the right, we pass (right) the *Church of S. Maria in Istrada* with a beautiful Gothic front in terra-cotta.

A little beyond (right) is the *Cathedral of S. John Baptist*, founded by Theodolinda in 595, who employed the "Magistri Comacini" to build it, in memory of the conversion of her husband Agilulf. It was enlarged in the 14th century, under Matheus de Campione. The front is inlaid with black marble and very rich, but not effective. In the centre is a porch resting on serpentine columns with lions, and surmounted by a gilt figure of the Baptist. Over the door is a very interesting relief of the Baptism of our Lord, erected by Theodolinda.

"The Holy Spirit is represented in the likeness of a dove, holding a vase in its mouth, from which water descends upon the head of our Lord, whose garments are held by an angel, while near Him stand the Virgin, S. John, S. Peter, and S. Paul. Queen Theodolinda appears above in the act of offering a gemmed crown to S. John Baptist, with her daughter Gundiberga, her husband Agilulf, and her son Adaloaldo beside her; the latter holding a dove in his hand, emblematic of his extreme youth. The crowns, crosses, vases, &c. which she gave to the Basilica, are introduced."—*Perkin's Tuscan Sculptors.*

The great brick campanile was added by *Pellegrini* in 1606. The interior is quite spoilt by the paint with which it is overladen. It contains :—

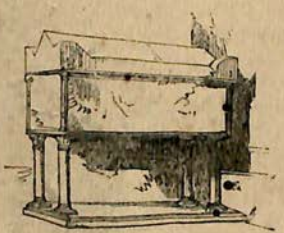
Right Transept. *Ambrogiano da Brescia*, an interesting Crucifixion; the cross is represented as a tree. On the right wall is a very curious relief of the coronation of Otho III. in this cathedral, the vessels given by Theodolinda are represented upon the altar; the six electors present have their names inscribed, the Count of Saxony holds the sword of state

Right of Choir. *Cappella del Santo Chiodo.* Over the altar is preserved the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy, said to have been given to Theodolinda, by Gregory the Great, containing the rim of iron inside a circle of gold and jewels, which is supposed to have been beaten out of one of the nails used at the crucifixion. It is only exhibited on the 1st Sunday in September. A representation of it is given on the tablets which commemorate the coronations of Napoleon I., 1805, and Ferdinand I., 1838. Henry VII. of Luxemburg was crowned with the iron crown, but at Milan, in 1311. Frederick Barbarossa was amongst those who were crowned here. Napoleon I. placed it on his own head with the words "Dieu me l'a donné, gare à qui la touche." Now Monza is neglected, but it is the Rheims of Italy, and king and archbishop would do well to come hither for the coronations.

Right of High Altar. *C. Procaccini.* S. Joseph. On the rails of the choir may be seen the arms of Theodolinda, a hen, and seven chickens for her seven provinces. The silver gilt *Paliotto* of the high altar, adorned with reliefs from the life of the Baptist, was given by Berengarius in the 9th century

Left of High Altar. *Bern. Luini.* S. Gherardo—a very beautiful figure.

Chapel left of Choir. *Troso da Monza* (14th century). The History of Queen Theodolinda—the vision which urged her to build the church at Monza - greatly injured.



Tomb of Queen Theodolinda.

Left Transept. Tomb of Theodolinda—a sarcophagus resting on four

pillars. Here is the entrance to the *Sacristy*, which contains the gifts made by Theodolinda to the church and other relics of her—her crown; her fan of painted leather; her comb of gold filigree and emeralds; her silver gilt hen and chickens; her cup, said to be formed from a sapphire, but of very fine glass, and, above all, the precious Gospel book and cross given to her by Gregory the Great upon the baptism of her eldest son Aldoald, in a letter which contains the last words which he wrote before his death, March 12, 604. Other relics here are the Sacramentary of King Berengarius, and the Cross used at the coronations, and hung round the neck of the sovereign.

Left Aisle. The 1st Chapel contains the Baptistery, by *Pellegrini;* and, *Guercino*, The Visitation.

Close by is the very picturesque Gothic *Broletto* (Town-hall), and dating from the 13th century. It is raised upon open arches of stone, two at each end and five at the sides, with a canopied balcony projecting on brackets in the centre of the gabled front.

Beyond the town, approached by avenues of trees, is the *Villa Reale* built by *Piermarini*, 1777. It contains nothing worthy of observation, but is an occasional residence of Victor Emmanuel. The so-called "English Park" has nothing English about it.

(It is 1½ hour from Milan to Camerlata (5 frs. 45 c.; 4 frs.; 2 frs. 85 c.), which is the station for Como, about 1 mile distant. Here omnibuses set travellers down wherever they like (50 c.), and carriages await the trains.

The sights of Como are the Cathedral, Broletto, and Church of S. Fedele, all close together, and near the harbour, so that they may be visited in an hour, but the place is pleasant, the hotel excellent, and those who stay longer may employ their time agreeably. It is also well to sleep at Como and take the early boat up the lake.

Inns. Hotel Volta, in the piazza on the lake, quite first-rate. *Italia*, opposite.)

Pleasant avenues of trees skirt the descent from Camerlata to Como. On the hill upon the left rises the old tower

called *Castello Baradello*, frequently inhabited by Frederick Barbarossa. Como is approached by a long suburb, but retains its old walls and gates.

The *Cathedral*, begun in 1396 and finished in 1528, is built entirely of marble, and is one of the finest churches in North Italy. The façade is of later date than the rest of the building, and was entirely erected in the latter half of the fifteenth century, under *Lucchino da Milano*, an architect who chose the transition style, the greater part of his work being pointed, but having three rich round Lombardic portals, with reliefs of the Nativity, the Coming of the Magi, and the Circumcision. Above the principal door is the Virgin and Child, with the native saints, Abbondio, Protus, Hyacinth, &c.; then—on each side of the beautiful rose-window—the Annunciation. At the sides of the central door, in beautiful Renaissance niches, by *Tommaso* and *Jacopo Rodari*, 1498, are statues of the two Plinys. Below that of the elder Pliny is a relief of the Eruption of Vesuvius. The younger Pliny was born at Como. Reaching the whole height of the façade are four chains of saints. Some of the figures are very beautiful, especially a bishop on the first pillar on the right, a pope on the second, and S. Antonio on the third.

The *South Porch* (right) by the two *Rodari*, of 1491, is very rich and beautiful. The relief represents the Flight into Egypt. The *North Porch*, also by the *Rodari*, and inscribed with their names, has a relief of the Salutation; at the sides are SS. Peter, Paul, Protus, and Hyacinth. In the frieze above are the prophets. The sculpture of this door has been thought worthy of the most enthusiastic praise by Lübke and other authorities. The *Interior* is

very beautiful and simple in its proportions. The eight sided cupola was added by *Juvara* in 1750. The Holy Water basons rest on ancient marble lions.

Right. Tommaso Rodari (the great sculptor of Como), 1457. Madonna between S. Peter and S. Catherine; below, the Baptist, between S. Protus and S. Hyacinth.

The monument erected by the citizens to the Cardinal Bishop Tolomeo Gallio, 1860—"angelo di luce, apostolo di caritá pel povero."

On either side of some 14th-century reliefs of the Passion, are pictures of SS. Sebastian and Christopher, by *Luini.*

The *South Door.* Above—Christ between the Virgin and S. John.

The Tomb of Bishop Rodigadinus, 1350, with his statue and reliefs. Above this, the black sarcophagus of Giov. Paolo Turrio.

The *Altar of S. Abbondio,* a rich work in wood, gilt. At the sides, *Gaudenzio Ferrari,* Scene on the Flight into Egypt; *Bern. Luini,* The Adoration of the Kings. Then—*Luini,* Madonna with saints and angels, and a predella, in the centre of which is a beautiful figure of the Baptist.

The *Transepts* are adorned with admirable figures of saints, of c. 1525. Lübke describes the statue of S. Sebastian as "beautifully animated, somewhat like a painting of the Venetian School."

The Apostles in the *Choir* are modern works of *Pompeo Marchesi.*

Left Aisle (returning). Sarcophagus and bust of Zanino Cigalino.

Marble group of the Lamentation over the dead Christ.

Marchesi, S. Joseph. On the right, *Luini,* the Nativity; on the left, *Gaudenzio Ferrari,* the Marriage of the Virgin.

A curious sarcophagus adorned with three fishes, a mitre, pastoral staff, and the lamb with the cross. Above this, the black tomb of Benedictus Jovius, the historian of Charles V., 1544.

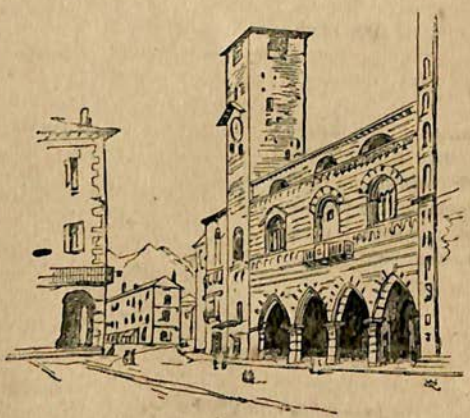
Beyond the *South Door,* busts of Innocent XI. (Odescalchi of Como) and Bishop Carolo Rovelli, on either side of some reliefs by the *Rodari.*

A fresco of the Madonna, with SS. Peter and Paul; and a marble temple as a Baptistery, probably by Bramante.

Joining the cathedral, is the most picturesque *Broletto* (Town-hall) of 1215, built in courses of white, black, and red marble. It is vaulted throughout beneath with heavy octangular pillars.

"At Como Church and State must have been on friendly terms. The

home of the commonwealth joins hard to the synagogue; the *ducmo* and the *broletto* make up a single range. The secular building is the more pleasing of the two. The tower is plain, one might say, rude; but the body of the building belongs to that momentary stage, early in the thirteenth century, when the use of the pointed arch was just beginning to creep into the Italian Romanesque, but when the distinguishing faults of the Italian Gothic had not yet begun to shew themselves. The massive arcades have the arches slightly pointed; but there is no other departure from the true national forms of Italy; the grouped windows alone are round. In the west front of the Cathedral all the faults of the sham Gothic of Italy come out. The front itself is a sham, the doors and windows are there, because doors and windows are things which no building can do without; but, as usual in the Italian Gothic, they are simply cut through the wall, not worked into the design, as either in the Italian Romanesque, or in the Northern Gothic."—*Freeman.*



Broletto, Como.

Behind the cathedral is the handsome modern *Theatre*, by *Cufi*, 1813.

In the Corso Vittoria, the street parallel with the west front of the cathedral, is (right) the old Lombard *Church of*

S. Fedele, which is exceedingly curious. It was used as the cathedral, before the present one was built.

In the Borgo S. Annunziata, 1 m. from the town, is the interesting *Church of S. Abbondio*, of the 11th century. It was originally dedicated to S. Carpofero, first Bishop of Como, but, after the burial within it of the second Bishop, S. Abbondio, it was called by his name.

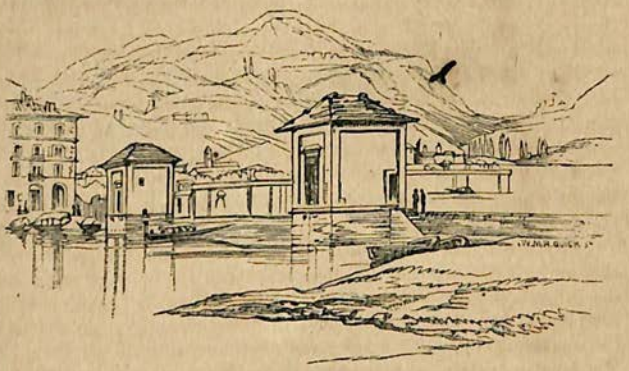
"The eye is at once caught by the admirable grouping of its east end, a grouping German rather than Italian, an apse of extraordinary height and richness rising between two tall campaniles of the type which Germany borrowed from Italy. But the great height of all this part of the church, quite unlike the wide, spreading apse so common both in Germany and Italy, and without the open gallery usual in both countries, gives S. Abbondio a character of its own, and one which contrasts a good deal with the rest of the building, where, in the outside view, width is the prevailing dimension. Double aisles, unmasked in any way, with a double clerestory, form a body as stately in its own way as the eastern part, and in the side aisles height strongly predominates. Of the four ranges of pillars, the central pair are tall columnar pieces of masonry, something like those of Gloucester and Tewkesbury, but with a more distinct cushion capital. The southern range are tall monolith columns, lofty beyond any classical proportion, also with cushion capitals. An English eye of course misses the triforium or its equivalent of some kind between the arcade and the clerestory, but the whole interior is of singular dignity. The western gallery within, the signs of a western portico, destroyed or never added without, are points to be noticed; indeed, the church would well deserve a monograph. As to its present state, it has either been singularly fortunate in having escaped the destroying hands of Popes and Jesuits, or else it has been restored in a singularly conservative fashion."—*Freeman.*

In the same suburb is the gaudy modern *Church of Il Crocefisso.*

The *Lyceum* is adorned with busts of all the illustrious natives of Como, including the popes Innocent XI. (Odescalchi) and Clement XIII. (Rezzonico).

A few years ago the little *Port* of Como, crowded with boats

and guarded by twin chapels, was most picturesque. This has now been filled up, and turned into a common-place piazza with a fountain, in honour of the experimental philosopher Volta, ob. 1826—a native of the town.



Como. (1866.)

Those who stay long enough at Como, will ramble along the mule road which overhangs the eastern shore of the lake, so often revisited by Dr. Arnold, and will be glad to read the following extracts on the spot.

"July 25, 1825. We are on a mule track that goes from Como along the eastern shore of the lake, and as the mountains go sheer down into the water, the mule track is obliged to be cut out of their sides, like a terrace, half way between their summits and their feet. They are covered with wood, all chestnut, from top to bottom, except where patches have been found level enough for houses to stand on, and vines to grow; but just where we are it is quite lovely; I look up to the blue sky, and down to the blue lake, the one just above me, the other just below me, and see both through the thick branches of the chestnuts. Seventeen or eighteen vessels, with their white sails, are enlivening the lake, and about half a mile on my right, the rock is too steep for anything to grow on it, and goes down a bare cliff. A little beyond, I see some

terraces and vines, and bright white houses, and further still, there is a little low point, running out into the lake, which just affords room for a village, close on the water's edge, and a white church tower rising in the midst of it. The opposite shore is just the same, villages and mountains, and trees and vines, all one perfect loveliness.

"May 19, 1827. I am seated nearly in the same spot as in 1825. And now, seated under its chestnut woods, and looking down upon the clear water of the lake, it appears as beautiful as ever. Again I see the white sails specking it, and the cliff running down sheer into it, and the village of Tomo running out into it on its little peninsula, and Blevio nearer to me, and the houses sometimes lining the water's edge, and sometimes clustering up amidst the chestnuts. I feel to be viewing the inexpressible beauty of these lakes for the last time. And I am fully satisfied; for their images will remain for ever in my memory, and one has something else to do in life than to be for ever running about after objects to delight the eye or intellect.

"July 25, 1830. For the third time seated under these delicious chestnuts, and above this delicious lake, with the blue sky above, and the green lake beneath, and Monte Rosa and the S. Gothard and the Simplon rearing their snowy heads in the distance. I see no change in the scenery since I was last here, and I feel very little, if any, in myself. Yet for me, 'summer is now ebbing.' . . . It is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil; it seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty, for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than in anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God!"

Como is the best point from which to reach *Monte Generoso.* The diligence from Como and Camerlata to Capolago, on the Lago Lugano, passes through (in about two hours) *Mendrisio* at the foot of the mountains, whence it is an ascent of about 2½ hours to the inn. The air is delicious, and the wild flowers in the woods are most beautiful; indeed, in rare plants, Monte Generoso is probably the richest mountain in the whole Alpine chain. The *Hotel du Monte Generoso* is excellent for a mountain inn, and most beautifully

situated; travellers are received *en pension.* The view is glorious.

"The plain stretching up to the high horizon, where a misty range of pink cirrus-clouds alone mark the line where earth ends and the sky begins, is islanded with cities and villages innumerable, basking in the hazy shimmering heat. Milan, seen through a telescope, displays its Duomo perfect as a microscopic shell, with all its exquisite fretwork, and Napoleon's arch of triumph, surmounted by the four tiny horses, as in a fairy's dream. Far off, long silver lines mark the lazy course of Po and Ticino, while little lakes like Varese and the lower end of Maggiore spread themselves out, connecting the mountains with the plain."—*J. A. Symonds.*

It is only a few minutes' walk from the hotel to the edge of the precipice, which abruptly overhangs the Lake of Lugano, and an easy path leads, in about half-an-hour, to the summit of the mountain, which has a magnificent view over the lakes of Lugano, Varese, Como, and Maggiore.

There is a diligence daily (3 hours) from Como to Lecco, by *Erba* and *Incino*, passing through *the Brianza*, the richest district in Lombardy. There is also a diligence (3 frs.) to *Canzo* in the Brianza, from the station of Seregno, half-way between Monza and Camerlata.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ITALIAN LAKES.

(A portion of the beautiful group known as "the Italian Lakes," is really in Switzerland, but as their position south of the Alps, and their thoroughly Italian character, makes them part of almost every Italian tour, no work on Italy can be complete which fails to include the whole of them. The entire Lake of Como, and a considerable district to the north of it, including Chiavenna, are in Italy. The Swiss frontier makes a sudden bend southwards to the west of Como and embraces nearly the whole of the Lake of Lugano and the extreme north of the Lago Maggiore. The Lakes of Varese and Orta, Varallo, and Domo d' Ossola, are in Italy.*

The best positions for remaining some time upon the lakes are Bellaggio or Cadenabbia on the Lago di Como, and Baveno or Stresa on the Lago Maggiore. At all these places are first-rate hotels, where travellers are received *en pension* and may make themselves exceedingly comfortable. There is English Church-Service throughout the season at Bellaggio, Lugano, and Stresa.

The usual *Tour* of the Italian Lakes is made in the following order. Ascending the Lake of Como to Bellaggio, cross thence by steamer to Menaggio, whence by omnibus to Porlezza on the Lago Lugano. By steamer from Porlezza to Lugano, whence most travellers take a carriage to Luino on the eastern shore of the Lago Maggiore, and thence proceed by steamer to Baveno or Stresa, visiting the Isola Bella on the way. A more complete tour may be made by taking the steamer at 2.30 from Lugano to Porto, and proceeding thence to Varese, whence the Sacro Monte may be visited. (If Varallo be seen, omit the Sacro

* For some inexplicable reason, not only the generally so-called district of the Italian lakes, but Orta and Varallo, are unnoticed in Murray's so-called Hand-book of Northern Italy, which gives the impression they are in Switzerland. There are capital short notices of them in Bædeker.

Monte.) From Varese one may proceed by omnibus or carriage to Laveno on the Lago Maggiore, and thence by steamer to Stresa, Baveno, and the Isola Bella, returning to Arona. From either Pallanza or Arona a detour may be made to the lovely lake of Orta (*well* worth while), and further, to Varallo. Travellers may return to Milan by rail from Orta or from Arona. In *all* cases heavy luggage should be left at a hotel at Milan, as it will be found a terrible encumbrance in travelling upon the lakes, especially in landing and embarking.

In a leisurely *tour* of the lakes, the travellers will sleep at, 1. Como or Villa d' Este; 2. Bellaggio; 3. Lugano; 4. Varese; 5. Baveno; 6. Orta; 7. Arona. In the quick three days' tour of the lakes alone, travellers will sleep at Bellaggio and Baveno.)

TRAVELLERS who pass straight through Como without sleeping, should take a carriage from Camerlata to the steamer, which will allow time for a hurried visit to the cathedral and Broletto before embarking. The views from the harbour, of the still reaches of water girdled by wooded hills fringed with villas, are most charming.

(The steamer runs three times daily up the lake to Colico, 3½ hrs. Fares, I. 4 frs.; II. 2 frs. 10 c. There are only piers at Cadenabbia, Bellaggio, and Menaggio. At the other stations travellers have to land in a rowing-boat, for which coupons of the steam-boat tickets are given, but the boatmen expect two or three soldi of buono-mano. Those who embark at the intermediate stations must be sure to provide themselves with a ticket on the pier, before entering the steamer, to show that they have done so, or they may be obliged to pay the whole fare from Como.

A *Rowing-boat* (barca) throughout the lake generally costs 1½ fr. to each rower for the first hour, and 1 fr. for every hr. afterwards. One rower is sufficient. A boat from Bellaggio to Cadenabbia and back, or from Bellaggio to Varenna and back, with two rowers, costs 4 frs.)

The *Lake of Como* was the Lacus Larius of the Romans. Its size is extolled by Virgil:—

"Anne lacus tantos? Te, Lari maxime—"

Georg. ii. 159.

It is 30 miles in length, and its greatest width (from Men-

aggio to Varenna) is 2½ miles. The hills which gird it are seldom of very fine forms, but are beautiful from the rich forests which clothe them, while the small space left between the hills and the water is a perpetual garden of the loveliest shrubs and flowers.

The charms of a voyage up the lake are described by Claudian :—

> "Protinus umbrosâ quâ vestit littus olivâ
> Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu,
> Parvâ puppe lacum prætervolat, ocius inde
> Scandit inaccessos brumali sidere montes."

Immediately upon leaving Como we seem to glide through a perfect avenue of villas. Among those on the left bank are the *Villa Battaglia*, inhabited by Napoleon I. in 1797, the *Villa Odescalchi*, and the red *Villa Rattazzi*, then :—

Left, Cernobbio. The station for the *Villa d'Este*, a large hotel, beautifully situated, joining the gardens of the villa built by Cardinal Gallio in 1568, and inhabited in 1815 by Queen Caroline, the unhappy wife of George IV. of England. It has charming green walks and grottoes, close under the mountain.

Left, Villa Pizzo, which belonged to the Archduke Rainer, ob. 1853, with a promontory of cypresses rising from masses of banksia-roses and westeria.

Right, Villa Taglioni, once the property of the famous dancer; and, beyond the little town of *Blevio*, *Villa Pasta*, the home of the celebrated singer, ob. 1865.

Left, Villa Taverna.

Right, Villa Pliniana, with a spring mentioned by Pliny, which daily changes its level.

Right, Nesso, a village in a little bay, with a picturesque ravine, bridge, and waterfall.

Left, Brienno; here, on turning the promontory, is the first view of the snowy Alps.

Left, Sala. Close to this is the only island on the lake, the *Isola Comaccina* or *S. Giovanni*, celebrated as a refuge in the mediæval wars.

"The name of Comacine was derived from a body of Italian architects who built for the Lombards, and who kept alive those art-traditions, well-nigh smothered under the overwhelming weight of misfortune which pressed upon the peninsula in every shape after the invasion of those barbarians. For twenty years after Alboinus and his followers overran the plains of Lombardy, the Isoletta Comacina, which held out against their power under Francione, an imperial partisan, contained numbers of fugitives from all parts of Italy, amongst whom were many skilled artisans known as the Maestri Comacini, a name afterwards changed into that of 'Casari' or 'Casarii,'—builders of houses. After they had submitted to the invaders, their college or guild was favoured by the Lombard kings; its members were affranchised, made citizens, and allowed certain important privileges, such as that of making contracts, which were not however conceded to their assistants."—*Perkin's Italian Sculptors.*

Left, Campo. Here the beautiful promontory of *Lavedo* breaks the lines of the lake; on its extremity is the *Villa Balbianello*, with a colonnade.

Left, Tremezzo. Then the *Villa Carlotta*, or *Sommariva*, with balustraded terraces and gardens of roses. It was purchased in 1843 for the Princess Albrecht of Prussia, from whose daughter Charlotte, ob. 1855, it received its present name. It is now the property of her husband, Prince George of Saxe Meiningen. The Interior (1 fr.) is shown, and contains a frieze representing the Triumph of Alexander, executed for Count Sommariva by *Thorwaldsen*. In the same hall are several statues by *Canova*, in the Billiard-room

a small frieze by *Thorwaldsen.* In the Garden-Saloon is Napoleon as Consul by *Lazzarini.*

Close to the villa (*left*), is *Cadenabbia* (Cà di navia). *Inn. Hotel Bellevue*, charmingly situated, with a long terrace on the lake. There is a good view from the *Madonna di San Martino* on the rock behind the town, but the views from this place are inferior to those from Bellaggio, which is itself the most conspicuous feature from hence, and not a beautiful one.

(Travellers for Lecco change steamers at Cadenabbia. The Lecco arm of the lake is of a more savage character than the rest, and its sides are much more abrupt. The steamer runs three times a week, sometimes oftener. *Lecco* (*Inns. Albergo d'Italia, Croce di Malta*) is described in the Promessi Sposi of Manzoni. It is hardly deserving of a separate visit, though it may be the object of an excursion for those who stay long at Bellaggio.)

Right, Bellaggio, on the promontory between the Lecco and Como arms of the lake.

(*Inns. Hotel de la Grande Bretagne*, an immense building, but quite one of the best hotels in Italy, admirably managed and with large gardens. More delightful, however, is the *succursale* of this hotel, the former *Villa Serbelloni*, situated high upon the hill-side, in the lovely grounds which give Bellaggio its principal charm. Pension at both these, for not less than eight days, is 12 frs., everything included. No more charming residence can be found for a week than the Villa Serbelloni: rooms with a view should of course be insisted upon.

The *Hotel Genazzini*, close to the lake, is also excellent, and has a little terrace upon the water, half-smothered in roses. The new *Grand Hotel* at the landing-place is comfortable, but very inferior in its attractions.

Those who stay at the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne should always remember to ask the landlord for a medal of free admittance to his grounds of the Villa Serbelloni, otherwise they will either be charged 1 fr. or be turned back after a hot walk up the hill.

Carriages are enormously dear at Bellaggio.)

Bellaggio is altogether one of the most charming places in

Italy, for those who are content to be quiet for a time. But after having visited the Villa Serbelloni, and enjoyed its lovely terraces, there is not much to be seen. The *Villa Melzi*, the property of the King of the Belgians, near the lake, has a pleasant garden. Behind it is an avenue of cypresses and an old campanile, which artists will probably sketch. Excursions may be made to Varenna, Villa Carlotta, &c. The view from the windows of the Villa Serbelloni will be recalled by the lines :—

"Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty are the mountains there,
Softly sublime—profusely fair,
Up to their summits clothed in green
And fruitful as the vales between,
They lightly rise,
And scale the skies,
And groves and gardens still abound ;
For where no shoot
Could else take root
The peaks are shelved, and terraced round.
Earthward appears in mingled growth
The mulberry and maize, above
The trellis'd vine extends to both
The leafy shade they love.
Looks out the white-wall'd cottage here,
The lowly chapel rises near ;
Far down the foot must roam to reach
The lovely lake and bending beach ;
While chestnut green and olive gray
Chequer the steep and winding way."—*Henry Taylor.*

Right, beyond the entrance to the Lake of Lecco, *Varenna* (*Inn. Albergo Reale*—good), beautifully situated. In the hill above are the ruins of the *Torre del Vezio*. Some of the gardens are lovely, and the dark spires of the cypresses stand out gloriously against the shining water.

The upper part of the Lake of Como is of less interest.

Above *Musso* (left) is the castle of the Count of that name, who, after the battle of Pavia, 1525, established an independent principality which embraced the whole Lake of Como. On the left are *Dongo* and the large village of *Gravedona*. Those who are interested in ecclesiastical antiquities should not fail to make an excursion to the latter place. It has a basilica dedicated to *S. Vincenzo*, which contains in its sacristy a most glorious 15th-century processional cross of silver inlaid with gems, a beautiful chalice, and other precious ornaments of the same date. Close by, beautifully situated, is a very curious ancient *Baptistery*, built of alternate courses of white marble and black limestone. It is only 40 ft in length, and retains its ancient frescoes in the interior. A large villa here was built by Cardinal Gallio.

Colico (*Inn. Albergo Piazza Garibaldi*—very indifferent) is in the low land at the head of the lake. From hence there are diligences to *Chiavenna* (*Inn. Hotel Conradi*, excellent), the ancient *Clavenna*,—from its being the key of the Alpine passes—most beautifully situated, with picturesque campaniles and an old castle of the De Salis family. The beer of Chiavenna is delicious, and justly celebrated. Here the ascent of the Splugen begins, through beautiful vineyards and chestnut forests. The Swiss frontier is entered after passing the thoroughly Italian village of Campo Dolcino.

Those who do not purpose crossing the Splugen, may make a most pleasant excursion from Bellaggio or Menaggio by sleeping one night at Chiavenna, and it is well worth while, for the sake of the lovely chestnut forests, which are more beautiful than anywhere else in Italy.

"Chiavenna is certainly amongst the most extraordinary places I ever

beheld. Its situation resembles that of Aosta and Bellinzona, and I think, if possible, it surpasses them both. The mountains by which it is enclosed are formed of that hard dark rock which is so predominant in the lower parts of the Alps on the Italian side, and which gives them so decided a character. Above Chiavenna their height is unusually great, and their magnificence, both in the ruggedness of their forms and the steepness of their cliffs, as in the gigantic size of the fragments which they have thrown down into the valley, and in the luxuriance of their chestnut woods, is of the very highest degree. The effect, too, is greater, because the valley is so much narrower than that of the Ticino at Bellinzona, or of the Dorea Baltea at Aosta; in fact the stream is rather a torrent than a river, but full and impetuous, and surprisingly clear, although the snowy Alps from which it takes its source rise at very little distance; but their substance apparently is harder than that of the Alps about Mont Blanc, and the torrents therefore are far purer than the Dorea or the Arve. In the very midst of the town of Chiavenna, now covered with terrace walls and vineyards to its very summit, stands an enormous fragment of rock, once detached from the neighbouring mountains, and rising to the height, I suppose, of seventy or eighty feet. It was formerly occupied by a fortress built on its top by the Spaniards, in their wars in the north of Italy; but it all looks quiet and peaceful now. . . . It is impossible to picture anything more beautiful than a scramble about these mountains. You are in a wood of the most magnificent trees, shaded from the sun, yet not treading on mouldering leaves or damp earth, but on a carpet of the freshest spring turf, rich with all sorts of flowers. You have the softness of an upland meadow and the richness of an English park, yet you are in the midst of masses of rock, now rearing their steep sides in bare cliffs, now hung with the senna and the broom, now carpeted with turf, and only showing their existence by the infinitely-varied form which they give to the ground, the numberless deep dells, and green amphitheatres, and deliciously smooth platforms, all caused by the ruins of the mountains which have thus broken and studded its surface, and are yet so mellowed by the rich vegetation which time has given them, that they now only soften its character.

"We drove a little way up the valley of Chiavenna to see a waterfall, which was beautiful in itself as all waterfalls must be, but its peculiar charm was this, that instead of falling amidst copsewood as the falls in Wales and England generally do, or amidst mere shattered rocks, like that fine one in the Valais near Martigny—here, on the contrary, the water fell over a cliff of black rock into a deep rocky basin, and then as it flowed down in its torrent it ran beneath a platform of the most

delicious grass, on which the great chestnut trees stood about as finely as in an English park, and rose almost to a level with the top of the fall, while the turf underneath them was steeped in a perpetual dew from the spray.

"The unrivalled beauty of the chestnut woods was again remarkable on the road to Isola, on the way to the Splugen, in the valley of the Lima. It is rather a gorge than a valley, so closely do the mountains approach one another, while the torrent is one succession of falls. Yet just in one place, where the road by a succession of zigzags had wound up to the level of the top of the falls, and where the stream was running for a short space as gentle and as limpid as one of the clear rapid chalk streams of the south of Hampshire, the turf sloped down gently from the road to the stream, the great chestnut trees spread their branches over it, and just on its smooth margin was a little chapel, with those fresco paintings on its walls which are so constant a remembrance of Italy. Across the stream there was the same green turf and the same chestnut shade, and if you did not lift your eyes high into the sky, to notice the barrier of insurmountable cliff and mountain which surrounded you on each side, you would have had no other images before you than those of the softest and most delicate repose, and of almost luxuriant enjoyment." —*Dr. Arnold's Journals.*

Most travellers cross at once from Bellaggio to *Menaggio. Inn. Vittoria.*

(Tickets to Lugano may be taken on board the boat (including the omnibus to Porlezza and the boat from thence), which will save trouble. A small addition is paid for the difference between Swiss and Italian money. Omnibuses with Coupé (1 fr. extra) start soon after the arrival of the boat.)

It is a drive of about 2 hrs, over a richly wooded ridge of hills, from Menaggio to Porlezza. The road descends upon the tiny *Lake of Piano*, then to *Porlezza* (*Inn. Hotel del Lago*), the harbour at the eastern end of the Lake of Lugano.

The *Lake of Lugano*, taken as a whole, is inferior in beauty to the other lakes. In the Porlezza arm the hills at the sides, which rise abruptly from the water, have rounded

forms, and only attain the dignity of mountains at the two ends of the reach. The Monte S. Salvadore above Lugano is always a striking feature. On the right bank is the very picturesque village of *Sandria*, with houses rising directly from the water. On turning the promontory beyond this, we come in sight of *Lugano*.

Inns. Hotel du Parc, an old monastery converted into a comfortable, reasonable, and excellent hotel, with a pleasant garden. It has a more delightful *Succursale* in the *Villa Beau Sejour* (close by), with lovely gardens and terraces upon the lake. Other hotels are the *Washington*, *Bellevue*, and *Couronne*.

Lugano is pretty, but has little special attraction, so that travellers pressed for time will proceed at once to Luino or Varese, only stopping to visit the *Church of S. Maria degli Angeli* (joining the Hotel du Parc—the steamer for Varese stays long enough to allow of seeing this), which contains glorious frescoes of *Bernardino Luini*, 1529, interesting as being the most northern frescoes of any importance.

Over the Chancel Arch. The Passion. The immense crowd of figures which tell the whole story of the Crucifixion are grouped below the three crosses, which divide the whole composition. Behind are seen, the Trial, the Bearing of the Cross, the Burial, and the Unbelief of Thomas. Still beyond, as in vision, are seen, behind the Trial, the Agony in the Garden; behind the picture of the Unbelief, the Ascension. Beneath are SS. Sebastian and Roch—saints of whose repetition Italian travellers going south will weary before they leave the country.

Right, 1st Chapel. Madonna and Child, with S. John the Baptist and a lamb—most beautiful.

Right (on pillar). The dead Christ supported by two monks.

Left. The Last Supper, in three fragments.

In front of this church is a Statue of William Tell by *Vincenzo Vela*, surmounting a fountain. Beyond the Beau Sejour, near the shore, is a bust of Washington, "magnum

sæculorum decus." In the *Giardini Ciani* is the statue called "La Desolazione," by *Vela*.

The ascent of *Monte S. Salvadore* is frequently made from Lugano. It is perfectly easy (no guide needed), monotonous, and fatiguing, and occupies about 2½ hrs to the top. There is little to be seen till you reach the chapel on the summit, whence the view is glorious.

It is a drive of about 2½ hrs from Lugano to Luino (Diligence 2½ frs.; carriage with 2 horses, 20 frs.; with 1 horse, 10 frs.). The road passes the little *Lake of Muzzano*, and, entering the Italian frontier at *Fornasette*, descends to *Luino* (*Inn. Hotel du Simplon*). Here Bernardo Luini was born, 1460. In the principal church are some of his frescoes.

The steamer from Lugano to Porto (1 fr. 50 c.) follows the southern arm of the lake and passes under the railway bridge of Bissone. Beyond this a gulf of the lake opens on the left to *Capolago*. On the right is the picturesque village of *Morcate*, with a church and Lombard campanile well placed high on the rocks. Here the last arm of the lake, hitherto quite concealed, turns to the north-west. At the end of the bay is *Porto*. At the landing-place is the Italian Custom-House, and here a public carriage (1½ fr.—or 2 frs. to the Grand Hotel) is waiting to take passengers to Varese. It ascends by a pleasant road into wooded uplands, passes through the villages of *Bisuschio* and *Arcisate* and, in about 2 hrs, reaches *Varese*, a handsome dull town. (*Inns. Europa, Corona, Stella*; or, 1 m. outside the town, the excellent *Grand Hotel de Varese*, where there is English Church-Service during summer.) The older part of the town has cool, pleasant arcades, but there is not much to see. The

Church of S. Vittore, which has a campanile by *Pellegrino* (1516), contains a S. George by *Crespi*, and a Magdalen by *Morazzone*. But it is worth while to visit Varese, if you stay at the Grand Hotel, and have the magnificent sunset view. In the day one often seems only to look down over richly planted country to the *Lake of Varese*, which is embosomed in low wooded hills, between which glimpses may be caught of the further miniature *Lakes of Monate and Comabbio*. The country seems comparatively featureless, though of the rich character described by Henry Taylor—

> "I stood beside Varese's Lake,
> Mid that redundant growth
> Of vines and maize and bower and brake
> Which Nature, kind to sloth,
> And scarce solicited by human toil,
> Pours from the riches of the teeming soil."

But on fine evenings, as the sun sinks, there is a most glorious revelation. The whole Alpine range stands out behind the lake against the crimson sky—Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc, Mont Cervin, and a hundred other peaks, ending with Monte Viso.

Two excursions should be made from Varese, which (though in opposite directions) may easily be taken in one long morning by any one who is pressed for time.

It is a drive of about ½ hr. (carriage from Grand Hotel 3½ frs.) to the foot of the *Sacro Monte*, about 2½ miles north of the town. Hence a steep path paved with pebbles leads up the hill (horse 1 fr. 50 c.—but it is better to walk, as you must constantly dismount to see the chapels), pleasantly shaded by chestnut trees. At every turn of the road is a chapel, all different, and often of great architectural merit,

containing a terra-cotta group, with life-size figures illustrative of some event of the Sacred History connected with the different Mysteries of the Rosary. The whole is a sort of terra-cotta Ober Ammergau. The events occur in the following order:—

1. The Conception.
2. The Annunciation. The homely details of the cottage interior, the rush-bottomed chairs, pots and pans, &c., give great reality to this scene.
3. The Visitation. The donkey and dog, and other *by-play* introduced, is very effective.
4. The Nativity.
5. The Circumcision. This chapel is an architectural gem.
6. Christ amid the Doctors. Some of the figures are wonderfully full of character.
7. The Agony in the Garden.
8. The Sepulchre. This is introduced here by the same principle of "anticipation" which makes the Roman Catholic Church celebrate the Burial of Our Lord on Holy Thursday, before the Crucifixion.
9. The Flagellation.
10. The Crowning with Thorns—some of the faces of the mockers are quite horrible.
11. The Bearing of the Cross, and the Coming of Scholastica.
12. The Crucifixion.
13. The Resurrection.
14. The Ascension.
15. The Day of Pentecost.
16. The Assumption.

There is a fountain with a colossal statue of Moses, by *Gaetano Monti*, at the entrance of the little village for the sale of medals and other relics. At the summit of the hill is a picturesque church—*La Madonna del Monte*, rich in stucco and colour, and containing terra-cotta groups of the Adoration of the Magi and the Purification.

"Over the first of the chapels on the ascent is written, 'Her founda-

tions are upon the holy hills,' and other passages of Scripture upon the succeeding ones. I confess, the figures in the chapels seemed to me anything but absurd; from the solemnity of the place altogether, and from the goodness of the execution, I looked on them with no disposition to laugh or to criticize. But what I did not expect was the exceeding depth and richness of the chestnut shade, through which the road partially ran, only coming out at every turning to the extreme edge of the mountain, and so commanding the view on every side. But when we got to the summit we saw a path leading up to the green edge of a cliff on the mountain above, and we thought if we could get there we should probably see Lugano. Accordingly, on we walked; till just at sunset we got out to the crown of the ridge, the brow of an almost precipitous cliff, looking down the whole mountain of S. Maria del Monte, which on this side presented nothing but a large mass of rock and cliff, a perfect contrast to the rich wood of its other side. But neither S. Maria del Monte, nor the magnificent view of the plain of Lombardy, one mass of rich verdure, enlivened with its thousand white houses and church towers, were the objects which we most gazed upon. We looked westward full upon the whole range of mountains, behind which, in a cloudless sky, the sun had just descended. It is utterly idle to attempt the description of such a scene. I counted twelve successive mountain outlines between us and the farthest horizon; and the most remote of all, the high peaks of the Alps, were brought out strong and dark in the glowing sky behind them, so that their edge seemed actually to cut it. Immediately below, our eyes plunged into a depth of chestnut forest, varied as usual with meadows and villages, and beyond, embosomed amidst the nearer mountains, lay the Lake of Lugano. As if everything combined to make the scene perfect, the mountain on which we stood was covered with the Daphne Cneorum."—*Dr. Arnold's Journals.*

It is about 1 hour's drive (carriage 8 frs.) from Varese to *Castiglione di Olona*, a pleasant village, beautifully situated in a wooded valley with a clear stream running through it. Opposite the Piazza del Padre Eterno (!) is an old palace with terra-cotta ornaments. The pretty little renaissance *Chiesa di Villa* is adorned outside with gigantic stone statues of SS. Anthony and Christopher. Hence, a steep path paved with pebbles ascends to the *Parrochia*, a noble brick church, with stone and terra-cotta ornaments. Over

the west door, of 1428, is a relief of the Madonna throned, with four saints and the founder Cardinal Branda, who was Cardinal of S. Clemente at Rome. On the left of the choir is his beautiful tomb (ob. 1443), a sarcophagus with his statue, supported by four crowned figures. The frescoes of the choir are noble works of *Masolino*, the pupil of Masaccio. The six compartments of the roof are occupied by the Story of the Madonna—The Annunciation, Coronation, Marriage, Adoration of the Magi, Assumption, Nativity. In the central medallion is the Saviour in benediction. On the left wall is the Story of S. Laurence—his almsgiving, administration of baptism, death. On the right wall is the Story of S. Stephen, but it has almost perished.

In the *Sacristy* is an interesting collection of old church plate, illuminated choir-books, an ivory casket, and a small Annunciation by *Masolino*.

The Chapel on the right of the choir contains a curious 15th-century altar, with figures of the Saviour and the twelve Apostles.

The *Baptistery* is separated from the church, at the other end of its little enclosure. It is covered with frescoes by *Masolino*, telling the Story of the Baptist, some of them most beautiful.

Right Wall. The Feast of Herod. The Daughter of Herodias bringing the head to her mother.
On the arch. Six Saints.
Tribune. The Imprisonment. The Preaching. The Baptism of the Saviour. "Behold the Lamb of God"—in this the figure of the Saviour is of exquisite beauty.
On the vault of the Tribune is God the Father.
On the vault of the Baptistery. The Four Evangelists, with the Lamb.

Varese is connected with Milan by a branch from *Galla-*

rate on the line which goes by *Rho* in 3 hours to Arona, the pleasantest place at the lower end of the Lago Maggiore.

The Lago Maggiore (the Langensee of the Germans) is the Lacus Verbanus of the Romans. It is 54 m. long, and 3 m. broad at its greatest breadth. Many will consider this lake even more delightful than that of Como. Its most beautiful point probably is Baveno. Those who wish to explore it thoroughly, will stay at Arona, Baveno, and Locarno, and it is only in this way that the lake can be enjoyed, for the voyage part of the Italian lakes is certainly pleasanter in recollection than reality; then you can forget the smoke and the blacks, the people who ate the greasy cutlets, and the horrible smells.

Arona (*Inns. Albergo Reale*, most excellent and reasonable. *Italia*, better view) is a dirty little town with narrow streets, but the hotels are charmingly situated and the neighbourhood lovely. Though at the flat end of the lake, Arona has a beautiful view towards the mountains, and of the fine old *Castle of Angera*, a fief of the Borromei, which crowns a wood-crested rock on the other side of the water. In the *Church of S. Maria* is a beautiful altar-piece of the Madonna and Child with saints, by *Gaudenzio Vinci.*

About 1½ mile from the town is the colossal *Statue of S. Carlo Borromeo*, modelled by *Cerano*, from designs of *Crespi*, and erected in 1697 at the expense of the inhabitants and the Borromeo family. The statue is 66 feet high on a pedestal of 40 ft. The head, hands, and feet are of bronze, the rest of copper. Visitors sometimes commit the folly of ascending into the head.

Carlo Borromeo, born in 1537, was the second son of Count Borromeo, the representative of one of the noblest families in Lombardy. Dedicated to the Church from infancy, he was created Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan by his uncle Pope Pius IV. when he was only in his 23rd year. His life at the papal court was without reproach. In his 26th year, on the death of his elder brother Federigo, he inherited the Borromeo estates, but only made use of their revenues, as well as of those of the diocese, for charity, living upon bread and water himself, and sleeping upon straw. He travelled as a missionary through all parts of his bishopric, penetrating even to the remotest villages and knots of shepherds' huts amongst the mountains. His regard for Church discipline, and the severity with which he enforced morality upon his priesthood, made him many enemies, and a Franciscan monk fired at him in his chapel, strangely enough just as he was singing the evening anthem—"Non turbetur cor meum neque formidet." The bullet glanced aside from the stiff gold embroidery on his cope, and he lived to show the most wonderful personal devotion to his people during the plague at Milan in 1575, besides selling his great property of Oria for 40,000 crowns, for the benefit of the poor and suffering at that time. Though he constantly exposed his life for others, he failed to take the infection, but died, Nov. 4, 1584, in his 46th year—breathing out, in a sort of dying rapture, the words "Ecce Venio." He was canonized in 1610 by Paul V., and is still revered throughout his diocese as "Il buon santo."

Steamers leave Arona for the ascent of the lake three times daily, calling at all the principal stations. We may notice:—

Left, Belgirate, where is the large Hotel Borromeo, in a very unattractive situation.

Left, Stresa. Hotel des Iles Borromées, excellent, immense, and a very good centre, but the situation is inferior to Baveno.

Nearly opposite Stresa is the *Isola Bella* (*Hotel Delfino*, very good), the first of the three Borromean Isles, which should certainly be visited, though every succeeding traveller will form a different impression as to its beauties, which are entirely artificial—the earth which covers the slate rock having all been brought from a distance. Burnet, for in-

stance, calls it "an enchanted island" and "the finest summer residence in the world." Southey, writing to Landor, says, "Isola Bella is at once the most costly and the most absurd effort of bad taste that has ever been produced by wealth and extravagance," while Saussure describes it "un magnifique caprice, une pensée grandiose, une espèce de création."

There are two points to be visited (1 fr.)—the Palace, and the Gardens. Those who have seen few other palaces, may be amused by walking through the rooms, where the old carved frames are much finer than the pictures, which, for the most part, are mere daubs, and where the real attraction lies in the lovely views of the lake from the windows. Immediately beneath the walls, perfect shoals of fish may be seen swimming in the deep clear water. In the chapel are some magnificent tombs of the Borromeo family, removed from the conventual church of S. Francesco at Milan, suppressed in 1848.

"Two very important monuments by Omodeo (1447—1520) may be seen in the family chapel of the Borromei. One is that of Giovanni Borromeo, the other that of an unknown member of the family. Both were originally erected in the church of S. Pietro in Gessate at Milan. The knightly statues are dignified and noble, while the bas-reliefs show the usual skill of Omodeo in composition and delicate chiselling."—*Perkin's Italian Sculptors.*

The present owners of the palace are five brothers, Counts Borromeo, who only reside here in the autumn.

The *Gardens* consist of a pyramidal succession of ten terraces, raised one above another, terminating in a square. They all have gravel walks, shaded by orange and lemon trees, and adorned with all the statues and grottoes which were beloved in the 17th century, and to which age has

given a sort of quaint beauty. The wonders of the vegetation here have been greatly exaggerated. There is a fine camphor tree, but of the camellias, bamboos, and almost all the other plants, better specimens may be seen in the gardens near Penzance, or even at Torquay, and here, nearly everything requires protection in the winter. There is a graceful group of Aleppo pines, and some of the views are charming.

It is about 20 min. in a boat from hence to the *Isola Madre*—which contains another palace, but unfinished and uninhabited—of which the grounds are more park-like, and where Nature has been allowed to help herself.

"On debarque; sur les parois du rebord, des aloès aux feuilles massives, des figuiers d'Inde aux larges raquettes, chauffent au soleil leur végétation tropicale; des allées de citronniers tournent le long des murailles, et leurs fruits verts ou jaunes se collent contre les quartiers de roche. Quatre étages d'assises vont ainsi se superposant sous leur parure de plantes précieuses. Au sommet, l'île est une touffe de verdure qui bombe au-dessus de l'eau ses massifs de feuillage, lauriers, chênes-verts, platanes, grenadiers, arbres exotiques, glycines en fleur, buissons d'azaléas épanouis. On marche enveloppé de fraîcheur et de parfums; personne, sauf un gardien; l'île est déserte et semble attendre un jeune prince et une jeune fée pour abriter leur fiançailles; toute tapissée de fins gazons et d'arbres fleuris, elle n'est plus qu'un beau bouquet matinal, rose, blanc, violet, autour duquel voltigent les abeilles; ses prairies immaculées sont constellées de primevères et d'anémones; les paons et les faisans y promènent pacifiquement leurs robes d'or-etoilées d'yeux ou vernissées de pourpre, souverains incontestés dans un peuple de petits oiseaux qui sautillent et se répondent."—*Taine.*

The third Island, *Isola dei Pescatori*, is the most picturesque feature in all the views, and contains a crowded knot of fishermen's houses. Lodgings may sometimes be obtained here in summer. The islands may all be visited by boat in one morning, if the visitor is dropped by one steamer at Isola Bella, and goes on by the next to—

Baveno. (*Inn. Hotel Bellevue*, excellent, with pleasant garden and lovely views; *La Posta.*)* This is altogether the best point on the lake for a long halt. There is an English Church here. The walks behind the old church and its painted cloister into the chestnut woods, are delightful. A pleasant excursion may be made by water to the *Convent of S. Caterina*, overhanging the lake on the opposite shore.

(Nearly opposite the Borromean Islands an arm of the lake opens towards the west, admitting a view of Monte Rosa. At the end of this gulf is *Gravellona*, whence the Simplon road runs up to *Domo d'Ossola* (*Inn. Posta*), a thoroughly Italian town to those just coming from Switzerland, and devoted with frantic enthusiasm to the worship of S. Filomena, a purely imaginary saint of the Catacomb of S. Priscilla, formed out of the discovery of the fragmentary inscription—lumena pax te cum fi—near the skeleton of a female figure.

On the way to Domo d'Ossola, at *Vogogna*, a road diverges upon the left to the *Val Anzasca*, perhaps the most beautiful mountain valley either in Switzerland or Italy. The richest foregrounds of walnuts, chestnuts, and vines, combine with the most glorious view of Monte Rosa. Artists will find their most attractive subjects at *Castiglione*, at *Ponte-Grande*, and at *Macugnaga*, which is 4389 ft. above the sea, and very close beneath the magnificent mass of Monte Rosa. This may be reached in four or five hours from Vogogna. At Ponte Grande and Macugnaga are excellent country inns.)

Opposite Baveno is—

* Pension, 10 frs. The charges for carriages, of 8 frs. the 1st hour, and 5 frs. every hour afterwards, are quite ludicrously extortionate for Italy, and should be made the subject of constant remonstrance.

Left, Pallanza, an ugly town, very hot, and with a view very much inferior to that from Baveno. The *Hotel Pallanza* is a vast new building opposite a small island. Continuing to ascend the lake, we pass—

Left, Intra (*Inn. Leone d'Oro*), a large, dull town. The Marchese Pallavicini has a beautiful garden here.

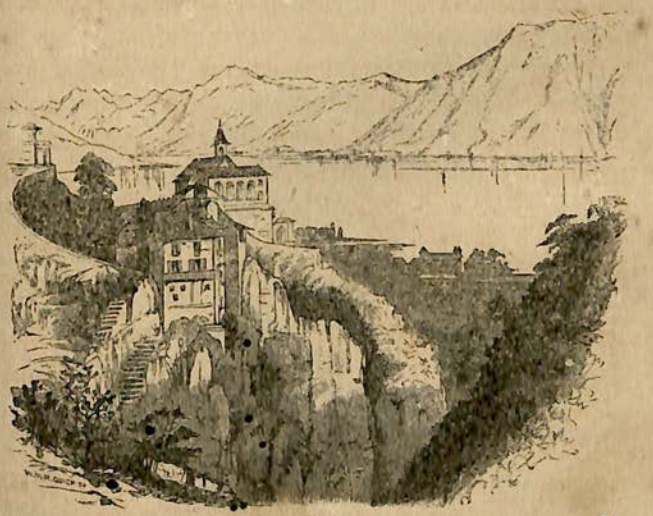
Right, Laveno (the steamers only stop here twice daily. *Inn. Posta*). There is a view from hence of Monte Rosa.

Right, Luino (*Inns. Simplon, Vittoria*). The birth-place (1460) of the painter Bernardo Luini, by whom there is a fresco in the church. The place has no especial beauty.

Right, Macagno Inferiore, an exceedingly picturesque village.

At the head of the lake is—

Left, Locarno (*Inns. Corona, Svizzero*). This is the ter-



La Madonna del Sasso.

minus of the S. Gothard railway (buffet at Station). There is nothing to see in the place itself, but good walkers should not fail to ascend the hill behind to the *Convent of La Madonna del Sasso*, founded in 1487. The convent is not remarkable, but by scrambling round some of the little paths behind it, a point may be reached—well-known to our water-colour artists—in which it combines with the cliffs and the deep wooded gorges in the foreground, and the mountains and still lake behind, in a manner which is truly enchanting.

It is not generally known that Locarno was one of the first places to join the Reformation in Italy. Its inhabitants were required to embrace the Romish faith or submit to banishment, and as they preferred the latter, 200 families were driven from their homes, March 3, 1555, and forced through the ice-laden Alps, to take refuge in the Grisons. The papal nuncio had sent officers to seize the principal lady of Locarno, Barbara di Montalto, on a charge of blaspheming the mass, but she escaped by a secret door leading to the lake, while her pursuers were in the house.

The beautiful *Lake of Orta*, the "Lacus Ubartus," is divided from the Lago Maggiore by the *Monte Monterone* which rises behind Baveno. It is about 6 m. long by 1½ m. broad. At the upper end of the lake is the picturesque but dirty town of *Omegna;* at the lower end, on the eastern shore, is the charming little town of *Orta*.

(Orta may be reached by carriage—(12 frs. with 1 horse) in about 2½ hours from Arona—and in about 2½ hours, from Baveno, by Gravellona. It is a walk of some 7 hours from Baveno to Orta over the Monte Monterone.

Travellers coming from Milan or Turin may take the branch-line of railway from Novara to Gozzano, whence there is an omnibus (1 fr. 25 c.;

coupé 1 fr. 50 c.)—by *Bolzano*, which has a castle of the bishops, and *Buccione*, which has an old castle—to Orta.

Diligence from Gozzano to Omegna 2 frs. 50 c. Coupé 3 frs.)

Orta (*Inns. Ronchetti* and *Leone d'Oro*, both good and delightfully situated) is a delightful little place, full of colour and beauty. The lovely lake laps in close under the windows, and the gardens are smothered in flowers. Close by rises the *Sacro Monte*, with its ascent by 22 chapels, with groups in terra-cotta, a minature of those at Varallo and Varese. Opposite Orta is the marvellously picturesque *Isola di San Giulio*, throwing bright reflections upon the water. It contains a very curious church with a grand old pulpit, and the grave of S. Giulio, who died here in 379. He is said to have delivered the island from a monstrous serpent, and the vertebræ of a whale are shown in proof of it.

Immediately opposite Orta, on the western shore of the lake (20 min.), is *Pella*, a village where mules (6 frs.) may be obtained for crossing the mountain ridge to Varallo, an excursion of about four hours. The path leads chiefly through woods, and has some good views of Monte Rosa, but the scenery has been rather too enthusiastically praised.

Varallo may also be reached by carriage viâ Gozzano, Borgomanero, and *Romagnano* (where Chevalier Bayard fell, 1524). Those who come from Milan or Turin would leave the railway at the Borgomanero station on the Novara-Gozzano line.

Varallo (*Inns. Posta, Italia*) is a most beautiful place, in the romantic valley of the *Sesia*, which rises near the foot of Monte Rosa, and enters the Po near Vercelli. The town is embosomed in delicious chestnut woods, and has a lofty bridge of three arches, and several old churches, in one of which, *S. Gaudenzio*, is an altar-piece, by *Gaudenzio Ferrari*, in six compartments.* On the wall dividing the nave from the

* For an account of Gaudenzio Ferrari see chap. vii.

choir of *S. Maria delle Grazie*, near the foot of the Sacro Monte, is a series of beautiful frescoes by the same master, executed 1510—1513, illustrating the principal events in the life of our Saviour.

Varallo is chiefly visited for the sake of ascending the extraordinary pilgrimage hill of the *Sacro Monte*, with its 50 chapels. The design of this sanctuary first originated with the monk Bernardino Caimo, who died in 1496. The visits of S. Carlo in 1578 and 1584 afterwards gave zest to the work, and he sent to it Pellegrino Tibaldi by whom the

Varallo.

outer gate and the chapel of Adam and Eve were built. Many of the terra-cotta groups in the chapels are simply fantastic, others are really beautiful as works of art; all are wonderfully vivid, and of a nature which lays hold of the imagination of the peasants who visit them, and fixes an impression for ever. Up to the representation of the Agony in the Garden, most of the groups are attributed to *Giovanni*

d'Enrico, and the frescoes to *Melchiorre Gilandini*, bu Giovanni died in 1644, and other hands continued his work. The principal subjects are :—

Adam and Eve—the Fall—as the need for the Coming of Christ.
The Annunciation.
The Visitation.
The Nativity.
The Circumcision.
The Flight into Egypt.
The Massacre of the Innocents (by Giacomo Bargnola di Valsolda).
The Baptism in Jordan.
The Temptation.
The Woman of Samaria.
The Healing of the Paralytic.
The Widow of Nain.
The Transfiguration.
The Raising of Lazarus.
The Entry into Jerusalem.
The Last Supper.
The Agony in the Garden.
The Betrayal.
The Trial before Caiaphas.
The Trial before Pilate.
The Trial before Herod.
The Buffetting.
The Flagellation.
The Condemnation.
The Cross-Bearing.
The Nailing to the Cross.
The Crucifixion (the beautiful frescoes here are by Gaudenzio Ferrari).
The Deposition.
The Burial.

Between these, other minor subjects, and figures of saints, are occasionally introduced.

(An excursion may be made from Varallo to *Gressoney S. Jean* in the Val de Lys, an admirable starting-point for many mountain excursions, and where very tolerable accommodation may be found.)

CHAPTER XII.

BERGAMO AND THE LAGO D'ISEO.

(By the quick train (8 frs. 35 c.; 6 frs. 55 c.) it is only an hour's journey from Milan to Bergamo. There is nothing to remark upon the way.)

BERGAMO is a most beautiful place, and must on no account be unvisited. It consists of an upper and lower town; the former, the *Città*, being the aristocratic quarter, surrounded by bastions and gates; while the latter, called *Borgo* and *Sottoborgo*, are full of gay shops, chiefly jewellery, and possess some thriving silk-factories.

(The Albergo d'Italia is the best hotel, Albergo di Venezia is tolerable—both in the lower town.)

Bergamo occupies the site of the ancient Bergonum. Under the Lombards it was the seat of a Duchy. In the Middle Ages it espoused the Ghibelline cause and fought on the side of Milan against Lodi (1335) and Brescia (1337).

In the 14th century it was ruled by the Visconti, in the beginning of the 15th by the Suardi, who sold the government to Pandolfo Malatesta, from whom it passed into the hands of Venice in 1428. After 1814 it shared the fate of the Austro-Lombardic kingdom.

The painter most represented in the churches of Bergamo is Lorenzo Lotto, one of the leading disciples of Giorgione, wholly Venetian in his manner. Donizetti, the composer, was born at Bergamo in 1797.

There is an old proverb which says;—"Il Bergamesco ha il parlare grosso e l'ingegno sottile."

As early as 1370, Fazio degli Uberti wrote of the Bergamaschi as a people—"che grosso parla, ed ha sottil il senno."

It is half-an-hour's drive from the lower town to the upper, where all the principal objects of interest are collected in a small space around the Cathedral.

The *Lower Town* consists chiefly of a long old-fashioned street, filled with gay shops, and ending in an open space called the Prato, where a famous fair is held, called the Fiera di Sant' Alessandro, which begins in the middle of August, and lasts for a month. It has existed ever since the 10th century, and is greatly resorted to. Close to the church of S. Chiara is a tall column, evidently once broken to pieces, and the remnant of a pagan temple. An inscription on the base records the tradition that it was miraculously broken to pieces by S. Alessandro, the standard-bearer of the Theban legion, to confound the idolaters, and that it was afterwards set up again in his honour. An ancient basilica, dedicated to S. Alessandro, stood on this spot. A steep road leads from hence to the Città, which is entered on this side by the Porta S. Giacomo. The bastions, which are very handsome, are over-grown by snap-dragon and scarlet valerian and are planted with chestnuts, forming a most delightful promenade all round the walls, with grand views, on one side over the mountains, on the others over the immense Lombardic plain, which is like a great green sea from its masses of closely-planted mulberries, and an entire flat—only the tower of Cremona breaking the long line of faint distance.

Within the *Upper Town*, the streets are narrow and very handsome, of tall stately houses. Here and there a spray of vine clambers over a terraced pergola, or some bright flowers relieve a dark balcony, or a bit of sculpture marks a deserted convent or oratory. Almost all the streets lead in

time to the old *Piazza Maggiore* (now absurdly called Piazza Garibaldi), which is wonderfully bright and gay in its old age. It is a broad space paved with brick, between which stone pathlets lead up to a fine old fountain surrounded by lions. On one side is the unfinished Doric *Palazzo della Ragione*, begun from designs of *Scamozzi*, on the front of whose left wing is a figure of Bartolommeo Colleoni. On the other side is the stately old *Broletto*, with arches and Gothic windows of grey stone, like an English abbey. In front of one of its pillars stands a statue of Tasso, who always regarded Bergamo as his native place,* and spoke of it as "patria" in his sonnets: his father was born here. The upper floor of the Broletto contains the town library. A grand Ghibelline tower rises beside it.

Piazza Maggiore, Bergamo.

* "Terra che l' Sevio lagna."—Rime, ii. 448.
Also Lett. Ined. lxxxii. lxxxvi. cxxxi. When Tasso was imprisoned in S. Anna, Bergamo sent to the Duke of Este a lapidary inscription they had long desired, with a petition for his release.

"The very position of the Broletto teaches us a lesson. Forming on one side the boundary of the Piazza Pubblico, on the other it faces, within a few feet only, the church of S. Maria Maggiore, and abuts at one end upon the west front of the Duomo; and to this singularly close —even huddled—grouping, much of the exquisite beauty of the whole is owing. No doubt S. Maria and the original cathedral were built first, and then the architect of the Broletto, not fearing—as one would fear now—to damage what has been done before, boldly throws his work across in front of them, but upon lofty open arches, through which glimpses just obtained of the beauties in store beyond make the gazer even more delighted with the churches when he reaches them than he would have been had they all been seen from the first. It is, in fact, a notable example of the difference between ancient grouping and modern, and one instance only out of hundreds that might be adduced from our own country and from the Continent of the principle upon which old architects worked; and yet people, ignorant of real principles in art, talk as though somewhat would be gained if we could pull down St. Margaret's in order to let Westminster Abbey be seen; whereas, in truth, the certain result would be, in the first place, a great loss of scale in the Abbey seen without another building to compare it with and measure it by; and in the next, the loss of that kind of intricacy and mystery which is one of the chief evidences of the Gothic spirit. Let us learn from such examples as this at Bergamo, that buildings do not always require a large open space in front of them in order to give them real dignity."—*Street's Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages.*

Passing through the arches of the Broletto, we come at once upon S. Maria Maggiore, the Colleoni Chapel, and the Duomo.

S. Maria Maggiore is a grand Romanesque church of black and white marble. It was begun in 1134. The southern transept was added in 1360. On the north is a splendid porch, removed hither from the Church of S. Alessandro in the lower town, and consisting of three stages. In the lower, the red Verona pillars which support the wide portico, rise from magnificent lions, around which their whelps are playing. In the second tier is the figure of S. Alessandro on horseback between two other saints. In the

upper story, which ends in a pyramid, are the Virgin and Child and two saints. The whole effect is most gorgeous and quite unique.

"All the shafts except those in the upper division are of red marble: the highest stage of all is entirely of grey marble: in the middle stage all the moulded parts are of red, and the trefoiled arches and their spandrels of grey marble: the space at the back of the open divisions and the wall over the main arches of the porch are built in courses of red and white marble. All the groining is divided into diamond-shaped panels, composed alternately of black, red, and white marble, and all the cusping of grey. The construction of the whole is very weak, and depends altogether for its stability upon iron ties in every direction.

"The approach to the porch, by seven steps formed alternately of black and white marble, increases the impressiveness of the grand doorway in front of which it is built, the whole of which is of whitish marble, whose carved surfaces and richly moulded and traceried work have obtained a soft yellow colour by their exposure to the changing atmosphere, and are relieved by one—the central—shaft being executed in purest red marble. There are three shafts in each jamb, carved, twisted, and moulded very beautifully. These shafts are set in square recesses, ornamented, not with mouldings, but with elaborate flat carvings, in one place of saints, in another of animals, and with foliage very flat in its character, and mainly founded on the acanthus.

"To the English eye these columns in the doorways are some of the most charming features of Italian architecture; but they must be always looked at as simply ornamental and not as constructional features; and perhaps in all doorways the shafts, being really incapable of supporting any considerable weight, would be better if, by their twisting and moulding, they were clearly shown by their architect to be meant to be ornamental only. In the Bergamo doorway the spaces between the shafts are so strong in their effect, though carved all over their surface, that any lightness in the shaft is amply atoned for. Such a porch as this northern porch at Bergamo is indeed a great treat to an ecclesiologist, teeming as it does with ideas so fresh and new, and in a small compass giving so much of the radical points of difference between northern and southern Gothic, and at the same time offering so beautiful a study of constructional colouring, that it is impossible to tire of gazing at it."—*Street's Brick and Marble Architecture.*

The Southern Porch is of the same character as this, but simpler in its details.

The *Interior* has been greatly modernized, but is very handsome. In the apse is a picture of the Assumption—the upper part with the Virgin and Angels, by *Cavagna;* the lower, of the apostles looking into the empty tomb, by *Ercole Procaccini.*" The inlaid stall-work, begun 1520, is perhaps the most beautiful known anywhere, and approaches high pictorial art. The allegorical figures usually displayed, the arabesques, and the frieze of classical subjects, are by *Alessandro Belli.* Outer coverings are removed by the sacristan, who displays with just pride the wonderful work within, by *Francesco Capo di Ferro da Bergamo.* The sculptures in the choir represent the stories of Noah, Abraham, Lot, Samson, Joab, Amasa, &c. Beneath these, the Washing of the Feet, the Last Supper, and the Agony in the Garden, are by *Alessandro Belli*, from designs of *Lorenzo Lotto.* The four large subjects outside the screen,—the Deluge—the Crossing of the Red Sea—Judith and Holofernes (a wonderful effect of moonlight)—and the Story of David, are by *Capo di Ferro.* The picturesque effect of the choir is greatly enhanced by old tapestries suspended from the music galleries. A chapel on right of the high-altar has a beautiful picture of Christ in glory, with two choirs of adoring angels, and saints beneath, by *Antonio Buselli da Bergamo.* The pulpit stair, by *Camillo del Capo*, 1603, is a splendid specimen of wrought-iron work. On the north wall is an immense fresco of the tree of St. Francis, of 1347. Near the west end of the church, is the beautiful tomb of the excellent Cardinal Longo degli Alessandri, who died at Avignon in the reign of John XXII., removed here from S. Francesco, with a modern inscription in honour of his numerous benefactions to the town. Near this is the fine tomb of Donizetti, the musician,

ob. 1855, by the Swiss sculptor *Vela of Lugano*—Music is represented weeping for her loss. Opposite, is the tomb of another musician, Mayr of Bergamo, ob. 1845.

Adjoining S. Maria is the *Cappella Colleoni*, with a beautiful front of coloured marbles, delicately wrought in arabesques, towards the piazza. Pagan and Christian ornaments are strangely mingled. Julius Cæsar and Trajan are among the busts: that of Faustina comes next to S. John. The little reliefs around the windows with scenes from Genesis, are perfectly lovely, and among the best works of *Antonio Omodeo.* The interior is much modernized, and adorned with frescoes by *Tiepoli.* Opposite the entrance is the grand tomb of Bartolommeo Colleoni, the great commander, who served the Venetian Republic, and whose famous statue stands outside the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo at Venice. His chief residence was near this, at Malpaga, where the old castle, in which he lived with the utmost splendour, still remains and may be visited. He died in 1475. His tomb, by *Giovanni-Antonio Amadeo,* or *Omodeo,* is absolutely magnificent. It consists of two sarcophagi, of which the lower rests on pillars supported by lions, and is adorned with statuettes of the sons-in-law of the hero as Hercules, Mars, &c. Above it are five heroes as watchers. The second sarcophagus, adorned with statuettes of the sons and daughters of Colleoni, supports the gilt statue of the knight. On the lower sarcophagus are beautiful bas-reliefs of the Annunciation, the Nativity, and the Coming of the Magi; on the upper, the Bearing of the Cross, the Crucifixion, and the Deposition.

"Bartolommeo Colleoni was born, 1400, at Solza, in the district of Bergamo. His father, an eminent Guelph, having been driven out of

Bergamo by Galeazzo Visconti, lord of Milan, took refuge with his family in the Rocca di Prezzo, a castle on the banks of the river Adda, where he and his eldest son Antonio were murdered by four of his poor and exiled kinsmen, to whom he had given hospitality; while his wife Riccardona, and his second son Bartolommeo, were detained as prisoners, and succeeded in escaping, only to be seized by Benzone, tyrant of Cremona, who imprisoned them for Antonio's debts which they were unable to pay. When Bartolommeo was at last set free, he became the page of Filippo d'Arcello, tyrant of Piacenza, and at the age of twenty commenced his military education under the famous Perugian captain, Braccio di Montone, and completed it under Jacopo Caldara, Carmagnola, and Francesco Gonzaga. His wisdom in council and boldness in action enabled him to defeat the famous Condottiere Piccinino in a series of strategic operations, and gained him the reputation of rendering invincible those whom he led to battle, in consequence of which he was appointed leader of 800 horse by the Venetian Senate, and made commander of Brescia after the death of Gattamelata. Taken prisoner by Filippo Maria Visconti, and confined at Monza, he effected his escape to Landriano, where his soldiers received him with the wildest joy, and served with him in the Milanese army, under Ludovico Sforza, until he was recalled to Venice on the conclusion of peace. The last eighteen years of his life were spent at Bergamo, and in his castles of Malpaga, Romano, and Martinengo, guarded by six hundred veterans who had grown grey in his service, and surrounded by a company of 'savans' and artists in whose society he delighted. The latest biographer * of this model Condottiere, who is not surpassed by Cornazzaro or Spina in admiration for his hero, shows him to have been a pattern of every Christian and knightly virtue, truthful and disinterested, and though passionate and impetuous, ever ready to forgive his enemies and to recognize their good qualities. He proves his piety by enumerating the chapels, churches, and convents which he built; and by telling us how he 'transformed Romano into an Escurial, where he divided his time between pious and military exercises, in the midst of his double troop of warriors and monks, his young and old guard, which represented to him his memories and his hopes.'"—*Perkin's Tuscan Sculptors.*

Against the left wall is the beautiful tomb (also by Omodeo) of Medea Colleoni, ob. 1470, only child of the commander, brought hither from the church of Basella on the Sevio in 1842.

* Rio, Art Chrétien, vol. ii.

"This tomb is one of the most charming works of its kind in Italy. The simply-disposed recumbent figure of Medea, draped in the folds of a richly-embroidered robe, lies upon a sarcophagus whose front is adorned with an Ecce Homo and two mourning angels in relief, above which are placed statuettes of the Madonna, the Magdalen, and S. Catherine. A delicate string of jewels encircles her head, which lies straight upon an ornamented pillow, and a necklace is clasped about her slender neck. Her face is turned upwards, her eyes are serenely closed, and her arms peacefully folded upon her bosom."—*Perkin's Italian Sculptors.*

There is a pretty picture by *Angelica Kauffmann* in this chapel, of the Holy Family.

The Duomo, originally built from designs of *Antonio Filarete*, was much altered in the 17th century. In the 3rd chapel on the left is a Madonna with saints, by *Moretto.* It is quite a secondary church to S. Maria Maggiore.

Near this principal group is the richly gilt *Church of S. Grata*, with some good mosaic work.

The pedestrian may vary his descent to the lower town by taking the charming road shaded by horse-chestnuts, which leads by the Porta S. Agostino. On the hill-side above this gate is the *Church of S. Andrea*, where, over the altar containing the relics of S. Domneoni, S. Domnoni, and S. Eusebia, is a fine picture of the Virgin and Child, with these saints, by *Moretto.* Outside the church is a curious rude stone pedestal with a metal canopy like a crown; on the stone is a head, placed there, says the inscription, in 1623, to incite people to more fervent devotion to S. Domneone, who, after his head was cut off, carried it, and deposited it here with his own hands!

The ruined *Church of S. Agostino*, with its adjoining monastery, now used as a barrack, stand on a lofty terrace, backed by mountains of exquisite form and colour. The

front of the church has long Gothic windows filled with rich tracery.

Turning left, beyond the Porta S. Agostino, and passing a pretty tavern-garden, we reach the *Accademia Carrara*, open from 12 to 3. It contains two collections of pictures: the first bequeathed by Conte Giacomo Carrara in 1796, the other by Conte Lochis. The pictures are, for the most part, more curious than beautiful, and they are ill-arranged and numbered. In the Carrara collection the best are—

Sala II.

70. *Lorenzo Lotto.* Marriage of S. Catherine.
92. 93. 105. 106. 107. *Moroni.* Portraits.
117. *Girolamo Colleoni.* Virgin and Child, with saints.
120. *Moroni.* St. Jerome.
121. *Gaudenzio Ferrari.* Virgin and Child.
150. *Palma Vecchio.* Virgin and Child, with saints.
151. *Marco Basaiti.* The Resurrection.

In the room opening out of this—

195. *Beato Giustiniani.* Portrait.
198. *Bartolomeo Vivarini.* St. Peter.
199. *Id.* Virgin and Child (1422).
200. *Id.* St. Michael.

In the adjoining Lochis collection are—

Sala I.

3. *Cesare da Sesto.* The Four Maries.
4. *Giovanni Bellini.* The Dead Christ.
8. *Galeazzo Rivelli da Cremona.* Three Saints.
10. *Cima da Conegliano.* Madonna and Child.
11. *Filippo Lippi.* Virgin and Child.
14. *Cottignola.* Madonna.

17. *Jacobello da Fiore.* Madonna and Child, and six small pictures of the Life of Christ.
25. *Gentile da Fabriano.* Virgin and Child.
26. *Sebastiano Lazzaro.* Coronation of the Virgin.

Sala II.

85. *Vittore Belliniano.* Male figure before a Crucifix.
95. *Moretto.* Holy Family.
224. *Francesco da Ponte.* Nativity, and Christ crowned with thorns.

Sala III.

104. *Francia.* Christ bearing his cross.
117. *Girolamo Genga.* Early Christian Baptism.
128. *Cima da Conegliano.* Group of Saints.
133. *Titian.* Virgin and Child.
*135. *Raffaelle.* S. Sebastian.
136. *Perugino.* Nativity.
144. *Moroni.* Portrait.
148. *Bernardino Zenale.* Virgin and Child.
149. *Girolamo da Santa Croce.* Virgin and Child throned, with saints.
*154. *Lorenzo Lotto.* The Virgin and St. Joseph showing the sleeping Child to St. Catherine.
156. *Palma Vecchio.* Holy Family.
173. *Correggio.* Dead Portrait.
174. *Correggio.* Madonna.
183. *Vittore Carpaccio.* S. Roch.
184. *Girolamo Giovenone da Vercelli* (signed 1527). Virgin and Child, with the donors presented by angels.
187. *Giorgione.* Portrait.
189. *Titian.* Portrait.
191. *Sebastian del Piombo.* Portrait.
192. *Andrea Mantegna.* Portrait.
193. *Gentile Bellini.* Portrait of a Doge.
195. *Perugino.* Virgin and Child.
200. *Mantegna.* Resurrection.

Those who wish to continue their pictorial studies had better go on from here to visit the three churches of *S. Bernardino*, *S. Spirito*, and *S. Bartolomeo*, all near together and near this. In each there is a good work of *Lorenzo Lotto* the especial painter of Brescia. These churches are all in

the Sottoborgo di S. Caterina, which is a mile distant from the Città, and also from the Borgo, where the principal shops and hotels are situated.

"In the Lorenzo Lotto of S. Bartolommeo, he has bestowed upon the Virgin and Infant Jesus such varied and contrasted movement, that they appear to be conversing with the holy bystanders, the one on the right, and the other on the left. And in that of S. Spirito, sparkling as it is with grace, we find the figure of S. John the Baptist, represented as a child, standing at the foot of the throne embracing a lamb, and expressing such natural and lively happiness, at once so innocent and so simple, and with a smile so beautiful, that, as we gaze upon it, we can scarcely believe that it could have been excelled by Raphael or Correggio."—*Lanzi.*

Several churches should be visited from Bergamo by those who are interested in architecture and painting. About 7 miles N., on the top of a hill, is the very curious little round church of *S. Tommaso in Limine*, supposed to be of the 7th century. It has a cupola resting on the walls themselves, and is surrounded by pillars with fantastically carved capitals.

About 5 miles N.E. is *Alzano Maggiore*, where, in the parish church, is a very fine picture of the Death of S. Peter Martyr, attributed to Lorenzo Lotto, but doubtful,* and in the sacristy, some good sculpture by *Andrea Fantoni.* In the church of *Olera*, about 5 kils. further on, is an altar-piece by *Cima da Conegliano.*

At *Trascorre*, 14 kils. E. of Bergamo, is a chapel covered with frescoes by *Lorenzo Lotto.*

From Bergamo all travellers should proceed to the *Lago*

* Rumohr. Drei Reisen, p. 320.

d'Iseo, which is much less known than the other lakes of Italy, but which, from the extreme variety of its mountain forms, and perhaps also from its narrowness, is in many respects the most beautiful of all.

A small branch line (opened 1875) leads from *Palazzolo*, a station about 40 minutes from Bergamo, through an en- vineyarded country, to *Sarnico*, a pretty village at the foot of the lake, with an old wooden bridge where the river Oglio emerges from it. The steamer starts on the arrival of the first train from Milan, and returns to Sarnico in time for the last train to Milan, which gives the Milanese from six to eight hours at Lovere. Any waiting time at Sarnico may be spent at the little *Albergo Leone d'Oro*, which is much better than it looks outside.

The water of the Lago d'Iseo (Lacus Sebinus) is wonderfully clear. At Sarnico you see all the fish swimming between you and the white sand at the bottom, and, as you proceed, all the mountains are reflected in the deep-blue. On the right is *Iseo* (*Inn. Albergo del Leone*). Then we pass the *Mezz'-Isola*, an island, two miles long, very near the eastern shore, and occupied by a mountain, at the foot of which lie the two fishing villages of *Peschiera d'Iseo* and *Siviano*. The view is most beautiful at *Tavernola* (left bank), with its vine-hung pergolas and gaily-painted houses, beyond which the lake winds like a gulf between great purple precipices. On the eastern bank a road is cleverly engineered through a succession of little tunnels under the rock. Passing *Riva*, we enter a wide bay, steam to the right to *Pisogne*, and then cross to *Lovere*, a most picturesque town, with the over-hanging wooden roofs of Switzerland, united with the heavy stone arcades of Italy, and beautiful mountain forms all

around. The walks and drives in this neighbourhood are quite lovely, and were the accommodation better, it would soon become a favourite resort, but the *Inns* (*S. Antonio*—*Leone d'Oro*) are very indifferent. The principal church is

Lovere.

handsome, but its pictures second-rate. In the *Palazzo Tadini* is a gallery of indifferent pictures, and in its chapel a monument by *Canova*. It was at Lovere that Lady Mary Wortley lived from 1746 to 1757, and of which she wrote—"It is the most romantically beautiful place I ever saw in my life."

CHAPTER XIII.

CREMONA.

CREMONA may be reached from Milan by the branch-line from Treviglio (12 frs. 85 c.; 9 frs. 70 c.; 6 frs. 15 c.), or by other branch-lines of railway from Brescia or Piacenza.

Cremona (*Inns. Albergo del Sole*, good, though of unprepossessing exterior; *Italia*) may easily be seen in a day, but should not be omitted. A hurried traveller may visit the town by taking a carriage at the station (1 fr. 50 c. per hour) and driving, in turn, to S. Luca, S. Agata, S. Margherita, S. Agostino, the Cathedral and Torrazzo, and S. Sigismondo. If he is not especially interested in the works of the brothers Campi, S. Agostino is the only church much worth seeing besides the Cathedral; if he is devoted to that especial school, he may also visit S. Abbondio and S. Pietro al Po. The Cathedral and its surroundings form a most interesting and striking group, and are close to the Albergo del Sole. Tolemaco Biazzi has a capital curiosity-shop in the Contrada Corsi.

Ancient Cremona was destroyed in four days by the soldiers of Vespasian.* The town was rebuilt in the 7th century by order of the Lombard King Agilulf. In the Middle Ages it was continually decimated either by civil wars or wars with its neighbours, Guelfs and Ghibellines making

* Tacitus, Hist. iii. 30.

its streets a perpetual battle-ground, till, in 1323, it was united by Galeazzo Visconti with the duchy of Milan, the city to which up to that time it had been most opposed.

Cremona has gained a great reputation from the Cremona *Violins*, the manufacture of fiddles having been raised here to the highest pitch of perfection by members of the families of Amati, Guarnerius, and Stradivarius. A Stradivarius violin is often worth 10,000 frs.

Cremona has its own *School of Painting*, which was at the height of its fame in the 16th century under the brothers Campi and their disciples.

The family of Campi consisted of four individuals, who devoted themselves without ceasing to art until they reached extreme old age. *Giulio Campi* (1500—1572), who may be considered as the head of the Cremonese school, studied chiefly under Giulio Romano. He educated his brothers *Antonio* and *Vincenzio*, who were considerably his inferiors, and his cousin *Bernardino*, who in a short time rivalled, and, in the opinion of many, surpassed his master.

Even the greatest admirers of the Campi will be oppressed by the infinite multitude of their works in Cremona, and will turn with a sense of relief to the charming fragments of mediæval architecture which may be found in its streets.

"The rich array of buildings in elaborate brickwork is very striking; and the campanile of the cathedral, towering up high above the many other steeples, combines well with them in the general view, and helps to convert into a fine-looking city what is, perhaps, in its streets and houses generally, very far from being anything of the kind."—*Street's Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages.*

Cremona rises out of the great green plain of Lombardy, intersected by dykes and often flooded in winter, and clothed with white mulberries, whose leaves are picked early in the season for the silk-worms, leaving the trees prematurely bare. The streets are very wide, but have a forlorn

aspect—in spite of the handsome palaces which frequently line them—and they are often grass-grown. Here and there a tall rich tower varies the monotonous outline. Once there were 87 churches, and there are still 44.

On entering the town from the railway-station by the Porta Milano, we immediately pass on the left the *Church of S. Luca*, with a beautiful porch resting on pillars and lions of red Verona marble, and a handsome eight-sided baptistery. Just beyond is the handsome *Palazzo Maggi*, with a splendid cinque-cento portal by *Bramante Sacchi da Cremona*. The whole front of this palace is very rich: under the roof are curious griffins as water-spouts. On the same side of the street is the ugly Grecian portico of *S. Agata*, concealing a fine brick church and tower of 1495. The interior is modernized. On the walls of the choir are the Martyrdom and Burial of S. Agata by *Giulio Campi* (1537).

"These are the first works of Giulio, executed in his youth, and are of such merit, that a practised artist could scarcely have done them better."—*Vasari.*

Diverging from hence to the right, we reach on the left *S. Margherita*, filled with some of the last paintings of *Giulio Campi*, which were executed when Mario Girolamo Vida, Bishop of Alba, was prior of the adjoining monastery. The best are, Christ amongst the doctors, and the Circumcision. A little further, in a square of its own, is the stately Gothic brick church of *S. Agostino*, sometimes called *S. Giacomo in Breda*, of 1558. The modernized interior is covered with Campi decorations.

Right Aisle, 2nd Chapel. Barbarini da Como. Curious stucco figures of the Passion and Death of Christ.

5th Altar. A beautiful 15th-century picture of the Madonna and Child throned, an orange hanging above.

6th Altar. P. Perugino. Madonna throned between SS. Peter and Antonio Abbate, with the inscription, 'Petrus Perusianus pinxit, 1494." This picture was carried off by the French and restored.

High Altar. A. Mainardi, 1590. The Saviour with S. Augustine and other Saints.

Left Aisle, 7th Chapel. Gervasio Gatti, 1589. The Nativity.

2nd Chapel. Malosso." The Vision of S. Anthony.

Between 3rd and 5th Chapels. Bonifazio Bembo. Very interesting fresco portraits of Francesco Sforza and his wife Bianca Maria Visconti, both kneeling.

Among the other minor churches the most noticeable is *S. Abbondio*, sometimes called *S. Nazzaro*, which has a cupola painted by *Giulio Campi and Malosso.* In an ante-chapel is a copy of the Holy House of Loreto: the walls round it are covered with votive offerings.

The *Church of S. Pietro di Po* (sometimes called *S. Giorgio*), on the other side of the city, built 1549—1570, is perfectly filled with pictures of the Campi school, none very remarkable, also:—

Left Aisle, 2nd Altar. Bernardino Gatti, 1569. A Nativity, with S. Peter present in his episcopal robes.

Left Aisle, End. An enormous picture of the Murder of S. Thomas à Becket, in Canterbury Cathedral—very unlike.

The *Church of S. Pelagia* contains the monument of Girolamo Vida the Poet, celebrated by Ariosto:—

> "Il Vida Cremonese,
> D'alta facondia inessiccabil vena,"

and by Pope:

> "A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung:
> Immortal Vida, on whose honour'd brow
> The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
> Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
> As next in place to Mantua, next in fame."

Vida composed a hymn in honour of S. Pelagia.

The *Cathedral* was begun in 1107, consecrated in 1190. The transepts were added 1342, the choir in 1479. The magnificent façade towards the piazza was begun in 1274, at which time the great porch and the rose window were built under *Giacomo Porata da Cremona*, but the other decorations of red Verona marble were not added till 1491. The statues and the great marble lions are by *Sebastiano da Nani*, 1560. The general effect is most picturesque. On the left of the entrance stands the Torrazzo, on the right the Baptistery. Behind the Baptistery is the Bishop's Palace, of brick Gothic. The other side of the piazza is occupied by the Palazzo Pubblico, and another Gothic building of moulded brick used as a college.

Porch of Cremona.

The interior of the cathedral is greatly wanting in architectural splendour, and the effect of the lofty transepts is

entirely destroyed by the low arches which separate them from the rest of the church. The building, however, makes up in colour for what it wants in form, and is so entirely covered with frescoes and pictures as to form a perfect gallery of Cremonese Art. Lanzi considers it as a rival to the Sistine Chapel in its pictorial magnificence. The frescoes occur in the following order, beginning on the left of the nave :—

The Meeting of Joachim and Anna. The Birth of the Virgin. The Annunciation. The Salutation. The Birth of Christ. The Circumcision.	*Boccaccio Boccaccino*, 1514.
The Coming of the Magi. The Purification.	*Francesco Bembo*, 1515.
The Massacre of the Innocents. The Flight into Egypt	*Altobello Melone*, 1517.
Christ disputing in the Temple.	*Boccaccino* (turning to the other side of the nave).
The Last Supper. The Washing of the Feet. The Agony in the Garden. The Betrayal. Christ before Caiaphas.	*Altobello Melone.*
Christ before Pilate. Christ bound.	*C. Moretti.*
Christ before Herod.	*Romanino.*
Christ bearing the Cross. Christ falling under the Cross. Christ nailed to the Cross. The great Crucifixion (at the west end). The Marys lamenting over the body of Christ.	*Pordenone.*
The Resurrection—very grand.	*Bernardino Gatti.*

On the vault of the Tribune is a grand figure of the Saviour between the four patron saints of the city (Imerio, Omobuono, Marcellino, and Pietro, by *Boccaccino*), 1506. On the side walls are the Triumphal Entry to Jerusalem by *Bernardino Campi*, and the Healing of the Centurion's son by *Antonio Campi*—the painter is introduced in the foreground. The four modern frescoes are the work of *Diotti*. Over the high altar is the Assumption, the last work of *Gatti* (il Sojaro); he had intended to paint the 12 apostles beneath, but had a paralytic seizure when he had only completed three figures. After this he sketched in three more with his left hand, and then he died.

Following the Chapels, beginning with the left aisle, are—

2nd Chapel. Holy Family, sculptured in wood, by *Bertesi da Cremona*, 1670.

3rd Chapel. Gregory XIV. before the Virgin. *Luca Cattapane.*

At the end of the transept, is a beautiful Madonna by *Bernardino Ricca*, of the school of Perugino: S. Dominic and S. Jerome stand before her, S. Anna is behind in shadow. Near this is a curious old tabernacle, with Christ rising from the grave and three saints. Close to the adjoining door, used as a holy-water bason, is a stone vase in which it is said that S. Albert used to knead bread for the poor. Beyond the door is a Pieta by *Antonio Campi.* Then, S. Michael by *Giulio Campi*, 1566.

The *Chapel on the left of the High Altar* contains a kneeling statue of Bishop Antonio Novasoni—"chiamato in cielo, 1867;" also—

The Ascension. *Malosso.*
(*Over it*) The Baptist. *Antonio Campi.*
Baptism of Christ. *Giulio Campi.*
(*Over it*) Birth of the Baptist. *Giulio Campi.*
Herodias and her daughter and the Baptist. *Antonio Campi.*
(*Over it*) Salome with the head of the Baptist. *Giulio Campi.*
The Pentecost. *Malosso.*

The crypt is fine: the pillars in the tribune are twisted. Here are shrines of all the local saints, and over the high altar that of SS. Marcellino e Pietro, with beautiful bas-reliefs by pupils of the famous Omodeo.

In the *Chapel on the right of the High Altar* are—
The Supper at Emmaus. *Borroni.*

The Washing of the Feet and (in lunettes) the Multiplication of Loaves. The Repentance of the Magdalen. The Raising of Lazarus.	*Giulio Campi.*
The Last Supper. The Magdalen in the Garden.	*Antonio Campi.*

Near this, in the Sacristy, is a wonderful picture of the Descent into Hades, by *Altobello*—Adam and Eve are the first to meet the Saviour and kneel at his feet.

Entering the *South Transept*, we have, on the left, an Annunciation of *Malosso*. On the south wall, a fine fresco of Christ bound, *Malosso*. The Magdalene at the foot of the Cross, *Boccaccino*—the figure of Archbishop Sfondrato, the donor, is introduced. On the right wall, the Salutation, a very fine picture, signed "Gervasius de Gattis, dictus Solianus, 1583."

Over the entrance of this transept is a triple picture representing the Triumph of Mordecai, the Petition of Esther, and the Death of Haman, by *Antonio Campi*. Turning to the right aisle of the nave, in the *3rd Chapel*, are S. Fermo and S. Jerome before the Cross, by *Luca Cattapane*, 1593. In the *2nd Chapel*, St. Eusebius raising a person dead of the plague to life; a sculpture in wood by *Arighi da Cremona;* and, lastly, in the *1st Chapel*, a most beautiful *Pordenone* of the Madonna, and saints who are presenting the donor.

The Baptistery was built in 1167. It is a very remarkable brick edifice, surrounded by ranges of narrow Lombard arches, and having an unadorned eight-sided cupola. The porch rests on lions. The font is of red marble.

The Torrazzo was begun in 1283 to celebrate a peace between Cremona, Brescia, Milan, and Piacenza. It is 396 ft high, and is said to be the tallest tower in Italy. "Its design is much like that of all the other brick campaniles in this district—a succession of stages of nearly equal height, divided by arcaded string-courses and marked with perpendicular lines by small pilasters, and almost without

windows until near the summit." * It is celebrated in the distich:

Unus Petrus est in Roma
Una Turris in Cremona.

"The Emperor Sigismund and Pope John XXIII. went together in seeming amity to Cremona. There an incident had nearly taken place, which, by preventing the Council of Constance, might have changed the fortunes of the world. Gabrino Fondoli, from Podestà, had become tyrant of Cremona. He entertained his distinguished guests with sumptuous hospitality. He led them to the top of the tower to survey the rich and spacious plains of Lombardy. On his death-bed Fondoli confessed the sin of which he deeply repented, that he resisted the temptation, and had not hurled Pope and Emperor down, and so secured himself an immortal name."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

Behind the Baptistery, a door (No. 10) admits one to a court-yard below, where, in a place called the *Campo-Santo*, is an extraordinary mosaic pavement, with allegorical figures of a Centaur, Faith, Cruelty, Piety, and Pity.

The *Palazzo Pubblico*, of 1245, is supported by arches and adorned with two towers. In the interior is a chimney-piece, brought hither from the Palazzo Raimondi,—a work of *Giov. Gasp. Pedoni* (in 1502), of whom Cicognara says that "he treated the marble like soft wax. It has richly decorated Corinthian columns. A small medallion on one side encloses the likeness of Gian. Giacomo Trivulzio, governor of Milan. In the great hall two grand pictures of

The Descent of Manna. *Grassio Casaglio.* 1589.
The Multiplication of Loaves. *Luigi Miradori il Genovese.*
The best of the other pictures here is a Salutation of *Antonio Campi.* In another chamber is a S. Lorenzo of *Gatti*, and a curious fresco of Platina kneeling before Sixtus IV., from the Vatican.

In the plain, beyond the walls, 1 mile from the Porta

* Street.

Romana, are the deserted convent and the great *Church of S. Sigismondo*, built by Francesco Sforza, as a token of affection to his wife Beatrice, heiress of Cremona, daughter of Filippo Maria Visconti, on the site of the old church in which he received his bride, Oct. 25, 1441. Those who are not utterly wearied by the *Campi* school within the walls may obtain a surfeit here. The walls are entirely covered with paintings by the brothers and their disciples. The most interesting picture is that by *Giulio Campi*, in which Francesco Sforza and Bianca Maria Visconti are presented to the Virgin and Child by S. Sigismund and S. Chrysanthus. The likeness of the artist is introduced under the figure of the last saint, and that of his mistress as S. Daria. The paintings round the high altar are by *Camillo Boccaccino.*

"The Cremonese artists, painting as it were in competition, rendered S. Sigismondo a noble school for the fine arts. We may here study a sort of series of these artists, their various merit, their prevailing tastes in the Correggio manner, their different style of adapting it, and their peculiar skill in fresco compositions. Camillo Boccaccino was the leading genius of the school. His most remarkable works are the four Evangelists, seated, with the exception of S. John, who is standing up in a bending attitude with an expression of surprise, forming a curved outline which is opposed to the arch of the ceiling, a figure no less celebrated for its perspective than its design. It is truly astonishing how a young artist who had never frequented the school of Correggio, could so well emulate his taste, and carry it even further within so short a period; this work, displaying such a knowledge of perspective and fore-shortening, having been executed as early as 1537. The two side pictures are also highly celebrated, representing the Raising of Lazarus, and the Woman taken in Adultery. In these histories, as well as in their decorations, the figures are arranged and turned in such a way, as scarcely to leave a single eye in the figures visible, for Camillo was desirous of thus proving to his rivals, that his figures were not, as they asserted, indebted for their merit to the animated expression of their eyes but to the whole composition.

"The chapels of S. Sigismondo were all completed by Giulio Campi and his family. They contain almost every variation of the art, large pictures, small histories, cameos, stuccos, chiaroscuros, grotesques, festoons of flowers, pilasters, with gold recesses, from which cherubs of the most graceful form seem to rise with symbols adapted to the saint of that altar; in a word, the whole of the paintings and their decorations are the work of the same genius, and sometimes of the same hand. This adds greatly to their harmony, and in consequence to their beauty, nothing in fact being truly beautiful that has not perfect unity.

"As to Bernardino Campi, the church of S. Sigismondo inspires us with the loftiest ideas of his power. Nothing can be conceived more simply beautiful, and more consistent with the genius of the best age, than his picture of S. Cecilia playing upon the organ, while S. Catherine stands near her, and above them is a group of angels, apparently engaged, with the two innocent virgins, in pouring forth strains worthy of Paradise. This painting, with its surrounding decoration of cherub figures, displays his mastery in grace. Still he appears to no less advantage in point of strength in his figures of the Prophets, grandly designed, for the same place; although he seems more anxious to invest them with dignity of feature and of action, than to give strength and muscle to their proportions. Above all, he shone with most advantage in the grand cupola, with which few in Italy will bear a comparison, and still fewer can be preferred for the abundance, variety, distribution, grandeur, and gradation of the figures, and for the harmony and grand effect of the whole. In this empyrean, the vast concourse of the blessed, belonging to the Old and New Testament, there is no figure that may not be recognized by its symbols, and that is not seen in perfection from its own point of view, whence all appear of the natural proportion, though they are on a scale of seven braccia in height. Such a work is one of those rare monuments which serve to prove, that it is possible for a great genius to execute rapidly and well, for it was wholly conducted by Bernardino in seven months."—*Lanzi.*

The fortress called *Pizzighettone*, on the Po, is interesting as having been the first prison of Francis I. after his defeat at Pavia.

CHAPTER XIV.

BRESCIA.

(It takes ¾ hr. by the quick train from Bergamo to Brescia (7 frs 15 c.; 5 frs. 20 c.).

Inns. Albergo d'Italia, very good; *Albergo Reale; Gambero.*

Carriages. The course, 85 c.; the hour, 1 fr. 25 c.)

BRESCIA can be seen in a day, but it is a pleasant place to linger in. The traveller who wishes only to see *the best* may take a carriage from the station, and visit, between two trains, in the following order—S. Maria dei Miracoli, S. Francesco (for the picture of S. Margarita), the Palazzo del Municipio, Piazza del Duomo (for an idea of the two cathedrals—which recall the two cathedrals of Salamanca), the temple in the Museo Patrio, S. Clemente, the Raphael in the Museo Civico, and S. Afra. This can only be done before 12 o'clock. All the churches in Brescia are closed from 12 to 5, and after that there is no good light for the pictures. There is scarcely anything except pictures to be seen in Brescia. Travellers coming from the south will observe that all streets here are "Contradas," not "Stradas." Living is exceedingly cheap in Brescia. Pleasant excursions may be made thence to the Lake of Iseo.

Brescia was the ancient Brixia, and as such is spoken of by Catullus

as the mother-town of Veronæ (Veronæ mater amata meæ). In the Middle Ages, Brescia was repeatedly taken and retaken by the different Italian tyrants. In 1258 it fell into the hands of Ezzelino, who punished those citizens who opposed him by chaining them to a block of stone (*pietra del gallo*) in the open field and leaving them to perish of hunger. The tyrant himself died from a wound given by the sword of a Brescian, 1259, at the battle of the bridge of Cassano. After the fall of the Scalas, Brescia fell into the hands of the Visconti, and through them became the most prosperous province of Venice. After the town was given up to the French at Cambray, the people rose and expelled the garrison. It was re-taken by Chevalier Bayard (who was wounded in the assault) and Gaston de Foix. The memoirs of Bayard speak of 22,000 slain. In 1516 Brescia returned to the Republic of Venice and remained united to it till 1797. In 1849, a rising of Brescia against the Austrians was cruelly punished by Marshal Haynau.

The whole town of Brescia is like a picture-gallery for its native artists; of these the chief were Moretto and Romanino. The churches are lined with their works, and depend entirely upon them for their interest, as they have scarcely any architectural beauty whatever.

"Alessandro Buonvicino of Brescia, commonly called Il Moretto di Brescia (1500—1547) has a style of his own. He adhered at first closely to Titian's manner, but afterwards adopted much of the Roman school, and by this means formed a mode of representation distinguished for a simple dignity, and tranquil grace and stateliness, which occasionally developed itself in compositions of the very highest character. In such cases he evinces so much beauty and purity in his motives, and so much nobility and sentiment in his characters, that it is unaccountable how this master should, till within the last few years, have obtained little more than a local celebrity. His colouring is colder than that of most Venetian painters, but not less harmonious. He is most successful in tranquil altar-pieces; his talents not being adapted to the animation requisite for historical painting. . . . Moretto was distinguished by a child-like piety; when painting the Holy Virgin he is said to have prepared himself by prayer and fasting.

"Contemporary with Moretto, in Brescia, flourished Girolamo, called Il Romanino, an artist who likewise confined himself principally to the style of the Venetian school, but who modified it in a peculiar manner. While Moretto distinguished himself by simplicity and repose, Girolamo

displays in his compositions a fantastic and lively imagination; occasionally also a certain grandeur of pathos, the more striking from the simple and almost slight treatment of his details."—*Kügler.*

"It cannot be denied that in loftiness of idea in his subject and nobleness of conception Moretto excels all the Venetians, except certain first-rate works of Titian. His glories are more dignified and majestic, his Madonnas grander in form and attitude, his saints, too, at times, very grand in character."—*Burckhardt.*

An arcaded street at the end of the Corso del Teatro, which contains the principal hotels, will lead to the *Palazzo del Municipio*, where sight-seeing may begin. It was designed by *Bramante*, and begun in 1492 by *Tommaso Formentone*, who built the first story; *Sansovino* executed the second story, and the finishing touches were given by *Palladio.* It is a beautiful specimen of cinque-cento. The council-chamber projects over open arches. The decorations are most delicately finished, the medallions of Roman emperors are by *Gasparo di Milano* and *Antonio della Porta.*

On the opposite side of the piazza is the *Torre dell' Orologio* with a clock marking the 24 hours of Italian reckoning, made by *Lod. Barcella* in 1522. Two bronze figures above strike the hours.

Hence we reach the *Piazza del Duomo.* The ancient building at the upper end is the *Broletto*, the palace of the Republic, begun in 1187 and finished in 1227. The terra-cotta mouldings under the cornice are very beautiful.

"A large quadrangle is formed by the buildings, which has a cloister on two sides, and traces of another cloister on a third side now built up. The cloister still remaining on the east side is ancient and on a large scale: it opens to the quadrangle with simple pointed arches resting upon heavy piers, and a row of piers running down the centre divides it into two portions, so that it will be seen that its size is very considerable. The groining has transverse and diagonal ribs, the former being very remarkable, and, as not unfrequently seen in good Italian work, slightly ogeed; not, that is to say, regular ogee arches, but ordinary arches with the

slightest suggestion only of an ogee curve in the centre. Of the external portion of the building the west front is the most perfect, and must always have been the most striking; it consists of a building containing in the upper story five windows, the centre being the largest and probably once the Ringhiera; to the south of which rises the great belfry of rough stone ('Torre del Popolo'), and beyond that a wide building with traces—but no more—of original windows throughout; north of the building with the five windows is a very beautiful composition executed almost entirely in finely-moulded bricks; it has an exquisite door with some traces of fresco in its tympanum, executed mainly in stone, and a magnificent rose-window, above which is a brick cornice, which continues over the remainder of the west front and along the whole of the north side."—*Street.*

The *Duomo Nuovo* was begun from designs of *Giov. Battista Lantana* in 1604. The dome is the third in Italy as to size, only coming after St. Peter's and the cathedral at Florence. There is little to see in the interior. Over the 3rd altar of the right aisle is a beautiful marble shrine containing the relics of the two Brescian bishops Apollonius and Filastrius, removed hither from the crypt of the old cathedral. The picture over the high-altar is an Assumption by *Zoboli.*

Close beside the new building rises the quaint *Duomo Vecchio*, a round church, dating from the 7th century. It is greatly below the present level of the soil, and is reached by two lateral staircases. The interior is much modernized. Near the 2nd altar on the right is the monument of Bishop Lambertus de Bononia, 1349. At the end of the N. transept is the red marble tomb of Bishop Berandi, 1308. Over the high-altar is an Assumption of *Moretto*, 1526. In the Chapel of the Sacrament are five pictures by *Moretto*, three from the Old and two from the New Testament.

Beneath this church, deep as it is, is another, now a crypt, the *Basilica di S. Filastro*, with three apses. The old

cathedral is used for the six winter months, and the *Duomo Nuovo* is closed; at Pentecost the reign of the new cathedral begins.

"The new cathedral by the side of the old one is a building of no importance; but it is at the least to the credit of its builders that they left the old one standing. But if the round church has not been destroyed, a vast deal of labour has been spent on the characteristic work of spoiling it. The upper round, the clerestory, has not been seriously meddled with, and it still keeps the majesty of its circular outline, having a far greater effect of spreading massiveness—the proper effect of a round building—than any of the round churches of England. But the lower range has been sadly tampered with, and the interior has been bedaubed to resemble Renaissance architecture. This makes the general look of the inside sadly disappointing. But the disappointment begins to vanish as soon as we make our way under-ground, and see the spacious crypt, with the endless variety of its columns and capitals of all manner of forms, some of them clearly classical ones used up again. This crypt proves that the round church of Brescia had, as all our round English churches have at present, a choir projecting to the east, but the choir to which the crypt belonged has made way to a late building on a much larger scale."—*Freeman.*

In the piazza before the church is a fountain with an allegorical statue of the city — "Brescia armata" — by *Caligari.*

Close to the new cathedral is the *Biblioteca Quiriniana*, founded by Cardinal Quirini in 1750. It contains a number of beautiful illuminated manuscripts, some curious ivories, and the Cross of Galla Placidia, on which there are miniatures of the Empress and of her children Valentinian III. and Honoria.

Passing through the Broletto and going straight on, one reaches, on the left, the

Museo Patrio, arranged as an Antiquarian Museum, to enclose the remains of a *Temple* of Hercules, supposed to have been erected by Vespasian, A. D. 72.

(The Museo is supposed to be open free from 11 to 3, but there are two Custodes, who each expect a small fee.)

The Temple was excavated in 1820, up to which time only one Corinthian column, still the only perfect one, was above-ground. Now, the pediment and portions of many other columns are laid bare. The inner cella of the temple is enclosed as a Museum. The central chamber is occupied by all the Roman inscriptions (some are copies) found within the province of Brescia, and form an interesting collection. The right-hand room has mediæval antiquities, some good specimens of majolica, and the tomb of Niccolò Orsini, Count of Pitigliano, a general under the Venetian Republic, who commanded the Venetian forces during the war which followed the league of Cambray, and died in consequence of his fatigues in defending Padua against the imperial troops. His sarcophagus bears a noble recumbent effigy, brought hither from his neighbouring castle of Ghedi. In the left-hand chamber are objects found among the ruins, six busts, fragments of friezes, &c., and the beautiful bronze winged *Statue of Victory*, the noblest ancient statue in Italy north of Florence. It was found in 1826; the shield and helmet are restorations.

Descending in a direct line from the Museo Patrio, the fourth street on the left leads to

S. Clemente (closed after 9 A.M.), which may rightly be looked upon as a gallery for the works of *Moretto*, of which it contains five of the finest specimens :—

Right, 2nd Chapel. The five great virgins of the church. Cecilia stands on the middle with her organ, and leans over to address Lucia, who stands on her right, with her eyes in a dish; on her left is the stately figure of Barbara looking out of the picture: behind are Agata with her breasts, and Agnes with her lamb.

Left, 1st Chapel. S. Ursula and her companions; the central figure, holding a banner in either hand, is most stately and beautiful.

2nd Chapel. S. Paul and S Jerome adoring the Virgin and Child. The infant Saviour is espousing S. Catherine, who kneels on the right; on the left is S. Chiara.

3rd Chapel. Melchizedek bringing bread and wine to Abraham.

High Altar. The Assumption, with S. Dominic, S. Florian, S. Clement, S. Catherine, and S. M. Magdalen looking on. The painter Moretto is buried amid his great works in this church. The bust over his tomb is by *San Giorgio.*

A street on the left, towards Porta Torlunga, leads to *S. Maria Calchera*, which contains—

Left, 1st Chapel. Moretto. The Magdalen anointing the feet of the Saviour.

High Altar. Calisto da Lodi. Salutation.

**Next Altar* (right). *Romanino.* S. Apollonius, Bishop of Brescia, administering the Sacrament to a group of kneeling and most reverent recipients.

Little Chapel under pulpit. Moretto. Christ rising from the tomb, with SS. Jerome and Dorotea.

Very near the Porta Torlunga is *S. Giulia.*

"Within the range of extensive buildings which go by the common name of S. Giulia—a suppressed monastery, now put, it would seem, to various uses, military and municipal—are three churches. One of these, Santa Maria in Solario, a square Romanesque building with an octagon top, shows itself in the street, but, unlike the usual rule of Brescia, the inside, except the crypt, hardly fulfils the promise of the outside. In truth, a small building of this kind, where there can hardly be any columns, allows of but little scope for display within, unless, like the buildings of its class at Ravenna, it is covered with mosaics. Far more important than this is another of the same group, San Salvatore, attached at a lower level to the worthless church of S. Giulia proper. Here, when we penetrate to it, we come to a genuine church of the basilican type. Two ranges of columns above and a crypt below exhibit the usual features of buildings of this class, columns with capitals of various kinds, classical and other, ranged as happened to be convenient."—*Freeman.*

At the entrance of the Via Tosio is the *Museo Civico,*

occupying a palace lately bequeathed to the town by Count Paul Tosio. It contains a precious little Raffaelle and a few other good pictures, amid many inferior works. Among the best are—

Entrance chamber. Romanino. Two frescoes—Mary in the rich man's house, and the Supper at Emmaus.

Sala I.

5. *Vincenzo Viverchio*, c. 1480. Angels crowning S. Niccolò da Tolentino, S. Roch and S. Sebastian at the sides.
8. *Calisto da Lodi.* Holy Family.

Sala II.

14. *Moretto.* Herodias' daughter.
16. *Moretto.* Supper at Emmaus.
17. *Romanino.* Christ bearing his cross.
38. *Moretto.* Holy Family.

Sala III.

18. *Moretto.* The Pentecost.
20. *Cesare da Sesto.* A Portrait.
*22. *Raffaelle.* "Pax vobis."

"The small so-called Pietá, belonging to Count Tosi at Brescia, representing the risen Saviour with the crown of thorns, and in the act of benediction, appears to belong to the year 1505. The picture is charmingly executed, and in good preservation."—*Kügler.*

A passage lined with old prints and etchings, some of them very curious, leads from these rooms to a gallery of modern pictures. They are of little importance. There is a landscape of *Massimo d'Azeglio.* Among the sculptures are "Night and Morning," and "Ganymede giving drink to the Swan," by *Thorwaldsen.*

In a room opening out of the court below are two fine pictures, removed from churches where they were ill seen. *Moretto,* The Virgin and Child in the clouds, with four saints

below, once in S. Eufemia; and *Romanino*, S. Paul with S. Jerome, S. John Baptist, S. Catherine, and S. Justina, brought hither from S. Giuseppe.

Turning at once to the left from the Museum and descending the street on the left, one passes (left) the closed church of S. Barnaba, then (left) one reaches

S. Afra, which is one of the oldest ecclesiastical foundations in the town, on the site of a temple of Saturn, but was entirely rebuilt about 1600, and is very ugly. The frescoes are by *Pietro Maria Bagnadore* and *Girolamo Rossi da Brescia*, 1583.

Beginning from the right, the 1*st Chapel* contains, *Cesare Aretusio*, the Birth of the Virgin.

2*nd Chapel*. *Bassano*, 1530, the Baptism of S. Afra by S. Apollonius, while SS. Faustinus and Jovita administer the Sacrament.

3*rd Chapel*. *Passerotto*, Assumption.

Chapel at the end of the aisle. *Cesare Proccaccini*, the Virgin with S. Carlo Borromeo and S. Latinus.

Over the High Altar. *Tintoretto*, the Transfiguration. At the sides, *Palma Giovane*, SS. Faustinus and Jovita.

Over the door at the end of the left aisle,

* *Titian*. The Woman taken in Adultery—(there are several replicas in England)—the sacristan draws a curtain.

"La figure du Christ est pleine de majesté; elle exprime au plus haut degré la sagesse divine, incréé, si supérieure à la raison humaine et pourtant en si parfaite harmonie avec elle. La femme est de la plus grande beauté et d'un coloris où le Titien parait s'être surpassé lui-même. Sa contenance est modeste, mais n'exprime ni confusion, ni repentir; ce sont ses juges qui l'ont entraînée devant le Sauveur, et non pas le cri de sa conscience. A l'expression de ce visage, on sent que l'admirable pardon n'a point été prononcé, et que le miracle de la conversion attend encore le miracle de la misericorde.—*Madame Swetchine*.

2*nd Chapel left*. *Paolo Veronese*. Martyrdom of St. Afra, SS. Faustinus and Jovita lie with their heads severed in the foreground. The portrait of Paul Veronese is introduced. The picture bears the signature, "Paolo Cagliari, V. F."

Returning a few steps, the first street on the left leads to

S. Alessandro, which once contained a beautiful Annunciation of Fra Angelico. This is gone, but over the 2nd altar on the right is a beautiful picture of saints grouped around the dead Christ, by some early Umbrian artist unknown; the predella, with five scenes from the life of the Virgin, is by *Civerchio*.

Proceeding some distance, on the left is the large church of

La Madonna delle Grazie, now generally closed, and many of its pictures sold and dispersed.

Reaching the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and turning to the right, the first side-street on the left leads to

SS. Nazaro e Celso, which contains:—

Over the *Side Entrances*. *Foppa*. The Martyrdoms of the patron saints.

Right Aisle, 1st Chapel. *Moretto*. The Transfiguration, with Moses and Elias.

High Altar. A great work of *Titian* in five compartments. In the centre is the Resurrection; on the left SS. Nazaro e Celso present Bishop Altobello Averoldi to the risen Saviour; above is the Annunciation in two compartments; on the right are S. Sebastian and S. Roch; at the foot of the column to which the former is bound is the signature, "Ticianus faciebat, MDXXII."

"The action of the divine Saviour is light, as becomes one who for his own virtue ascends from earth to heaven. Shining with an immortal radiance, he is seen illuminating a sky, loaded with dark clouds, which opening here and there, discover some traces of country faintly lighted by the rising sun. In an attitude becoming people who are awakening from being struck by sudden fear, are seen near the open sepulchre some soldiers in black armour, one of whom, placed in front of the picture, is admirably foreshortened, to make way for others more behind. The figures in this compartment are of the size of life, and rather less than those of the two sides, in one of which is S. Sebastian, bound like Marsyas to the trunk of a tree; and the rope which ties the right arm cuts the flesh of it deeply, so tender and delicate is it."—*Northcote's Life of Titian.*

*Left Aisle, 4th Chapel. *Moretto.* The Nativity, with SS. Nazaro e Celso.

*2nd Chapel. *Moretto.* The Coronation of the Virgin, with three saints and the archangel Michael beneath.

Returning to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, on the left is the rich cinque-cento portico of

La Madonna dei Miracoli, built in 1480, and the richest church in Brescia. The decorations of the façade are by *Lod. Beretta.* The church has five cupolas. The internal decorations are quite Venetian in character.

**Right, 1st Altar. Moretto.* S. Nicolas presenting two school-boys to the Virgin—a most beautiful picture.

"This is an application of the religious character of this saint to portraiture and common life, which is highly beautiful and poetical. St. Nicholas is presenting to the Virgin two orphans, while she looks down upon them from her throne with a benign air, pointing them out to the notice of the Infant Saviour, who is seated in her lap. The two boys, orphans of the noble family of Roncaglia, are richly dressed: one holds the mitre of the good bishop; the other, the three balls."—*Jameson's Sacred Art*, ii. 460.

The next side-street on the left leads to

S. Francesco, founded in 1254, and retaining a Gothic front at the west-end, with a good rose-window.

Right Aisle (between the *2nd* and *3rd Chapels*). An interesting 14th-century fresco (under glass) of the Lamentation over the dead Christ.

**3rd Altar. Moretto*, 1530. S. Margaret between S. Francis and S. Jerome.

High Altar. Romanino. S. Francis, S. Anthony of Padua, S. Buonaventura, and S. Louis adoring the Virgin and Child.

Left Aisle, 1st Altar. Francesco da Prato di Caravaggio, 1547 (a very rare painter). Marriage of the Virgin.

On the left is *S. Domenico*, full of pictures; over the high altar the Presentation in the Temple, by *Romanino.*

Just beyond, on the right, is the *Torre della Palata*, a fine

machicolated tower, built 1253. At its foot is a fountain, from designs of *Bagnadore*, 1596.

Turning right, the 1st street on the left leads to *S. Giovanni Evangelista*, which, in its foundation, is the oldest church in Brescia, having been built by S. Gaudentius in the 4th century, but rebuilt about 1600. It retains a Gothic front, and has a projecting porch; the interior is quite modern. It is filled with pictures.

Right Aisle, 3rd Altar. Moretto. The Massacre of the Innocents—the saved Saviour-Child appears in the clouds above.

High Altar. Moretto. Madonna with SS. John the Evangelist, John the Baptist, Augustine, and Agnes.

The Chapel of the Sacrament at the end of the left aisle is covered with frescoes of *Moretto* and *Romanino*. On the right are by *Moretto:* the Manna in the Wilderness and the prophet Elijah,—at the angles, Mark and Luke,—in the lunette above, the Last Supper,—in the arcades, half-figures of prophets. On the left, by *Romanino*, are: Jesus at the Pharisee's house, the Raising of Lazarus,—at the angles, Matthew and John,—in the lunette above, the Institution of the Sacrament,—in the arcades, Prophets. The little picture over the altar, of the three Marys lamenting over the dead Christ, is by *Giovanni Bellini*.

Baptistery. F. Francia. Saints adoring the Trinity.

Turning to the right, a broad street leads to *S. Faustino Maggiore.*

Right Aisle. Gambara. The Nativity.

High Altar. The black and white 17th-century marble tomb by *Carra* of SS. Faustinus and Jovita, whose bodies were removed here in 843.

Cloister. A curious fresco by *Cossale*, of Faustinus and Jovita defending Brescia by flinging back the cannon-balls, when the town was besieged by Niccolò Piccinino.

Returning to the Broletto, a path (inaccessible for carriages) runs up the heights, immediately below the Castello, whence Haynau bombarded the town in 1849, and leads to the fine convent and half-ruined church of *S.*

Pietro in Oliveto. The pictures described by Murray, and even by the usually accurate Gsell-fels, as existing in this church, were all removed to the Vescovado in 1848, and have never been here since. There is a picturesque wall in the cloister. In the view over the plain the great tower of Cremona is the most conspicuous feature.

"The view from the castle of Brescia is indeed a noble one. And it is not a mere noble view; it is a view on which the characteristic history of Italy is legibly written. It may almost remind us of the famous letter of Sulpicius to Cicero. With a single glance of the eye we look down on a crowd of cities, each of which was once an independent commonwealth, with its name and place in history. On one side are the spurs of the Alps on which we are standing, reminding us that there is a land beyond, from which Emperors came down to demand the crowns of Italy and of Rome. To the far east we get a glimpse of smaller hills on the same horizon, suggesting that the natural ramparts of Verona are not beyond our sight. But to the south the eye ranges over the boundless plain of Lombardy, spreading like a sea, with a tall tower here and there, like the mast of a solitary vessel. Each of those towers marks a city, a city which once ranked alongside of princes, a city making war and peace, and containing within their walls the full life of a nation. The map seems to show that one of them is the mighty tower of Piacenza, and that another is the yet mightier tower of Cremona, the fellow-worker of Brescia in the great work of restoring Milan. We look out on even more than this. We have vividly brought home to us how near the great cities of Northern Italy lie to the Alpine barrier, the barrier which was so often found helpless to shelter them against the Northern invader. We think of all the conquerors who have crossed the mountains from Hannibal to our own day. And we go back to times earlier still, when the land which became the truest Italy was not yet Italy at all, when the Po was as truly a Gaulish river as the Seine. If the Alps themselves proved so feeble a barrier for the shelter of Italy, how far more feeble was the barrier which sheltered Etruria and Rome, when what is now Northern Italy was still Gaul within the Alps! From such a point we may well run over the shifting fates of the land before us from Brennus to either Buonaparte. And, as our thoughts flit on beyond Po and Macra and Arno to the seven hills by the Tiber, we may feel thankful that the dominion of the last invader has become as much a thing of the past as the dominion of the earliest.

"Yet, though the great historic view of Brescia lies to the south, it may be well for him who stands on that height to turn his eyes to the north also. There is an aspect in the history, if not of Brescia, yet of the most renowned man of Brescia, which makes us look like northward and southward, which makes us span the space which lies between the Tiber and the Limmat. If Como looks beyond the Alps for her own deliverer, Brescia too looks beyond the Alps, not for a deliverer for herself, but for a place of shelter for the citizen she sent forth to deliver others. In the life of the Brescian Arnold his native city seems like a halting-place between his city of refuge at Zurich and his city of glory and martyrdom at Rome. We need not be harsh on either Pope or Emperor, in whose eyes a republican reformer could hardly fail to bear the guise of a heretic and a traitor. On the heights of Brescia we feel, as we look Romeward, a regret that it was at Swabian and English hands that he met his doom. But, as we look northward, we may feel comfort that it was a Teutonic and Imperial city which sheltered the man who, if he took his memories for hopes, could yet call back for a moment the days when Rome had not to seek her master either in a German King or in an English Pontiff." —*Freeman.*

The Brescians, not content with the innumerable works of their native artists in the churches, frequently employed them to paint the outsides of their houses in fresco. In the Strada del Gambaro, Romanino was employed in this way, but resigned the commission to Gambara when he gave him his daughter in marriage. The subjects are classical. In the Corso Palestra, a number of wall paintings of this kind remain, attributed to the Cavaliere Sabatti, but time and dirt have almost effaced the detail, and few will have patience to make out the subjects, though the general effect is agreeable and picturesque.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAGO DI GARDA.

(The Lago di Garda is not so often visited as the other Italian Lakes, yet the upper end of it possesses some magnificent scenery. Once or twice a week (the day changes) a morning steamer leaves Peschiera early, when visitors may ascend the lake in the day and return, as an excursion from Verona; but, for those who are not pressed for time, the pleasantest way is to take the afternoon steamer at 4. 15 from Desenzano to Riva, sleep 1 or 2 nights at Riva, and return from thence to Peschiera, which will enable the traveller to see both shores of the lake.

It is ½ hr. by rail, quick train (4 frs. 5 c.; 2 frs. 95 c.), from Brescia to Desenzano (omnibus 50 c., luggage 25 c.), *Hotel Mayer.*)

DESENZANO is a rather dismal-looking village in the low ground at the end of the lake. Those who sleep here will employ their time very well in making an excursion by boat to the promontory of *Sermione*, the Sirmio of Catullus.

"Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus,
Quam te libenter quamque laetus inviso,
Vix mi ipse credens Thyniam atque Bithynos
Liquisse campos et videre te in tuto!
O quid solutis est beatius curis,
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum
Desideratoque adquiescimus lecto.
Hoc est quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
Salve, o venusta Sirmio, atque hero gaude:

Gaudete vosque, O Libuae lacus undæ
Ridete, quidquid est domi cachinnorum."—xxxi.

Just where the almost-island of Sermione is connected with the main-land, is the fine old *Castel Nuovo*, built in the 14th century by Alboino della Scala, and a famous subject artistically. Near the centre of the promontory, which is almost covered with olive-gardens, is the old *Church of S. Pietro*, with 14th-century frescoes; at the northern end, whence there is a grand view down the lake, and in a most charming situation, are the Roman walls and vaults called *Le Grotte di Catullo*.

A second excursion may be made from Desenzano to the *Battle-field of Solferino* (carriages with 2 horses to go and return, 15 to 20 frs. At the Inn at Solferino there is a Guide for the battle-field), marked from a great distance by the high Scaligeran tower called "*La Spia d'Italia*." The battle began at about 5 A. M. on the 24th of June, 1859, and was fought with varying success till 4 P. M., when the French succeeded in carrying Solferino, and repulsing the Austrians under Marshal Benedek.

The *Lago di Garda* is the Benacus of the Romans, and marbles are still found on its shores on which one may read the word "Benacenses." It is the largest of the Italian lakes, being 37 m. long, and nearly 14 m. wide at its widest point. Its water is beautifully clear. The river Mincio passes through it, now called the *Sarca* before it enters the lake.

"Hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat,
Quos patre Benaco, velatus arundine glauca,
Mincius infesta ducebat in æquora pinu."

Virgil, Æn. x. 204.

"Undique concurrunt volucres quæcunque frementem
Permulcent Athesim cantu, quas Larius audit,
Quas Benacus alit, quas excipit amne quieto
Mincius." *Claudian, Epith. Pal. et Cel.*

On account of its straight course from N.N.E. to S.S.W. the lake has always been notorious for its storms, which rise and abate with equal suddenness, sweeping down it from the Alps with unbroken force, and often imparting the miseries of a sea-voyage to those upon the lake. One of its promontories is called "delle tempeste."

"Anne lacus tantos? Te Lari maxime; teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino." *
Georg. ii. 158.

An old Italian proverb says—"Lago di Garda e Bocca di Calina porta spesso la rovina."

The lake abounds in fish. According to their Italian names those found here include, Anguila, Aola, Barbio, Boza, Bulbero, Carpione, Cavazzino, Dorata, Faraguada, Gambero, Luzzo, Majarone, Majella, Roncone, Sardella, Scardova, Strega, Ternalo, Tinca, Trotta, Varone.

The residents on the Lago di Garda have their own names for the winds. That which blows from Riva to Desenzano is called *Sover*, as coming from above; that which blows from Desenzano to Riva, *Ander*, as coming from below. The winds which are most beneficial to the vegetation are the *Montese*. The *Vinezza* (a corruption of Venezia) is a damp injurious wind.

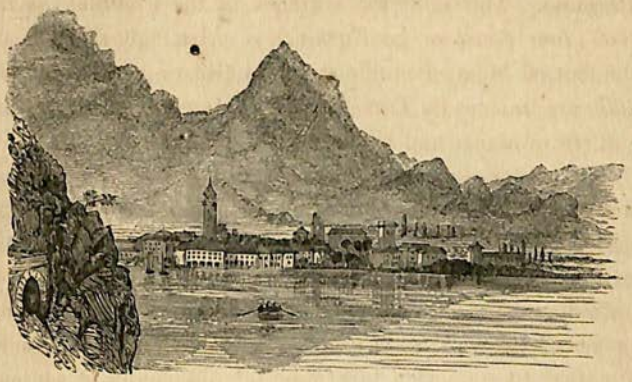
In ascending the lake from Desenzano, we pass the little island of *Lecchio*, generally called *Isola dei Frati*, where S.

* "Here vex'd by winter storms Benacus raves,
Confused with working sands and rolling waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,
So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise."—*Addison.*

Francis founded a convent in 1220 on the site of a temple of Jupiter. It now belongs to the Marchese Scotti of Bergamo. This is at the entrance of the beautiful bay of *Salo* (*Inn. Gambero*, good), which is charmingly situated at the foot of Monte Pennino. In the *Church of the Annunziata* are frescoes by *Pietro Vecchio*. Here we begin to skirt gardens of orange and lemon trees, which are more luxuriant than anything of the kind short of Sorrento. The pergolas which fringe the lake near the villages are covered with perfect cascades of roses, and brilliant scarlet geraniums cover the whole face of the houses, while large tufts of oleander wave their pink plumes near the water's edge. The ranges of tall white pillars of brick, often 20 ft. high, which are used to support a protection for the lemons in winter, have a strange effect. The fruit here is more bitter than that of the south, but keeps longer. Its price varies, according to the season, from 3 to 10 frs. per hundred. Many of the villages are exceedingly picturesque. *Maderno* (Maternum) nestles at the foot of Monte Pizzocolo, with the ruins of a castle; *Campione* is buried in lemon-groves. In the church of *Toscolano* (Tusculanum) are pictures by *Celesti*, 1668, and, in its sacristy, a fine work of *Dom. Brusasorzi*. It is here that most ancient inscriptions have been found. *Cervo* is a large fishing village.

After passing *Gargnano* (*Albergo del Cervo*) the character of the lake changes. The space between the mountains and the shore disappears, and the mountains themselves, no longer clothed with olives, descend in savage precipices to the water, only opening to admit the lovely lemon-gardens of *Limone*. As we approach in the evening, the lamps of

Riva cast long streams of light upon the dark water, and the precipices are unspeakably grand.



Riva.

Riva (*Inns. Sole d'Oro*, charmingly situated, but rather dear; *Giardino*) is in Austria, so that a little custom-house awaits travellers on landing, and if they are only going thither for a day or two and returning, it may be as well for them to leave their luggage at the other end of the lake. It is also as well to take a little money in gold, as there is a loss on Italian notes here. It is a very picturesque little town, with open colonnades and an old clock-tower, and has a wonderfully mild winter-climate, in spite of the brief presence of the sun, which disappears behind the mountains at 2 P. M. The little garden of the Sole d'Oro, with its meals *al fresco*, is very bewitching.

No one should visit Riva without walking or driving along the western shore of the lake to the *Ponal-brucke* (about 1 hr.). A wonderful road winds along the face of

the mountains, and hangs in mid-air amid the tremendous precipices over the lake. The flowers are most beautiful, and many very rare plants are found here. The *Bridge* itself only spans a small mountain brook, but there is a delightfully wild walk above it, and the gorge should be followed for some distance by the road which leads to Brescia, and passes the little *Lago d'Idro.*

Other excursions may be made to the little *Ledrosee* in the *Ledrothal*, and *Giudicaria;* the *Castle of Tenno;* the *Tennosee* and the *Falls of Stenico;* the *Toblinosee;* and *Arco*, with the old castle of its counts.

(It is a drive of 10 m. from Riva to the station of Mori, on the line from Verona to the Tyrol, and those who dread the lake voyage may take this way of seeing Riva. There is an omnibus twice daily by the harbour of the Torbole, the heights of Nago, and the Lake of Loppio. Those who go as far as Mori will miss much if they fail to visit Trent (Austrian), a most picturesque place, and of great historic interest from the Council of 1545—1563.)

In descending the lake to Peschiera, artists will long to stop at *Malcesine*, where there is an intensely picturesque old castle upon an overhanging rock, said to have been built by Charlemagne. Goethe narrates how, while sketching here, he was nearly arrested as a spy by the Austrian government. In the church is a Deposition by *Giolfino.* On the two islands of *Isolotto* and *Tremellone,* there are ruins.

Garda has a picture of S. Stephen by *Farinati* in the *Church of S. Stefano*, and the palace and garden of Count Albertini of Verona. It was in the castle called *La Rocca di Garda* that Adelaïda da Savoia was imprisoned by Berengarius II., because she refused to marry his son

Adalbert. With the help of a priest she escaped in a man's dress, and eventually married the Emperor Otho I.

Peschiera (several small and very poor *Inns* in the town, nothing but coffee at the station buffet) is almost invisible until we enter the bastions which protect its harbour. Partly situated on an island formed by the Mincio where it issues from the lake, it has been strongly fortified by each succeeding government in Lombardy. In 1848 it was taken by the Piedmontese after a brave defence by the Austrian general Rath. Two-thirds of the buildings in the miserable town are barracks. There is no beauty in Peschiera.

> "Siede Peschiera, bello e forte arnese
> Da fronteggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi
> Ove la riva intorno più discese."
>
> *Inferno*, xx. 70.

(Near *Pozzolengo*, the station between Desenzano and Peschiera, is the *Battle-field of S. Martino*, where the Piedmontese routed the right wing of the Austrian army, June 24, 1859.)

CHAPTER XVI.

VERONA.

VERONA is reached by rail in little more than ½ hr. from Peschiera.—3 frs. 75 c.: 2 frs. 45 c.

(*Inns. Due Torri.* Piazza S. Anastasia, admirably situated. *Torre di Londra,* Corso, also very near S. Anastasia. *Aquila Nera,* Piazza delle Erbe. *Rainier,* or *Gran Parigi. Colomba d'Oro.*

Carriages. To or from the stations, 65 c., each piece of luggage 20 c. (Omnibus 30 c.) Course of not more than ½ hr., 60 c.; night, 75 c.; 1 hr., 1½ fr.; each following hour, 1 fr. 25 c.

Stations. There are two stations at Verona, at which all the trains stop. *Porta Nuova* is on the side of Mantua and Milan; *Porta Vescovile* on the side of Botzen (Germany) and Venice. It is therefore necessary not to leave luggage at the station at Verona, unless you mean to depart from the same station.)

> "Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
> Through fair Verona."—*Romeo and Juliet,* i. 2.

The situation of Verona is most beautiful, and the cypresses and tall campaniles which rise amid the lower buildings, give it a southern aspect.

"I remember a city, more nobly placed even than Edinburgh, which instead of the valley now filled by lines of railroad, has a broad and rushing river of blue water sweeping through the heart of it; which, for the dark and solitary rock which bears the castle, has an amphitheatre of cliffs crested with cypresses and olive; which, for the two masses of Arthur's Seat and the ranges of the Pentlands, has a chain of

blue mountains higher than the haughtiest peaks of the Highlands; and which, for the far-away Ben Lodi and Ben More, has the great central chain of the St. Gothard Alps; and yet as you go out of the gates, and walk in the suburban streets of that city—I mean Verona—the eye never seeks to rest on that external scenery, however gorgeous; it does not look for the gaps between the houses: it may for a few moments follow the broken line of the great Alpine battlements; but it is only when they form a back-ground for other battlements, built by the hand of man. There is no necessity felt to dwell on the blue river or the burning hills. The heart and eye have enough to do in the streets of the city itself; they are contented there; nay, they sometimes turn from the natural scenery, as if too savage and solitary, to dwell with a deeper interest on the palace walls that cast their shade upon the streets, and the crowd of towers that rise out of that shadow, into the depths of the sky. *That* is a city to be proud of indeed."—*Ruskin, Lectures on Architecture and Painting.*

"Pleasant Verona! With its beautiful old palaces, and charming country in the distance, seen from terrace walks, and stately balustraded galleries. With its Roman gates, still spanning the fair street, and casting on the sunlight of to-day the shade of fifteen hundred years ago. With its marble-faced churches, lofty towers, rich architecture, and quaint old quiet thoroughfares, where shouts of Montagues and Capulets once resounded,

> And made Verona's ancient citizens
> Cast by their grave, beseeming ornaments,
> To wield old partizans.

With its fast-rushing river, picturesque old bridge, great castle, waving cypresses, and prospect so delightful, and so cheerful! Pleasant Verona!"—*Dickens.*

Verona was an important town of Gallia Transpadana, and belonged either to the Cenomani or the Euganei, but very little is known of its early history. It has always preserved its ancient name unchanged. Of the Roman period the amphitheatre and the gateways remain. It was here that Theodoric gained his victory over Odoacer, and for a time Theodoric made it his residence; his palace is destroyed, but memorials of him remain in the reliefs in the façade of S. Zeno, while the rock-chapel behind

SS. Nazzaro and Celso dates from the time of the Ostrogoths. In the palace of Theodoric afterwards lived Alboin, the founder of the Lombard kingdom, who was murdered in 574. Here also the famous Theodolinda was married to her first husband Autharis. In the beginning of the 13th century, the contests of the house of Este with the Ezzelini and Montecchi began at Verona the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. As the Ghibellines gained the upper hand, Ezzelino da Romano became almost absolute sovereign of Verona, Vicenza, and Treviso, and maintained his power by wholesale murder and cruelty. Being wounded in battle at the bridge of Casciano, he was imprisoned at Castel Solano, where he hastened his death by tearing the bandages from his wounds. After the fall of the Hohenstaufens, Mastino della Scala * was chosen Podesta of Verona, and became so popular, that in 1262 he was made "Signore perpetuo." From this time, for 127 years, the condition of Verona reflected the virtues and vices of the Scaligers. They were succeeded for a short time by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, after whose death, in 1405, Verona was united to Venice, and has since shared its fate.

Verona is a place to linger at, and there are few places in Italy where so many different periods of history are still illustrated, or where more various branches of study may be pursued.

"There is at once the classic Verona, the Verona of Catullus and Pliny; there is the Verona of the Nibelungen, the Bern of Theodoric; there is the mediæval Verona, the Verona of commonwealths and tyrants, the Verona of Eccelino and Can Grande; and there is the Verona of later times, under Venetian, French, and Austrian bondage,

* The family name was originally Villani—they obtained the name of Scala from the fortune made by one of their family, a merchant of Montagna, who sold ladders.

the Verona of Congresses and fortifications. Verona, like Le Mans, is an Ecbatana, spreading, circle beyond circle, each range having its own history and its own monuments. Of one of these ranges it is at first disappointing to find so little to remind us. When we think of the fame of Verona in Teutonic romance—how the city and the hero have each taken the name of the other, and how they have been fused together on Teutonic lips—we are inclined to wonder that 'Dietrich von Bern' should have left such slight traces of himself in his own *Dietrichsbern*. But it is perhaps well that the surviving monuments of Theodoric and his age should be gathered together round the one spot which stands by itself in the whole world, and that the city which boasts of his church, his palace, and his tomb should not be exposed to rivalry from another city which, though it has come to bear his name, was, after all, only his occasional sojourn. It is perhaps well that, as Ravenna has no share in the earlier and later glories of other cities, as it boasts no arches or amphitheatres of heathen days, no palaces and churches of the later Christian ages, it should have its own intermediate age wholly to itself, and that neither Verona nor any other city should intrude on its special privilege as the bridge which joins together the two worlds which elsewhere are parted by so yawning a gap. Certain it is that, while Verona is so rich in remains of earlier and later times, it has not a single perfect building, nothing beyond doubtful portions of wall, which even pretends to belong to the age of Theodoric or to the ages immediately before and after him. Of his palace on the further side of the river, looking down on the city and surrounding lands, a contrast indeed to the site of his own home among the canals and marshes of Ravenna, the history can be traced down to our own century. But all traces both of the palace itself and of the many successive buildings which have succeeded it have vanished before the necessities of modern warfare and defence. As far as the great monuments of the city go, we leap from Gallienus and Diocletian to Henry the Third. The intermediate space is filled only by some fragments of wall, which, truly or falsely, bear the name of the great Charles, and by the single strange structure under the shadow of St. Zeno's minster, which calls itself the tomb of his son, the youngest Pippin, the first of the Frankish House who reigned over Italy as a separate kingdom. The series is not an uninstructive one; Diocletian, Charles, and Henry each mark stages in the history of the Empire; each was a restorer after a time in which its power and glory had fallen. It is well that the series should be formed by them, while Theodoric, with all the splendour and happiness of his Italian reign, stands rather as a break than as a link in the Imperial series. And when we reach the reign of Henry the Third, we cannot point with certainty to any

monument of his reign, except the unadorned lower stage of the great campanile of St. Zeno. All that gives that noble tower the character which is impressed on all the towers of the city for so many centuries is due to the stages which were carried up perhaps a hundred and thirty years later. Among the great buildings of Verona there is in truth a gap which spreads from the third century to the twelfth, and carries us at a bound from the amphitheatre in the days of Diocletian to the church of St. Zeno in the days of Frederick Barbarossa. To the architectural student indeed that church, the great example of what, in contrast to Pisa and Lucca, we may be tempted to call the barbaric form of Italian Romanesque, is alone worth a pilgrimage. It ranks as an example of its own style with Durham and Pisa and Speyer and St. Sernin at Toulouse. And far less stately, but hardly less interesting, is the little church of St. Stephen on Theodoric's side of the river. Its main body ruthlessly disfigured, but still keeping its central octagon, its pillared crypt, the arcades of its upper and its lower apse, and the stone chair of the bishop still in its ancient place, it is a monument of the times when St. Stephen's disputed with the vaster *Duomo* on the other side of the river its right to hold the first place among the churches of Verona, as the seat of her bishops in life and their burying-place in death.

"No less full of associations in their own way are the later buildings, the tall tower of the municipality, the palaces and tombs of the tyrants, the house that sheltered Dante, the castle looking forth so proudly on the northern mountains, the broad arches of the bridge that stems the rushing Adige, the long array of domestic buildings which make Verona one of the chief schools of architecture of its own type. For the admirers of that type there is the *Duomo*—containing also parts of earlier and better work—and the more striking pile of St. Anastasia, one of those vast churches of pointed arches without appropriate detail which we should welcome at Palermo in the days of King Roger, but which we look on with less respect when we remember that, when they arose, Westminster and Köln and Amiens were already risen or rising."—*Freeman.*

For the benefit however of those who can only give one whole day to Verona, we will take the Piazza S. Anastasia (near which the traveller is almost certain to have selected his hotel) as a centre, and make an excursion from thence which will embrace all the principal objects of interest.

The points which even the most cursory pilgrim must not

omit, are :—S. Anastasia, the Piazza dei Signori, Piazza delle Erbe, Tomb of the Scaligers, Amphitheatre (S. Bernardino ?), S. Zenone, Porta Borsari (S. Eufemia ?), Duomo, the Giusti Gardens—quite enchanting towards sunset, the Pinacoteca, and S. Fermo Maggiore.

The pictures in the Churches and Galléry would not, with a few exceptions, be of any great importance out of Verona, but are exceedingly interesting here, being almost entirely by native artists. Of these, perhaps the most important have been Liberale da Verona (1451—1536), Girolamo dei Libri (1452—1555), and Francesco Morone (1474—1529) of the earlier period; and, following them, Carotto (1470—1546), and Cavazzola. The works of Francesco Torbido, called "Il Moro," a scholar of Giorgione, of Niccolò Giolfino, and of Domenico Riccio, called Il Brusasorci (1494—1567), also always deserve notice.

"In Verona two painters more particularly represent the golden period—Gianfrancesco Carotto, pupil of Mantegna, and Paolo Morandi, named Cavazzola, pupil of Francesco Morone; to whom we may add Giolfino."—*Burckhardt.*

More than its pictures, we should study in Verona the works of its great architect Michele San Michele (1484—1558) whose palaces and churches are still the chief modern ornaments of the city.

"San Michele was a man of a most orderly and upright life, highly honourable in all his actions; he was of a cheerful disposition, yet grave withal; a man who feared God, and was so rigidly attentive to his religious duties, that he would on no account have commenced any work in the morning till he had heard mass devoutly, and repeated his prayers. On the first beginning any work of importance, moreover, he would cause the Mass of the Spirito Santo, or that of the Madonna, to be solemnly sung before any other thing was attempted. He was of an exceedingly liberal disposition, and so obliging towards his friends, that

they were as much masters of all he possessed as he was himself."—*Vasari.*

The Corso ends in the fascinating little piazza which is closed by the glorious *Church of S. Anastasia*, one of the most perfectly beautiful Gothic buildings in Italy. It was built by the Dominicans in the 13th century—the time of the Scaligers. The façade is still unfinished, but noble in its proportions.

"The Church of S. Anastasia looks so beautiful at the end of the narrow street, whose dark shade contrasts with the bright sunshine which plays upon its lofty arched marble doorway and frescoed tympanum, and lights up by some kind of magic the rough brickwork with which the unfinished church has been left so brightly, that, as you gaze, thoughts pass across your mind of portions of some lovely painting or some sweeter dream; you feel as though Fra Angelico might have painted such a door in Paradise, and as though it were too fair to be real. There, however, it is, rich and delicate in colour, shining with all the delicate tints of the marbles of Verona, pure and simple in its softly-shadowed mouldings, beautiful in its proportions, and on a nearer approach revealing through the dark shade of its opening, and over and beyond the people who early and late throng in and out, the vague and misty forms of the solemn interior."—*Street's Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages.*

On the left of the church, over a gateway, is the beautiful *Tomb of Count Guglielmo de Castelbarco,* who died in 1320.

"In this case the monument is supported on a large slab of stone corbelled forward and balanced upon the top of a thin wall. Four shafts with sculptured capitals, resting on the angles of this slab, support four trefoiled arches, those at the ends wider than the others, and almost destitute of moulding save that the outer line of the arch has a broad band of delicate sculpture all round it. The arch terminates in a kind of small cross, and above on each side is a very flat pediment, moulded and finished on the under side with one of the favourite Italian arcaded corbel-tables; the finish is a heavy pyramidal mass of stone rising from behind the pediments. The four bearing-shafts are of white marble, all the rest of the monument of red. Within the four supporting

shafts stands a kind of sarcophagus, supported on the backs of couchant lions, very plain, but ornamented at the angles in very classic fashion and bearing a recumbent effigy."—*Street.*

Tomb of the Count of Castelbarco.

Within the little court, over the entrance of which rests the Count of Castelbarco, are three other beautiful mediæval tombs.

Close by is the little Gothic *Church of S. Pietro Martire*, of 1350.

The *Interior* of S. Anastasia is 300 ft. long and 75 ft. wide. The colour is subdued and beautiful. The nave is separated from narrow aisles by six pointed arches. Near the entrance are curious holy-water basons, supported on crouching figures—"I Gobbi." They are full of quaint character; that on the left is by *Gabriele Cagliari*, father of Paul Veronese.

Right, 1st Chapel. The 1st altar is also the tomb of Giano Fregoso—early Renaissance—by *Danese Cataneo*, the Tuscan poet and sculptor.

4th Altar (Pindemonte). *Francesco Caroto.* S. Martin—quite magnificent in colour.

Right Transept. Gir. dei Libri (also attributed to *Fr. Morone*). Madonna between SS. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, with the donors—a very beautiful picture.

"Has strong reminiscences of Mantegna's altar-picture in S. Zeno."—*Kugler.*

Right of Choir, 1st Chapel. Tomb of Federigo de Caballis, and above it, in fresco, by an unknown master, an excellent votive picture.

2nd Chapel. Tombs of the Pellegrini Family, and two good frescoes—Madonnas enthroned.

High Altar. Francesco Torelli. S. Peter Martyr. The splendid tomb of Cortesia Serego, 1432, brother-in-law and general of Antonio della Scala. The frescoes are by *Pisanello.*

Left of Choir. Tomb of the Lavagnoli family, with frescoes probably by *Pisanello*, 1452—1455.

Sacristy (*Outside, over door*). *Falcieri.* The Council of Trent—curious as almost contemporary.

(*Inside*) *Cavazzola.* S. Paul and other saints. The Madonna carried up by angels.

Cappella del Rosario. In the altar-piece Mastino II. della Scala, and his wife Taddea Carrara, kneel before the Virgin.

Left Aisle, 2nd Chapel. Giolfino. The Saviour in glory, with saints below;—S. George, standing in armour, points upwards with one hand, and in the other holds an inscription—"Quid bono retribuā Dño."

Tomb of Gerardo Bolderio, 1500.

A short distance down the Corso (left, behind the Hotel Torre di Londra) is the *Piazza dei Signori*, with a statue of Dante by *Zannoni* (1865) in the centre, and surrounded by the most interesting mediæval buildings. The Piazza is entered from the west, on which side are the Palazzo del Consiglio and the remains of the Palaces of Mastino I. and Alberto della Scala. At the south-west corner is the passage towards the Piazza delle Erbe, called Il Volto Barbaro, where Mastino I. was assassinated by one Scaramello, above which there is now a statue of Scipione Maffei, the historian of Verona. From the east of the Piazza a street leads to the

Piazza Navona, having on the right the Palazzo della Ragione, on the left the Cortile Tribunale. From the north a passage leads to the Tombs of the Scaligers.

The *Palazzo del Consiglio*, of the 15th century, is attributed to Fra Giocondo (ob. 1514). The bronze Annunciation in the front is by *Giovanni Campagna.* The parapet is surmounted by statues of those whom Verona boasts as her citizens:—Pliny the younger, Cornelius Nepos, Emilius Macer, L. Vetruvius Cerdo, and Catullus, the especial poet of Verona as Virgil was of Mantua.

> "Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo."
> *Ovid. Amor.* iii. el. 15, 1, 7.

> "Tantum magna suo debet Verona Catullo,
> Quantum parva suo Mantua Virgilio."
> *Martial*, xiv. ep. 195.

Modern times are represented by the poet Fracastoro, and the historian Scipione Maffei. Over the entrance are the words—"Pro summa fide summus amor MDXCII"—an encomium of Venice upon Verona.

In the palace are preserved several pictures illustrative of Veronese history, especially:—

Titian. The recognition of the Lordship of Venice by Verona on the Piazza S. Marco, 1505—most of the heads probably by *Bonifazio.*

"The Doge is represented on a throne, on each side of which are the Senators in red costume; on the right, the Sclavonian guard; on the left, in white silk habiliments, the councillors of Verona, delivering up the banner and keys of their city to the Doge. Above, in the clouds, is the Virgin, with S. Mark, and S. Zeno, the patron saint of Venice and Verona. In some parts of the picture (the figures of the saints, for instance) the hand of an inferior artist is easily to be recognized. The portrait-heads are, however, very excellent, and full of life."—*Kügler.*

The *Palazzo della Ragione* encloses the court-yard of the *Mercato Vecchio*, surrounded by Lombard arcades, and

with one of the most beautiful Gothic outside staircases imaginable.

The magnificent brick *Campanile* is nearly 300 ft. high.

"This wonderfully simple and grand erection rises out of a large pile of buildings, and for a short distance above their roofs is built in alternate courses of brick and a very warm-coloured stone, and then entirely in brick, pierced with only one or two small openings, and terminating with a most gloriously simple belfry stage; the belfry windows, with their arches formed without mouldings and with the sharp edges only of brick and stone used alternately, are divided into three lights by coupled shafts of shining marble; the shafts, being coupled one behind the other, and thus giving strength with great lightness, are very striking in their effect. They have, too, remarkably large balconies, but without balustrading of any kind. The upper and octangular stage of the campanile is I think comparatively modern, but perhaps rather improves the whole effect."—*Street's Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages.*

Passing under the arch at the north of the piazza we reach the *Church of S. Maria Antica*, the court-chapel of the Scaligers, now only remarkable for its tiny grave-yard surrounded by an exquisite trellis of wrought-iron, which contains their tombs. The Scaligers or Della Scalas existed in Verona as early as 1035. In 1257 the brothers Bonifazio and Federigo della Scala were beheaded by Eccelino da Romano. Upon the death of Eccelino, Mastino della Scala was chosen as "Capitano del Popolo." After a wise and prosperous rule of 15 years, he was murdered 1277, in the archway called *Il Volto Barbaro*, on the other side of the Piazza dei Signori. His tomb is the first which we find here,—a plain sarcophagus with a cross; it once had a canopy which has been removed.

Mastino I. was succeeded by his brother Alberto I., ob. 1301, who ruled wisely for 24 years and was greatly beloved. His remains are believed to rest in a sarcophagus which

stands on the ground, decorated with his figure, riding, with his sword in his hand.

He was succeeded by his son Bartolommeo, who also ruled wisely for three years and died in 1304. His was the time of Romeo (dei Montecchi) and Juliet (Giulietta de' Capelli). A nameless sarcophagus is attributed to Bartolommeo.

Bartolommeo was succeeded in 1304 by Alboino, who shared the government with his more celebrated brother Francesco, the famous Ghibelline Can Grande (the Great Dog) della Scala. With these two chieftains Dante sought a refuge, and in the Divina Comedia he represents Cacciaguida as foretelling his retreat:—

"Lo primo tuo rifugio, e il primo ostello
Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo
Che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello;
Ch'avrà in te sì benigno riguardo,
Che del fare e del chieder, tra voi due,
Fia primo quel che tra gli altri è più tardo,
Con lui vedrai colui che impresso fue
Nascendo, sì da questa stella forte,
Che notabili fien l'opere sue.
Non se ne sono ancor le genti accorte,
Per la novella età; che pur nove anni
Son queste ruote intorno di lui torte.
Ma pria che'l Guasco l'alto Arrigo inganni,
Parran faville della sua virtute
In non curar d'argento, nè d'affanni.
Le sue magnificenze conosciute
Saranno ancora sì, che i suoi nemici
Non ne potran tener le lingue mute.
A lui t'aspetta ed a suoi benefici;
Per lui fia trasmutata molta gente,
Cambiando condizion ricchi a mendici."

"Can Grande, le plus illustre des Scaliger, faisait de son palais un refuge et un asile pour tous ceux que les révolutions politiques avaient bannis de leur patrie. Soignant les imaginations des proscrits dont il

recueillait l'infortune, il avait fait représenter dans les divers appartements qui leur étaient réservés divers symboles analogues à leur destinée : pour les poëtes les Muses, Mercure pour les artistes, le paradis pour les prédicateurs, pour tous l'inconstante Fortune.

"Une courtoisie aussi délicate envers le malheur et le talent fait honneur à cette famille héroïque et barbare, dont l'histoire est pleine de crimes et de grandes actions, comme celle des autres petits souverains italiens de la même époque. Les noms singulièrement vulgaires des Scaliger semblent annoncer des mœurs brutales et sauvages. Il est curieux de trouver une recherche d'hospitalité pareille chez des princes qui s'appellent Mâtin premier, Mâtin second, le Grand Chien (Can Grande). Ces Mâtins de Vérone, comme les Mauvaises-Têtes (Malatesta) de Rimini, devançaient glorieusement le rôle dont on a trop exclusivement fait honneur aux Médicis."—*Ampère, Voyage Dantesque.*

Can Grande died in 1329, and his tomb surmounts the entrance to the church.

"As early as about the year 1335, the consummate form of the Gothic tomb occurs in the monument of Can Grande della Scala. It is set over the portal of the chapel anciently belonging to the family. The sarcophagus is sculptured with shallow bas-reliefs, representing the principal achievements of the warrior's life, especially the siege of Vicenza and battle of Piacenza; these sculptures, however, form little more than a chased and roughened groundwork for the fully relieved statues representing the Annunciation, projecting boldly from the front of the sarcophagus. Above, the Lord of Verona is laid in his long robe of civic dignity, wearing the simple bonnet, consisting merely of a fillet bound round the brow, knotted and falling on the shoulder. He is laid as asleep, his arms crossed upon his body, and his sword by his side. Above him, a bold arched canopy is sustained by two projecting shafts, and on the pinnacle of its roof is the statue of the knight on his war-horse: his helmet, dragon-winged and crested with the dog's head, tossed back behind his shoulders, and the broad and blazoned drapery floating back from his horse's breast,—so truly drawn by the old workman from the life, that it seems to wave in the wind, and the knight's spear to shake, and his marble horse to be evermore quickening its pace, and starting with heavier and hastier charge, as the silver clouds float past behind it in the sky.

". . . . Though beautiful, the tomb is so little conspicuous or intrusive, that it serves only to decorate the portal of the little chapel, and is hardly regarded by the traveller as he enters. When it is examined,

the history of the acts of the dead is found subdued into dim and minute ornament upon his coffin; and the principal aim of the monument is to direct the thoughts to his image as it lies in death, and to the expression of his hope of resurrection; while, as seen by the memory, far away, diminished in the brightness of the sky, there is set the likeness of his armed youth, stately, as it stood of old in the front of battle, and meet to be thus recorded for us, that we may now be able to remember the dignity of the frame, of which those who once looked upon it hardly remembered that it was dust."—*Ruskin, Stones of Venice*, iii. 72.

The successor of Can Grande was his nephew Alberto II., who was succeeded by Mastino II. In his reign Parma, Reggio, Lucca, Bassano, Brescia, Vicenza, Treviso, and eventually Padua, acknowledged the rule of the Scaligers, yet owing to his vanity and to his abandonment of Ghibelline for Guelphic politics, the decline of his family began with him. He died in 1351, and his tomb occupies one corner of the cemetery.

"The tomb which stands beside that of Can Grande, nearest it in the little field of sleep, already shows the traces of erring ambition. It is the tomb of Mastino the second, in whose reign began the decline of his family. It is altogether exquisite as a work of art; and the evidence of a less wise or noble feeling in its design is found only in this, that the image of a virtue, Fortitude, as belonging to the dead, is placed on the extremity of the sarcophagus, opposite to the Crucifixion. But for this slight circumstance, the monument of Can Mastino would have been as perfect as its decoration is refined. It consisted, like that of Can Grande, of a raised sarcophagus, bearing the recumbent statue, protected by a noble four-square canopy, sculptured with ancient Scripture history. On one side of the sarcophagus is Christ enthroned, with Can Mastino kneeling before Him; on the other Christ is represented in the mystical form, half-rising from the tomb, meant, I believe, to be at once typical of His passion and resurrection. The lateral panels are occupied by statues of saints. At one extremity of the sarcophagus is the Crucifixion; at the other, a noble statue of Fortitude, with a lion's skin thrown over her shoulders, its head forming a shield upon her breast, her flowing hair bound with a narrow fillet, and a three-edged sword in her gauntleted right hand, drawn back sternly behind her thigh, while, in her left, she bears high the shield of the Scalas."

The successor of Mastino II. was Can Grande II., who built the Castel Vecchio and the bridge near it. He died in 1359, but it is scarcely likely that he was murdered by his brother (as stated by many authorities), as that brother was only 11 years old at the time. He was however succeeded by his brother Can Signorio, who, on his death-bed in 1375, commanded the execution of another brother, Paolo Alboino, from fear that he might endanger the succession of his own sons. His tomb is by the Milanese sculptor, *Boninius a Compigliono*, or *Da Campione.*

"This monument is the stateliest and most sumptuous of the three; it arrests the eye of the stranger, and long detains it,—a many-pinnacled pile, surrounded by niches with statues of warrior saints.

"It is beautiful, for it still belongs to the noble time, the latter part of the fourteenth century; but its work is coarser than that of the other, and its pride may well prepare us to learn that it was built for himself, in his own lifetime, by the man whose statue crowns it, Can Signorio della Scala. Now observe, for this is infinitely significant. Can Mastino was feeble and wicked, and began the ruin of his house: his sarcophagus is the first which bears upon it the image of a Virtue, but he lays claim only to Fortitude. Can Signorio was twice a fratricide, the last time when he lay upon his death-bed: *his* tomb bears upon its gables the images of six virtues,—Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, and (I believe) Justice and Fortitude."—*Ruskin.*

Can Signorio was succeeded by his son Bartolommeo II., who was also murdered, 1381, by his half-brother, Antonio.

"After this, the iniquities of the family could no longer be endured. Antonio endeavoured to fasten his own crime on the brothers Malaspina and others. The accused fled to Milan, and persuaded its Duke, Visconti, to attack Antonio. Antonio was easily defeated, and banished from Verona. His son Guglielmo, and his grandson Brunoro, received the appointment of Vicar Imperial of Verona from the Emperor, but were never able to gain admittance to the city. The virtues of the early Scaligers had raised them to power: the vices of their descendants terminated their reign. The Veronese, disgusted with the Scaligers, voluntarily surrendered themselves to the Venetians in 1405."—*Gally Knight.*

Nothing can be more picturesque than the whole group of monuments, standing as they do, close together, under the open sky, and in the midst of the busy town.

"Avant de quitter Verone, j'y ai fait le soir une promenade qui me laissera un long souvenir. Je suis allé contempler le château-fort bâti par les Scaliger. . . . ; Puis je suis venu de la forteresse des Scaliger vers leur tombeau. Les pyramides de sculptures et de colonnes étaient plongées dans la nuit, tandis que les figures équestres, blanchies par la lune, semblaient planer dans les airs comme le coursier-spectre de Lénore ou comme le cheval blanc de la mort dans l'Apocalypse.

"La tradition sanglante m'est revenue à la mémoire en regardant scintiller les étoiles au-dessus de ces cavaliers de marbre; il m'a semblé qu'ils se mettaient en mouvement et que le fratricide poursuivait son frère à travers les airs dans le silence de la nuit. Bientôt l'illusion a cessé, et j'ai senti que tout, dans ce lieu funèbre, était immobile et froid, l'image des morts comme leur cendre, la pierre de leur armure comme la pierre de leur tombeau."—*Ampère.*

"The small burial-ground of Sta Maria l'Antica is fenced from the busy thoroughfares, which on two sides bound it, by an iron railing of most exquisite design, divided at intervals by piers of stone on whose summits stand gazing upwards as in prayer, or downwards as in warning to those who pass below, a beautiful series of saintly figures. Within, a glorious assemblage of monuments meets the eye—one over the entrance doorway, the others either towering up in picturesque confusion above the railing which has been their guardian from all damage for so many centuries, or meekly hiding their humility behind the larger masses of their companions.

"The monuments are all to the members of one family—the Scaligeri—who seem to have risen to power in the thirteenth century, and to have held sway in Verona until almost the end of the fourteenth. In this space of time it was, therefore, that these monuments were erected, and they are consequently of singular interest, not only for the excessive beauty of the group of marble and stone which, in the busiest highway of the city, among tall houses and crowds of people, has made this churchyard, for some five hundred years, the central point of architectural interest, but because they give us dated examples of the last pointed work during nearly the whole time of its prevalence in Verona. In the monument of the first Duke we see the elements of that beauty which, after ascending to perfection in that of another, again descends surely and certainly in the monument of Can Signorio, the largest and most elaborate of all, and, therefore, I am afraid, the most commonly ad-

mired, but the one which shows most evidence of the rise of the Renaissance spirit, and the fall of true art. Nor is it, I think, to be forgotten, as an evidence of the kind of moral turpitude which so often precedes or accompanies the fall of art, that this Can Signorio first murdered his own brother Can Grande II. that he might obtain his inheritance (?), and then, before he died, erected his own monument, and adorned it with effigies of SS. Quirinus, Valentine, Martin, George, Sigismund, and Louis, together with allegorical figures of the Virtues with whom he of all men had least right to associate himself in death, when in life he had ever despised them ; and the inscription, which records the name of the architect on this monument, does but record the vanity of him who was content thus to pander to the wretched Can Signorio's desire to excuse the memory of his atrocious life by the sight of an immense cenotaph.

"The situation of the monuments, rather huddled together, with the old church behind them, the archway into the Piazza dei Signori on the other side, and the beautiful iron grille which surrounds them, the number of saintly and warlike figures, and the confused mass of pinnacle and shaft, half obscured by the railing, do, I verily believe, make the cemetery of Sta Maria l'Antica one of the most striking spots in the world for the study of Christian art in perfection. What either Cologne Cathedral, or Ratisbon, or the Wiesen Kirche at Soest is to Germany, the Choir of Westminster Abbey or the Chapter House at Southwell to England, Amiens Cathedral or the Saint Chapelle of Paris to France, that is the Cemetery of the Scaligeri in Verona to Italy,—the spot, *i. e.* where at a glance the whole essence of the system of a school of artists may be comprehended, lavished on a small but most stately effort of their genius."—*Street's Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages.*

Recrossing the Piazza dei Signori, let us enter the *Piazza delle Erbe*, the ancient Forum, now crowded with the huge white umbrellas of the market-women. On the side towards the Corso, in front of the Palazzo Maffei, is a marble *Pillar*, erected 1524 by the Venetians as a pedestal for the lion of S. Mark, which was thrown down in 1799, when the Venetian republic came to an end. Over the *Fountain* is a statue of Verona, with a scroll inscribed—"Est justi latrix urbs hæc et laudis amatrix." This is due to Can Signorio (1368), who also built the tower at

the end of the square and adorned it with the first clock (now removed) which had been seen in Verona. At the corner of the Via Pelleciai is the *Casa dei Mercanti*, built by Alberto della Scala in 1301, and adorned with a statue of the Virgin by *Campagna*. The small quadrangular canopied space and the Gothic market-cross marks the site of one more ancient, where the newly appointed Capitano del Popolo was publicly invested with his office and then addressed the people. The sentences of condemned criminals were delivered from hence. Most of the houses in this piazza were decorated with frescoes by Liberale and other masters, of which many fragments still remain.

From the east end of the piazza, the Via Nuova (passing on the left a good Gothic house—No. 19) leads to the *Piazza Bra* (now Vittorio Emanuele !) which contains the famous *Amphitheatre*, called *the Arena* (entrance by the 5th arch marked—" Ingresso all' Anfiteatro dell' Arena").

It is believed that the Amphitheatre was built under Diocletian. It is 106 ft. high, 546 long, 436 wide, and 492 yards in circumference. The interior is wonderfully perfect, and its 45 tiers of seats (18 inches high, 22 wide) have been carefully kept in repair by immemorial custom. The numbers sculptured on the outer arches to guide the spectators where to present their tickets are still in many cases quite legible. The arcades are let as shops to dealers in all kinds of wares, but the interior is still often used as an open-air theatre. An inscription commemorates the presence of the Emperor Joseph II. at one of these displays.

" In the midst of Verona, in the Piazza di Brá—a spirit of old time among the familiar realities of the passing hour—is the great Roman Amphitheatre. So well preserved, and carefully maintained, that every row of seats is there, unbroken. Over certain of the arches, the old

Roman numerals may yet be seen, and there are corridors, and staircases, and subterranean passages for beasts, and winding ways, above-ground and below, as when the fierce thousands hurried in and out, intent upon the bloody shows of the arena. Nestling in some of the shadows and hollow places of the walls, now, are smiths with their forges, and a few small dealers of one kind or other; and there are green weeds, and leaves, and grass, upon the parapet. But little else is greatly changed." —*Dickens.*

Near the Amphitheatre, in the Piazza Bra, is the *Palazzo della Guardia*, built by *Andrea Midano*, a pupil of Sanmicheli. On the other side of the Portone della Bra are the *Accademia Filarmonica* and the *Museo Lapidario*, not of much importance.

Passing these, we come into the end of the Corso, opposite the *Castel Vecchio*, built, together with the noble battlemented bridge over the Adige, adjoining it, by Can Grande II. in 1355. The main arch of the bridge is said to be 160 ft. wide, and instead of being in the centre, it is on the side next the castle, and from it the other arches slope away to the north bank, in a strange down-hill kind of way.

(The continuation of the Corso leads to the *Porta Stuppa* or *del Palio*, one of the noblest works of *Sanmichele.*

"In this gate and the neighbouring Porta Nuova the Venetian Signori may be said, through this architect's genius, to have equalled the buildings of the ancient Romans. The gate of the Palio is of the Doric order, with columns of immense height and girth, and these columns, which are in all eight, are placed in pairs . . . The front is exceedingly wide and is entirely of rustic work, deeply cut, and having each projection not rough, but polished, the whole enriched moreover with decorations of great beauty; the passage of the gate retaining the quadrangular form, but of an architecture which is new, fanciful, and very beautiful. On the inner front is a magnificent Doric loggia, and at the summit a Doric cornice richly carved. This was the last marvel performed by Michele San Michele, for he had only just completed the first range of columns, when he finished the course of his life."—*Vasari.*)

Close to the Castello, the Via S. Bernardino leads (left) to the handsome cloister and brick *Church of S. Bernardino* of 1499. Hence opens the celebrated *Cappella Pellegrini*, the master-piece of *Sanmichele.* It was begun by Margaretta Pellegrini, who died in 1557, before it was completed, recommending her heirs to finish the work, but they, from avaricious motives, took it out of the hands of Sanmicheli, and the details were finished by inferior architects in 1793. However, Carlo Pellegrini carried out the full design of Sanmichele in 1793.

"It is a circular building in the manner of our ancient temples of the Corinthian order, the material being that hard white stone, which in Verona, from the sound rendered by it while in the process of working, is called *bronzo*. . . Sanmicheli has given the circular form to the whole structure, insomuch that the three altars which are within its circle, with their pediments, cornices, &c., all turn in a perfect round, as does the opening space of the door. Above the first range of colums, Sanmicheli also constructed a gallery which is continued entirely round the chapel, the columns and capitals of the same being enriched with exquisite carvings, and every part in effect being decorated with foliage, grotesche, and other ornaments, all sculptured with indescribable care and pains. The door, a very beautiful one, has a quadrangular form outside, resembling, as Sanmicheli averred, an antique example which he had seen in some building at Rome."—*Vasari.*

Hence, the Vicolo Lunga S. Bernardino leads to the magnificent *Church of S. Zeno Maggiore* or *San Zenone.*

The original building on this site was erected in the 9th century by Bishop Rotaldus. The present church was built 1138—1178. Within, it is a simple Latin basilica. The western façade, in the Lombard style, has a single lofty gable, with a lean-to on either side. There is only one portal, with a canopy resting on pillars supported by lions. Above, is a great round window by one *Briolottus*, evidently in-

tended as typical of the wheel of fortune, as is evinced by the outer inscription :—

> En ego fortuna moderor mortalibus una
> Elevo, depono, bona cunctis, vel mala dono.

And the inner :—

> Induo nudatos, denudo veste paratos.
> In me confidit si quis, derisus abibit.

The bas-reliefs at the sides of the door are most curious. Below those illustrative of the Old and New Testament, on the left, are two warriors charging one another with lances, and a figure running another through with a sword. On the right is what is called the Chase of King Theodoric—" the Dietrich of the Hildebrand-lay and the Helden-buch." The dogs have seized upon the stag, and a demon waits for the huntsman, probably because he was an Arian. "In these sculptures the character and habitual associations of the Lombards may be distinctly read."* Maffei quotes this as the first piece of sculpture in which the horseman rides in stirrups. The ancient bronze doors themselves are covered with reliefs.

The beautiful *Campanile* of S. Zenone is quite detached from the church. Begun by the Abbot Alberic in 1145, it was finished 1178. It is built of alternate courses of brick and marble.

"The proportions of S. Zeno are so very grand, and its detail generally so perfect, that I think it may be regarded as, on the whole, the noblest example of its class ; indeed, except the very best Gothic work of the best period, I doubt whether any work of the Middle Ages so much commands respect and admiration as this Lombard work. There is a breadth and simplicity about it, and an expression of such deep thought in the arrangement of materials and in the delicate sculpture, which with

* Lindsay's "Christian Art."

a sparing hand is introduced, that one cannot sufficiently admire the men who planned and executed it. Beyond this, the constructive science was so excellent and so careful, that with ordinary care such a church as San Zenone would seem still likely to last for ages."—*Street.*

The *Interior*, entered by descending 13 steps, is grand in its proportions. The nave is separated from the aisles by alternate piers and columns. The wooden and painted roof is very curious. The choir, which was rebuilt in the 15th century, is approached by a lofty flight of steps, which allows space for the crypt. On the right of the entrance is the ancient font by *Briolottus*, and opposite it a curious vase for holy-water called "*Coppa di San Zenone.*" On the choir screen are ancient statues of Christ and the Apostles, much alike in type, but full of solemn expression. The 2nd altar on the right has a canopy supported by columns banded together, and resting on a lion and a stag.

"The interior of S. Zenone preserves the basilica form complete, and is remarkable for the two triumphal arches which span the nave, a third, as usual, admitting to the sanctuary,—as well as for the splendour of the crypt, supported by forty-eight slender columns, clustered, round and polygonal, surrounding the tomb, and for the three noble flights of steps, one of them leading down to the crypt, the other two, to the right and left, ascending to the presbytery,—the former occupying the breadth of the nave, the latter that of the aisles."—*Lindsay's Christian Art.*

Aloft, in the choir, is seated the African S. Zeno, Bishop of Verona in the 4th century, said to have been martyred under Julian the Apostate, April 12, 380. His curious wooden statue sits in his episcopal chair, with a fish hanging from his rod, referring, not as local tradition says, to his passion for fishing in the Adige, but to the Christian symbol of baptism. Right of the High-Altar is the great picture of—

Andrea Mantegna. The Madonna and Child throned, between SS.

Peter, Paul, and John; and SS. John Baptist, Laurence, and Benedict. "Rich architecture, adorned in front with festoons of fruit, surrounds the composition. The Madonna, on whose lap the infant is standing, is unaffected, dignified, and sweet. Some of the saints also have admirable heads, and are grandly draped. A lower series of subjects, which, since carried off by the French, have never been recovered, contained the Mount of Olives, the Crucifixion, and the Ascension." *—*Kügler.*

Of the frescoes scattered over the church, the best perhaps is an Annunciation on the triumphal arch, and the Virgin and Child, receiving a whole family, presented by their patron saints, on one of the walls of the presbytery, dated 1490—probably by *Stefano da Verona.*

The *Crypt* is supported by forty-eight pillars. It contains the stone sarcophagus of S. Zeno and many other tombs of early bishops of Verona. Through the Sacristy one reaches the beautiful brick *Cloister.* Its arches on the east and west sides are pointed, on the north and south are round. The coupled columns of red marble which support them are banded together at the centre. Amongst the tombs here are those of Giuseppe della Scala, and of Ubertino della Scala, who was Prior of the adjoining monastery. From the northern side of the cloister, the lavatory of the monks projects into the court.

On the right, facing the church, in front of a tomb of one of the Vico family, is a stone which is shown as the public Measure of Roman times. In the adjoining cemetery is a curious vault enclosing a sarcophagus; a worthless modern inscription declares it to be that of King Pepin, who died at Milan, 810. The battlemented tower on the left of the church dates from the 9th century, and is believed to have been part of the palace of Pepin.

Returning to the Castello by the Rigesta di San Zenone,

* Copies of these are now here: the originals are at Paris and Tours.

we pass on the right the picturesque *Oratorio di San Zenone*, a charming "artist's bit." Following the Corso, we shall pass several of Sanmicheli's celebrated palaces. Such are, on the left, the *Palazzo Canossa*, built for Ludovico Canossa, Bishop of Bayeux; and, on the right, the façade of the *Palazzo Bevilacqua.* Just beyond the Canossa is the Ionic *Palazzo Portaluppi*, of the 18th century.

A little beyond this, the Corso is spanned by the fine double *Roman Arch* called *Porta dei Borsari*, which is believed to have been erected under Gallienus, c. 265.

"The Greek features are still here, masking the Roman construction; over the actual openings, over the windows above them, we get unmeaning entablatures and pediments, stone pictures, so to speak, of real entablatures and pediments. This gives the front the appearance of a confusion of Greek and Roman ideas. . . . . Still, with all this, the Porta dei Borsari is a striking object, the more so from the way in which it is hemmed in by modern buildings, which take away somewhat from its effect as a work of architecture. One wonders how it has lived through so many ages. It is almost more striking than the preservation of the gateway itself to see the small inscribed stones, which stand near it, remaining there in the crowded street untouched by the changes of sixteen hundred years. And it must always be remembered that the present gateway is simply one wall of the ancient structure; the place of its fellow may easily be marked some way back, where a small piece of the wall, which is still to be seen in the adjoining side street, marks the place where the other wall of the gateway spanned the main street."—*Freeman.*

To the right of the gate is the *House of Giolfino*, covered with faded frescoes by him.

The next street on the left leads to the *Church of S. Eufemia*, a fine brick building dating from the 13th century, but entirely modernized internally. Over the side door is a faded fresco of S. Augustine in glory by *Stefano da Zevio*, c. 1433, and, near it, a handsome tomb of one of the Verità family, by *Sanmichele.* The church contains:

Right, 3rd Altar. Brusasorci. Virgin and Child with Saints.
(*At the end of Right Aisle*). *Cappella dei Spolverini. Caroto.*

"There is a small side-chapel in Santa Euphemia dedicated to St. Raphael. The walls are painted with frescoes from the story of Tobit; and over the altar is that master-piece of Carotto, representing the three archangels as three graceful spirit-like figures without wings. The altar being dedicated to Raphael, he is here the principal figure; he alone has the glory encircling his head, and takes precedence of the others; he stands in the centre leading Tobias, and looking down on him with an air of such saintly and benign protection, that one feels inclined to say or sing in the words of the Litany, 'Sancte Raphaël, adolescentium pudicitiæ defensor, ora pro nobis!' Even more divine is the St. Michael who stands on the right, with one hand gathering up the folds of his crimson robe, the other leaning on his great two-handed sword; but such a head, such a countenance looking out upon us—so earnest, powerful, and serious!—we recognize the Lord of Souls, the Angel of Judgment. To the left of Raphael stands Gabriel, the Angel of Redemption; he holds the lily, and looks up to heaven adoring: this is the least expressive of the three heads, but still beautiful. The colouring in its glowing depth is like that of Giorgione. Vasari tells us, that this picture, painted when Carotto was young (about A.D. 1495) was criticized because the limbs of the angels were too slender; to which Carotto, famous for his repartee, replied, 'Then they will fly the better!'—The drawing, however, it must be conceded,' is not the best part of the picture."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

Left Transept. The fine tomb of Pietro Guarienti, 1404, removed from the centre of the pavement.

Left, 1st Chapel. Moretto. The Virgin and Child, with SS. Onofrio and Anthony.

The street at the back of S. Eufemia leads to the *Duomo of S. Maria Matricolare*, which stands near the Adige between the Ponte Garibaldi and the Ponte Pietra.

The Cathedral is said to be founded on the site of a temple of Minerva. The original church on this site was *repaired* by the Archdeacon Pacifico, as is shown by his epitaph, before 846, which was the year of his death.

In 806, when the Bishop's palace near S. Zenone was

burnt, the episcopal throne was removed hither by Bishop Rotaldus.* The existing cathedral was re-consecrated by Urban III. in 1187. The vaulting, begun in 1402, was not finished till 1514.

The magnificent *Porch* is of the 12th century. Its canopy is supported by pillars resting on noble griffins. The figures of Roland and Oliver at the entrance commemorate a groundless tradition that the church was built by Charlemagne. Roland (on the left) holds his famous sword inscribed Du-rin-dar-da, but Oliver holds a staff with a ball suspended from it, such as, till lately, was shown as his in the monastery of Roncesvalles. Above the door is a relief—once coloured—of the Adoration of the Magi, with Faith, Hope, and Charity beneath. The small Southern Porch is also of great beauty.

The Interior with its giant-like procession of red Verona columns is singularly beautiful and impressive.† Much of it was re-arranged by Sanmicheli, the choir by Giulio Romano.

Right, 2nd Altar. Andrea del Fino. Pietà. The Adoration of the Magi and saints beneath are by *Liberali.*

End of Right Aisle. The beautiful Gothic shrine and tomb of S. Agata, of red and white marble.

Choir. Francesco Torbido, called *Il Moro.* The frescoes of the Life of the Virgin in the semi-dome and on the upper walls. "Not entirely due to Torbido, but executed after designs by Giulio Romano, who was then under Correggio's influence, and was striving to bring the realization of space of the latter into harmony with his own style in a manner worthy to be observed."—*Burckhardt.*

Left, 1st Chapel. Titian. The Assumption.—"The way in which

* The first cathedral was S. Stefano, whence the Bishops were expelled by Theodoric, who was an Arian. They then made S. Pietro in Castello the cathedral, but returned to S. Stefano in 801, and remained there for five years.

† See Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.

the single figure of the Virgin is borne up on the clouds without any attendant angels is here very beautiful." – *Kügler.*

"The Apostles at the empty grave look upwards, full of emotion and adoration, to her who is soaring aloft alone."—*Burckhardt.*

In one of the Apostles Titian has portrayed Michele Sanmichele, the Veronese architect, who was a great friend of his.

Opposite the Cathedral is the little Gothic chapel of *S. Pietro in Cathedra*, with his seated statue.

The *Baptistery*, or *Church of S. Giovanni in Fonte*, contains a huge font of red Verona marble, decorated with rude sculptures from the New Testament history. Through the *Cloister* we may enter the *Biblioteca Capitolare*, which was founded by the Archdeacon Pacificus. It contains much that is very curious, especially a Palimpsest of a 4th-century Virgil, under a Commentary on the Book of Job of the 8th century; and the famous Palimpsest of the "Institutes of Caius," which was known to be the foundation of the "Institutes of Justinian," and which was discovered by Niebuhr, in 1816, beneath the Homilies of S. Jerome! * Among later curiosities preserved here is the baptismal certificate of Prince Charles Edward Stuart—"Romæ, Ultima Decemb. 1720."

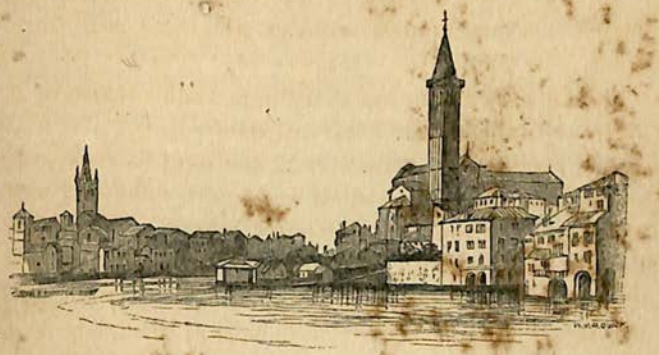
Adjoining the Baptistery, approached by a cloister with quaint capitals, is the *Church of S. Elena*, which contains some curious tombs, and some pictures by early Veronese masters.

Liberali. Madonna and Child.
Falconetto. Christ at the Tomb.
Moretto. Madonna and Child.

The *Vescovado* (Bishop's Palace) contains a number of imaginary portraits of early bishops by *Brusasorci*, and a large

* These, with all other known Palimpsests, came from the monastery of Bobbio.

Crucifixion by *Jacopo Bellini*. In the court-yard is a statue by *Alessandro Vittoria*. The columns of the portico have some curious capitals.



Verona, on the Adige.

We must now cross the Adige by the *Ponte Pietra*, from which a flight of steps leads up the hill to the *Castel S. Pietro* (now a barrack). It occupies the site of the Palace of Theodoric, which was a magnificent building surmounted by an equestrian statue of the Emperor Zeno, of such size that "birds flew in and out of the distended nostrils of the horse, and built their nests in his belly."* Theodoric lived alternately here and at Ravenna, and while here embellished Verona with many noble buildings. In the same palace lived afterwards, Alboin, who founded the Lombard kingdom, and here he forced his miserable wife Rosmunda to drink from the skull of her father whom he had killed with his own hand. Alfieri makes Rosmunda say—

* Agnelli. Liber Pontificalis, pt. II. ch. ii. The palace is represented on a town seal.

——"e di vivande e vino
Carco, nol veggio (ahi fera orrida vista !)
Bere a sorsi lentissimi nel teschio
Dell'ucciso mio padre? inde inviarmi
D'abborrita bevanda ridondante
L'orrida tazza? E negli orecchi sempre
Quel sanguinoso derisor suo invito
A me non suona? Ampio ei dicea: 'Col padre
'Bevi, Rosmunda!'"—*Tragedie, Rosmunda.*

Here also, in 905, the Emperor Louis III. was seized by the mercenaries of Berengarius, and his eyes were put out. Berengarius himself was assassinated here, and his remains were said to be preserved in a sarcophagus at the foot of the steps leading to the terrace of the new castle. From this and from the further fortress—*Castel S. Felice*, there is a very fine view.

Left of the bridge, is the *Church of S. Stefano*, once the cathedral of Verona. The church dates from the 6th century, but is modernized. The central tower is octagonal. In the interior a great flight of steps leading to the choir leaves space for the crypt, where many of the early bishops were originally buried. In a chapel on the right of the nave are two modern tombs to five bishops and forty martyrs! The sarcophagus, once in the crypt, of Placidia, daughter of Valentinian III. and Eudoxia, and wife of Olibrius, Emperor of the East, with that attributed to the patrician Marcian (A. D. 427), are now enclosed in modern altars, for, as the custode explains, "In Verona se venerano questi come santi." Behind the high altar is the bishop's throne. On the left, at the top of the steps, is a curious statue of S. Peter, brought hither by the Austrians from the old church of S. Pietro in Castello: it is proposed to remove this to the Museum. Many curious fragments of frescoes were laid

bare in 1848, and if the proposed restoration of S. Stefano it carried out by the municipality, much of value will doubtless be discovered. Among the pictures are :—

Right Transept. Giovanni Caroto. Virgin and Child, with SS. Peter and Andrew.

Left, 3rd Chapel. Titian. Virgin and Child, with four saints.

Beyond S. Stefano is the *Church of S. Giorgio in Braida*, built 1477 by *Sanmicheli.* It contains :—

Over Entrance. Tintoretto. Baptism of Christ.

Right, 3rd Altar. Id. Descent of the Holy Ghost.

**4th Altar. Brusasorci.* The Three Archangels.

High Altar. Paul Veronese. S. George—a magnificent work of the master.

Left, 5th Altar (under the organ). *Romanino Buonvicino*, 1540. The Glory of the Virgin, with SS. Cecilia, Agnes, Agatha, and Lucy.

**Left, 4th Altar. Girolamo dei Libri.* Madonna under a lemon tree, between SS. Zeno and Lorenzo Giustiniani—exceedingly beautiful.

Returning past the Ponte Pietra, on the left, under the hill of S. Pietro, is the site of the *Roman Theatre.* It was already so dilapidated in 895 that King Berengarius issued a decree allowing any one who pleased to carry off portions of the ruins. Enough however remained in the 16th century, for the painter Caroto to delight in sketching it. Now nothing remains but a few fragments inserted into walls. Built apparently out of the Theatre, and in the time of Berengarius, but quite modernized, is the little *Church of S. Siro.* An inscription says that the first mass in Verona was said here.

(Beyond this, the Via Redentore leads (left) up the hill to the *Church of Giovanni in Valle*, with a crypt containing two curious early Christian sarcophagi. One is decorated with the usual subjects from the New Testament, to which

the figures of two monks (perhaps the discoverers) have been added. The other has a husband and wife, between SS. Peter and Paul.)

Near the river (right) is the *Church of S. Maria in Organo*, built on the site of an ancient building called the *Organum*, of unknown intention. The church was begun 1481 by *Sanmichele*. The campanile, of 1533, is by *Fra Giovanni da Verona*.

Right Transept. Guercino. S. Francesca Romana.

Chapel Right of High Altar. Frescoes by *Giolfino*.

Choir. Pictures by *Paolo Farinati*. Stall work of wonderful beauty, also a candelabrum in walnut-wood by *Fra Giovanni da Verona*.

Sacristy. A beautiful picture of the Virgin and Child with SS. Stefano and Tecla (?) by *Girolamo dei Libri* (who has introduced his favourite lemon-tree). Wood-carving by *Fra Giovanni*, and frescoes by *Morone* and others.

"The master-pieces of Francesco Morone are in the sacristy of S. Maria in Organo, where the walls and ceiling are filled with incidents freely adapted from Mantegna's in the Camera degli Sposi at Mantua. The room is quadrangular, and divided into sections with lunettes like Peruzzi's in the Farnesina; the centre compartment of the ceiling representing a well-opening with a balustrade in perspective from which angels look down, whilst the Saviour in benediction floats in the heaven, the lunettes and the course beneath them containing half-lengths of popes, Olivetan monks, and female saints. This sacristy is one of the grand monuments of local art in the Venetian provinces, second only to Mantegna's creations in the display of perspective and foreshortening, and in the geometrical distribution of the space. There is ground for believing that this beautiful sacristy was finished in the first years of the 16th century."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Left, 2nd Altar. Morone. Madonna, with SS. Agostino and Lorenzo Giustiniani.

Right, from this church, is the Island in the Adige, united on the other side to the city by the beautiful bridge by *Sanmichele* called Ponte Nuovo. In the centre of the island is the fine brick *Church of S. Tommaso Cantuariense*, which contains the tomb of Giovan' Battista Beket Fabriano,

who claimed to be of the family of Thomas à Becket. We may also notice :—

Right, 4th Altar. Girolamo dei Libri. SS. Roch, Sebastian, and Giobbe.

**Sacristy. Garofalo.* The Virgin and Child with S. John—an exquisitely lovely picture. The group are seated in a meadow with a beautiful distant landscape, backed by a sunset sky. The Virgin looks down with graceful sweetness upon the children who are playing with the cross of S. John. In the grass, on the right, grows the pink which is like the signature of the master.

In a Reliquary are preserved three teeth and the frontal bone of S. Thomas à Becket.

Behind the High Altar. L'Orbetto (some say by *Carotto*). Madonna and Child. *In front*, S. Luke painting the Virgin. *Right*, S. Thomas of Villanuova and S. John Baptist. *Left*, S. Thomas à Becket and S. Francis.

From the Ponte Acqua Morta, which connects the island with the left bank of the Adige, a street leads to the *Palazzo Giusti*, behind which are the famous *Giusti Gardens*, perhaps the most beautiful spot in Verona. The main walk is girded by gigantic cypresses, and above rise terraces, each presenting a view more beautiful than the last, of Verona, its churches and bridges, and tall campaniles standing out against the soft distances of plain and the blue hills.

"The Giusti garden is beautifully situated, and contains monstrous cypresses, pointing like spikes into the air. A tree, whose branches, the oldest as well as the youngest, are striving to reach heaven—a tree which will last its three hundred years, is well worthy of veneration. Judging from the time when this garden was laid out, these trees have already attained that venerable age."—*Goethe.*

Beyond the Palazzo Giusti, the Via Muro Padre leads to the *Church of SS. Nazzaro e Celso*, partly designed by *Sanmichele*. It is rich in pictures :—

Right, 2nd Altar. Paolo Farinati. The Annunciation. The fresco

of Adam and Eve in the lunette above, also by *Farinati*, is considered the best work of this master.

Right Transept. Montagna. Pietà and SS. Biagio and Giuliana.

Sacristy. Brusasorci. Madonna with SS. Peter and Paul. The chamber was designed and adorned in fresco by *Gio. Maria Falconetto.*

Choir. Frescoes by *Paolo Farinati.*

Left Transept. The *Chapel of S. Biagio* covered with frescoes. Those near the altar are by *Montagna;* the Annunciation over the entrance by *Cavazzola;* the rest by *Falconetto.* The altar-piece by *Fr. Buonsignori* represents the Martyrdom of SS. Sebastiano and Biagio. The predella, with scenes from the lives of SS. Biagio, Sebastiano, and Giuliana, is by *Gir. dei Libri.* On the left is a beautiful Virgin and Child, with saints, by *Moceto.* Beneath this picture, is the entrance to a passage containing a fresco of the Baptism of Christ, by *Cavazzola.*

Left Aisle, 1st Chapel. Montagna. Two noble pictures of Saints.

Behind this church is a private garden (which once belonged to the monastery) backed by abrupt cliffs, in which is a most interesting caverned *Chapel* of the earliest Christian Art in the north, adorned with rude frescoes much like those in the Roman catacombs. From the outer cave, a roughly-hewn passage leads into this tiny sanctuary; both retain their ancient mosaic pavements. Over the centre of the vault is the Saviour in benediction: over the altar, S. Michael between SS. Nazaro and Celso; on the left is a tomb which has never been opened. The proprietor kindly allows the chapel to be visited on application at the house adjoining the church.

"The most ancient pictorial remains in the Venetian territory, I believe to be in a subterraneous part of the nunnery of SS. Nazaro e Celso at Verona. In this, which was formerly the Chapel of the Faithful, are represented several mysteries of our redemption; some apostles, some holy martyrs, and in particular the transit of righteous souls from this life, assisted by S. Michael the Archangel. Here the symbols, the workmanship, the attitudes, the drapery of the figures, united with the characters, do not permit us to doubt that the painting must be much earlier than the revival of the arts in Italy."—*Lanzi.*

Returning by the Via Porta Vescovo and the Strada Vicentina to the river, a little to the left, on the Rigosta Porta Vittoria, is the *Palazzo Pompei*, one of the earliest works of *Sanmichele*, used since 1854 as the *Museo Civico*. On the ground floor is the clock erected by Can-Signorio in the Piazza delle Erbe. On the upper floor is the *Pinacoteca*, which was entirely re-arranged in 1875, owing to Cav. Bernasconi, a former *Conservatorio*, having bequeathed all his collections to it: they occupy the first three rooms, and include some of the best pictures.

(Open daily for a small buono-mano to the Custode.)

1st Hall.—

12. *M. A. Caravaggio.* Joseph's coat brought to Jacob.
22. *Bonifazio.* Last Supper.
28. *Schidone.* Adoration of the Shepherds.
31. *Paul Veronese.* Baptism of Christ.
34. *Perugino.* Holy Family and Angels.
52. *Titian.* Holy Family.
68. *Bonifazio.* Noah and his sons.
74. *Bassano.* Adoration of the Shepherds.

2nd Hall.—

86. *Giovanni Bellini.* Presentation in the Temple.
87. *Raffaelle.* (?) Adoration of the Magi.
138. *Fr. Morone.* Four pictures of saints.
141. *Parmigianino.* Holy Family.
151. *Fr. Francia.* Madonna and Child with saints.

4th Hall.—

351. *Francesco Carotto.* SS. Francis, Antonio, Bernardino, and Chiara.

The works of this master (1470—1546), are rare out of Verona, and should be studied here. Carotto may be compared to Razzi in the general tendency of his style, and the success with which he followed it up; like the Veronese painter too, he is less known than he deserves. He was educated in the school of Andrea Mantegna, but has little in common with him; he inclines much more to the manner of Leonardo, and must

have derived his peculiar taste from the influence of that master: in his later works, however, there is an evident approach to Raphael's style. The warm and well-blended colouring of this artist forms a peculiar contrast to the severe style of his drawing."—*Kügler.*

351. *Giolfino.* Madonna and Child.
364. *Girolamo dei Libri.* Baptism of Christ.
367. *Id.* Virgin and Child between S. Sebastian and S. Roch.
Paul Veronese. Count Pace Guarienti.

5th Hall.—

393. *Girolamo dei Libri.* The Virgin with SS. J. Baptist, Jerome, and Joseph, adoring the Infant Saviour. Two rabbits in the foreground.
375. *Id.* Madonna throned. S. Raphael presents the young Tobias.
376. *Id.* Madonna and saints.
392. *Id.* Madonna and Child, with saints.

6th Hall.—

418, 419, 420. *Paolo Morando della Cavazzola.* The Passion. These and a number of pictures of saints in the last room formed one large altar-piece in the Convent of S. Chiara.

"A marvellous transition from the realism of the 15th century to the noble free character of the 16th, not to an empty idealism."—*Burckhardt.*

428. *Carlo Crivelli.* Madonna and Child. Children present the emblems of the Passion. In the distant landscape the whole story of the Passion is prefigured—a very curious picture from the Barbini-Braganzi collection. Signed "opus Raroli Crivelli Veneti."
431. *Francesco Benaglio,* 1487. Madonna and Child with two bishops and angels, from S. Silvestro. This may be observed as a specimen of the master, who lived in a weak period of art at Bologna. There are many of his pictures here.
433. *Cimabue* (?). Thirty small pictures from the life of Christ.
435. *Vittore Pisano* or *Pisanello* (ob. 1451). Madonna seated in a garden of flowers with saints and angels. The halo round the Virgin's head is adorned with peacock's feathers, a quail hops upon her robe, and peacocks strut past. A good specimen of Pisanello, whose chief power lay in his birds and quadrupeds, and who painted in such detail that Guerino says he

"could represent the sweat on a labourer's brow, or the neighing of his horses."

438. *Jacopo Bellini* (father of Giovanni and Gentile). The Crucifixion—tempera.

446. *Giov. Maria Falconetto.* Augustus and the sibyl who foretold the birth of the Saviour. This picture is often attributed to S. Squarcione (probably Turone), 1394—1474.

13th Hall.—

220. *Paolo Farinati.* Victory of the Lombards over Frederick Barbarossa, 1164.

224. *Felice Brusasorci.* Victory of the Veronese over the Brescians, 849.

We must now cross the bridge opposite the Museo—the *Ponte delle Navi*, which in 1757, when the then bridge was destroyed by a flood, was the scene of the valiant deed of the "Brave Man of Pojano," who saved, at the peril of his life, the toll-keeper, his wife, and child, who lived in a cottage on the centre of the bridge. The feat was described ten years after in the poems of Gottfried Bürger. A fresco on the neighbouring Casa Cipolla shows the original form of the bridge.

On the other side of the bridge is the grand *Church of S. Fermo Maggiore*, founded as early as 751, though the earliest part of the existing building, the crypt, only dates from 1065. The church is of brick with layers of marble introduced. Against the façade is raised the canopied sarcophagus of Aventino Fracastoro, physician in ordinary of Can Grande. The apse is very picturesque, and the north porch is very fine; the jambs of its doorway are of black, white, and red marble alternated.

The *Interior* (1313—1332) has a single wide nave with a curious wooden roof. It contains:—

Over the Entrance. Turone. (?) A fresco of the Crucifixion with saints standing round.

Right. The pulpit corbelled out of the south wall, and exceedingly picturesque, is by *Morani da Modena.** On the sides are heads of prophets and others in fresco, and the inscription, "Opus Martini." In the neighbouring chapel is a beautiful tomb of one of the Morani.

3rd Altar. Francesco Torbido. Madonna and saints.

South Transept. Urns of Pietro and Ludovico Alighieri, erected by their brother Francesco, the last male descendant of Dante. His daughter married into the Veronese family of Serego, which, as Serego-Alighieri, still represents the poet.

"Il n'y a pour l'imagination qu'un Dante Alighieri; pourtant il y en a eu plusieurs dans la réalité. La famille du poète se fixa à Vérone et s'y maintint pendant deux ou trois générations. Le dernier rejeton de la ligne masculine qui provenait du grand poète a fait élever deux monuments à deux fils de Dante. Sur l'un des tombeaux on lit: 'A Pierre Alighieri Dante III., savant dans le grec et le latin, époux incomparable:' —sur l'autre: 'A Louis Alighiéri, Dante IV., jurisconsulte orné de toutes les vertus.' Malgré ces pompeuses épitaphes, et bien que l'un des deux frères fût un epoux incomparable, titre auquel son père n'eût peut-être osé prétendre, on n'est pas faché de savoir que la famille a fini avec ces savants et qu'on n'est pas exposé à rencontrer le *signore* Dante enseignant les racines grecques ou les Institutes. Une seule chose me plaît dans les inscriptions funéraires que je viens de rapporter, c'est le chiffre placé après le nom illustre; Dante III., Dante IV.; on dirait une dynastie."—*Ampère.*

Choir. Bronze Crucifix by *Battista da Verona.* On the outer wall of the choir, a fresco, attributed to *Pisanello*, introduces the two founders of the church, Fra Daniele Guzman and the Count of Castelbarco.

Chapel left of Choir. Liberali. S. Anthony.

Chapel opening from North Transept. Tomb of Girolamo and Marc-Antonio della Torre (father and son), decorated with bronzes by *Andrea Riccio*, the architect of S. Giustina of Padua. The best have been stolen by the French, and are still at the Louvre, those here being copies.

Chapel of the Sacrament. Caroto. "The Madonna with S. Anne floats on a cloud above four saints in strong action, who are rather given like portraits than as ideal figures."—*Burckhardt.*

Over the side door, in a Gothic arch, is a Crucifixion of the end of the 14th century.

* As colour, this bit of church interior is quite beautiful, and the artist will find no better subject in Italy—morning light.

Left of principal Entrance. Tomb of the Brenzoni (15th-cent.) by *Giovanni Russi.* Over this are frescoes by *Pisanello*—an Annunciation, &c.

Left, from S. Fermo, the Via Filippini leads to the *Garden of the Orfanotrofio* (Vicolo delle Franceschine), where is a trough of Verona marble, pointed out as the tomb of Juliet. It may be visited out of pure sentiment. The tomb which was shown here in the last century was all chopped up long ago by relic hunters, and French and English ladies are wearing it in bracelets. In returning (past S. Fermo again) we may observe, in the Via Leone, the picturesque Roman fragment called *Arco dei Leone*, and in the Via S. Sebastiano, formerly Cappello, an *Inn* called the Osteria del Cappello, which is supposed to be a remnant of the Palace of the Capulets. That these "Cappelletti" were really an illustrious and formidable family, we learn from Dante:—

> "Vieni a veder Montecchi e Capelletti
> Monaldi e Filippeschi, uom senza curâ,
> Color già tristi, e costor con sospetti."
>
> *Purgatorio*, vi. 107.

The love-story of Romeo and Juliet which has been popularized throughout all Italy by Verdi, is said to have occurred in 1302, the reign of Bartolommeo della Scala, but only one chronicler, Girolamo della Corte, mentions the story as a historical fact. Many such may have grown out of the contentions of great families who were such close neighbours as the Montecchi and Cappelletti. Shakspeare tells the story in the introductory lines of his tragedy—

> "Two households, both alike in dignity,
> In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
> From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
> Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife."

"Les Capuletti et les Montecchi pourraient encore se quereller dans les rues de Vérone, et Tybalt y tuer Mercutio; la décoration n'est pas changée: la tragédie de Shakspeare est merveilleusement exacte. A Vèrone, comme dans une ville espagnole, il n'y a pas une maison sans balcon, et l'échelle de soie n'a qu'à choisir. Peu de villes ont mieux conservé le cachet moyen âge: les arcades ogivales, les fenêtres en trèfles, les balcons découpés, les maisons à piliers, les coins de rue sculftés, les grands hôtels aux marteaux de bronze, aux grilles ouvrages, où l'entablement couronné de statues brille de détails d'architecture que le crayon seul peut rendre, vous reportent aux temps passés, et l'on est tout étonné de voir circuler dans les rues des gens habillés à la moderne."—*Theophile Gautier.*

The fortifications of Verona must not pass unnoticed. They are of five different periods. 1. The walls of Gallienus, of which only a few vestiges remain—some in the Piazza Bra, behind the Amphitheatre. 2. The walls of Theodoric. 3. The walls on the left of the Adige, attributed to Charlemagne. 4. The walls of the Scaligers, built in great measure upon those of Theodoric. 5. The walls of Sanmicheli, who was the first to introduce triangular and pentangular bastions.

A short distance beyond the Porta Vescovile (near SS. Nazaro and Celso), is the village of *S. Michele*, where the famous architect Michele Sanmicheli was born 1484. The *Church of La Madonna di Campagna* was built from his designs. Its best pictures have been removed to the Pinacoteca.

"Verona, qui te viderit,
Et non amarit protinus,
Amore perditissimo,

Is, credo, se ipsum non amat,
Caretque amandi sensibus,
Et odit omnes gratias."—*Cotta.*

An excursion should be made from Verona for the day to Quinto, where the *Church of S. Maria della Stella* has a most curious crypt, with a clear stream flowing through it. In the hills beyond this, at the head of the Val Pantena, is the extraordinary natural arch, 150 in span, called *Ponte della Veja*, over a small cascade. It is said to have served Dante as a model for his bridges in the *Inferno*. North of this, in the *Val Lunella*, rises the *Monte di Bolca*, exceedingly interesting to geologists.

Lovers of Dante should visit *Gargagnano*, where he is supposed to have written the *Purgatorio*, and where he possessed some property. Also, in the valley of the Adige, between Ala and Roveredo (accessible by the railway to Trent and visible from the line), the extraordinary chaos of rocks and stones called the *Slovino di San Marco*, said to have been an avalanche from the mountain-side, which overwhelmed a town on this site in 845, and which is described by Dante to give an idea of one of the barriers of hell :—

"Era lo loco ove a scender la riva
Venimmo, alpestro, e per quel ch'ivi er'anco,
Tal, ch'ogni vista ne sarebbe schiva.
Qual'e quella ruina che nel fianco
Di qua da Trento l'Adice percosse,
O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco;
Che da cima del monte, onde si mosse,
Al piano è sì lr roccia discoscesa,
Ch'alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse."—*Inf.* xii.

CHAPTER XVII.

MANTUA.

It is 22 miles from Verona to Mantua, and the railway journey occupies rather more than an hour from the *Porta Nuova Station* at Verona. I. 4 frs. 40 c. II. 3 frs. 20 c. III. 2 frs. 30 c. We pass:

VILLAFRANCA Station. Here the treaty of Villafranca was concluded, July 11, 1859, between the Emperors of France and Austria, by which Lombardy was given back to the Italians. The great ruined *Castle* is of the 14th century. In the old church is a Madonna of *Brusasorci.* The new church is a copy of the Redentore at Venice.

A little to the right is *Custozza,* where Radetzky gained (July 25, 1848) his victory over the Piedmontese, and where (June 25, 1866) the Archduke Albert also defeated the Italians.

(It is about 1 hour's drive (carriage 5 frs.) from hence to *Valeggio,* a small town situated beneath one of the finest ruined castles in this district, which has five smaller towers grouped around its tall keep. The valley beneath the castle is crossed by a curious low fortified causeway, built by Giov. Galeazzo Visconti in 1393. It is defended by a

succession of towers now half-buried in shrubs and ivy, and, in the centre, are two larger, more massive towers, guarding the (now broken) bridge over the (here) swift-flowing Mincio. All this sounds like a beautiful artist's subject, but, somehow, it fails in the composition.)

"Was the way to Mantua as beautiful, when Romeo was banished thither, I wonder! Did it wind through pasture land as green, bright with the same glancing streams, and dotted with fresh clumps of graceful trees! Those purple mountains lay on the horizon, then, for certain; and the dresses of these peasant girls, who wear a great, knobbed, silver pin through their hair behind, can hardly be much changed. Mantua itself must have broken on him in the prospect, with its towers, and walls, and water, as it does now. He made the same sharp twists and turns, perhaps, over the rumbling drawbridges; passed through the like long, covered, wooden bridge; and leaving the marshy water behind, approached the rusty gate of stagnant Mantua."—*Dickens.*

(*Inns.* Aquila d'Oro, best; Croce Verde.

Carriages. The course 60 c., the hour 1½ fr., each hour after, 1 fr.; for the afternoon to the Palazzo del Tè and S. Maria delle Grazie, 5 frs.)

Mantua, of Etruscan origin, became known to the world in very early times, through the verses of Virgil, who acknowledges it as his fatherland, and says that it derives its name from the prophetic nymph Manto, the daughter of Tiresias.

"Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris,
Fatidicæ Mantus et Tusci filius amnis,
Qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen,
Mantua, dives avis: sed non genus omnibus unum;
Gens ille triplex, populi sub gente quaterni;
Ipsa caput populis: Tusco de sanguine vires."—*Æn.* x. 198.

After the fall of the Western Empire, Mantua fell into the possession of various rulers of Upper Italy. Alboin conquered it in 509. The Exarchate took it from Autharis in 590, in 603 Alboin reunited it to the Lombard kingdom. Charlemagne is said to have fortified the town. The Emperor Otho II. gave it as a fief to Tebaldo, Count of Canossa, and thus it came to his granddaughter the famous Matilda of Tuscany. When Henry IV. entered Italy it fell into his hands, but was reconquered by Matilda after his death. In 1167 it joined the Lombard league and

was ruled by its own consuls. In 1183 the two great bridges were built, and the 12 mills on the Ponte S. Giorgio were erected. In the thirteenth century a succession of rulers of the Buonacolsi family seized the government by force; under Guido, surnamed Bottigella, the building of the afterwards Ducal Palace was begun in 1302. His successor Rinaldo Buonacolsi, being a zealous Ghibelline, obtained from Henry VII. the title of Imperial Vicar, with Mantua as a fief. His exactions in favour of the Emperor led to an insurrection of the people under Luigi Gonzaga, who was chosen *Signore* in his place, and in 1329 received the title of Imperial Vicar from the Emperor Louis the Bavarian. He was the founder of a dynasty, and of a family whose members intermarried with the principal royal families of Europe. In the time of Luigi Gonzaga, Mantua had 28,000 inhabitants, and an immense jurisdiction. Guido, son of Luigi, was a friend of Petrarch. Mantua continued to prosper under the rule of the Gonzagas. Under Ludovico (1444—1478) called "Il Turco" on account of his long beard, S. Andrea was built by the celebrated architect Alberti, the Palazzo Belvidere and the Great Hospital were erected, and a printing press established, where Boccaccio's Decameron was published in 1472. Under Luigi Bodomonte, son of Lodovico, the friend and companion of Charles V., the Museum was founded. The eighth Gonzaga, Gian-Francesco III. (1484—1519) was a great patron of literature, and Bembo, Ariosto, and the father of Tasso, sent their works to his court, which was the most distinguished in Italy after the dissolution of that of Urbino in 1518. His wife, Isabella d'Este, was one of the greatest connoisseurs in art of her time. Of his younger sons, Ercole was cardinal and governor of Monferrat, and in 1559 President of the Council of Trent; Ferrante was the founder of the line of Guastalla. His successor Federigo (1519—1540) was created first Duke of Mantua, because of his fidelity to Charles VI., who visited the town in 1530. Federigo was the builder of the Palazzo del Tè, and the great patron of Giulio Romano, but in his reign (1528) the plague swept away two-thirds of the population.

Under the 11th Gonzaga the town increased again to 40,000 inhabitants. He built the costly summer palace. Vincenzo (1589—1612) squandered the treasures of the state in the utmost extravagance. His three sons by Eleonora dei Medici all came to the throne, but left no descendants.

The refusal of the Emperor Francis to recognize the next heir Charles, Duke of Nevers, whose cause was espoused by France, led to the "war of the succession of Mantua," in which the town was cruelly plundered by the Imperial troops. In 1631 Charles at length obtained an investiture of Mantua from Ferdinand II., who was in need of his troops. The last Gonzaga was Ferdinand X. (1605—1707), "whose life

was the most foolish and inglorious of modern times." He fled to France during the war of the Spanish succession, and in 1785 the Duchy was united with Austrian Lombardy. The town was taken by the French in 1797 after a siege of eight months, and retaken in the same year by the Austrians, after three months blockade and four days bombardment. In the peace of Villafranca (1859) it fell to Venice as a river fortress of the first rank, in the celebrated quadrangle of fortresses —Peschiera, Mantua, Verona, and Legnano. Mantua became part of the kingdom of Victor Emanuel in 1866.

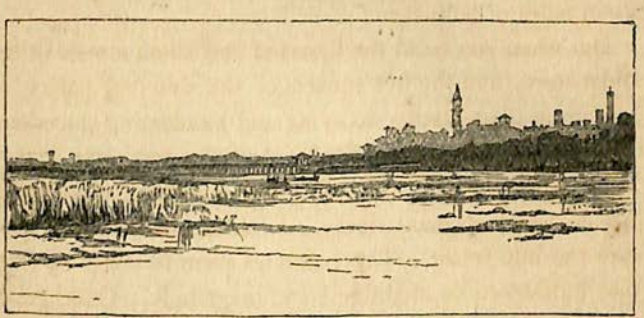
In art Mantua owed everything to the house of Gonzaga. It did not possess any great artists of its own, but Leon Battista Alberti and Andrea Mantegna (head of the Paduan school of painters) were drawn into the service of Duke Ludovico, and Giulio Romano into that of Duke Federigo. The town is full of the works of Giulio, and it is only in Mantua that one can become really acquainted with him. The death-blow of art in Mantua was given by the death of Giulio (1546), concerning whom Cardinal Ercole Gonzaga wrote to his brother:—"We have lost our Giulio Romano, so greatly to my grief that I feel as if I had lost my right hand. To see the good in the evil, I feel that the death of so rare a character will at least cure me of my longing after buildings, plate, pictures, &c., for I shall never have courage to undertake anything without the guiding power of that great genius."

The railway to Modena now passes through Mantua, and crosses the lagoon just behind the bridge of the Argine del Mulino, with a station in the modern town. But the romance of the approach is thus totally destroyed, and all good pedestrians who have time before them would do well to leave the train at the old station of *S. Antonio.* The approach to the town in this way is most picturesque. The long lines of grey buildings, broken here and there by a tall campanile, rise abruptly from the lagoons which surround it. The fishing vessels flap their red sails close beneath the windows of the houses. In the shallower parts of the marsh masses of reeds rustle and sigh in the wind—the very reeds described by Virgil as a characteristic feature of his native place:—

"Hic virides tenera prætexit arundine ripas
Mincius." *

Indeed the scenery constantly reminds one of Virgil, especially in the stealthy flow of the winding Mincio :—

"—tardis ingens ubi flexibus erpit
Mincius." †—*Georg.* iii. 13.



Mantua.

We pass through the fortifications of the Citadel. Here Andrew Hofer, the brave chief of the Tyrolese insurgents, having been betrayed in his refuge at Passeyr by a priest named Douay, was brought to trial, and, though the majority of his judges voted against it, was shot in obedience to a telegraph from Milan, Feb. 20, 1810.

Beyond this we enter the extraordinary covered bridge called *Argine del Mulino* by a fortified gateway. The bridge divides the part of the Lagoon (left) called *Lago di Mezzo* from that (right) called *Lago Superiore*. The water above being on a higher level, turns the wheels of the 12 mills

* "Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And shades his happy banks with bending reeds."—*Dryden.*

† "Where the slow Mincius through the valleys strays."—*Dryden.*

which join the bridge, and which bear the names of the 12 apostles. Near the Porta Mulina is a little mill which was built in the beginning of the 15th century.

As you enter Mantua on this side you feel as if you had left the outer world altogether. The bridge is a preparation—and the vast lagoon with the wind waving its miles upon miles of bulrushes.

But when you tread the deserted and silent streets in the older town, and the five squares of the deserted palace, so solemn in their utterly decaying and mouldering splendour, you feel as if you were dead—as if this was some strange intermediate state, in which all things were patiently waiting. All is placid stagnant decay. Nothing looks as if it were ever put into repair. The buildings seem to stand by their own indestructible mightiness and magnitude. Grass grows on the parapets, grass grows on the roofs, grass grows in the streets. All is damp, and mossy, and mouldy. When a human figure comes stealthily round a corner it startles you that anything can be living here besides yourself. And yet, when the sky is blue, and when the long shadows fall crisp and clear on the old brick piazzas, and the vast lagoon glistens like a silver mirror, and the endless arches of the bridge lengthen out their shadows in the still shallow water, Mantua is unspeakably beautiful!

The centre of past life and present death in Mantua is the Piazza S. Pietro, where nearly all that was once most important in *Mantova la Gloriosa*, stands grouped around a desolate square. On the right (as we stand with our backs towards the town), is the vast Castello di Corte, the palace of the Gonzagas, into which several later palaces have in the lapse of centuries been incorporated. On the left is the

Duomo, the Palazzo Castiglione, and the tall tower called *Torre della Gabbia* with the iron cage hanging from it in which criminals used to be exposed for three hours on three successive days. Close to this is the *Torre del Zuccaro*, and behind soars the graceful dome of S. Andrea.

Piazza S. Pietro, Mantua.

Of the ancient *Duomo di S. Pietro*, there is very little remaining except one of the side-walls and the unfinished tower. The church, as it now stands, is the work of *Giulio Romano*. The pillars are Corinthian, and the wooden roof very richly gilt. The Cappella dell' Incoronata is by *L. B. Alberti*. The only picture which is even worth notice, is a fresco in the chapel of the Crocefisso, now covered with glass, attributed to Mantegna. At the end of the left aisle

is an ancient marble sarcophagus appropriated as the tomb of S. Giovanni Boni, 1248.

The *Palazzo Ducale*, sadly spoilt by recent white-wash (entrance by the 2nd door on the right), was begun in 1302 by *Guido Buonacossi*, third sovereign lord of Mantua. The front is of his time, and most of the side towards the Corte di Pallone, but the interior was transformed by *Giulio Romano*, and has become quite a museum of the precious thoughts, both pictorial and architectural, of that artist and his followers.

"Giulio Romano considered it mere amusement to adorn the Palace of Mantua and the great suburban Palazzo del Tè. So many chambers with gilded entablatures; such a variety of beautiful stucco work; so many stories and *capricci* finely conceived and connected with one another, besides such a diversity of colours adapted to different places and subjects, altogether form a collection of wonders, the honours of which Giulio divided with no other artist. For he himself conceived, composed, and completed these vast undertakings."—*Lanzi.*

The *Ufficio di Custodia*, formerly the *Scalcheria*, has frescoes of *Giulio Romano*, representing the Chase of Diana; over the chimney-piece is Venus in the Workshop of Vulcan; on the ceiling, Apollo.

The rest of the apartments are shown in the following order:—

The rooms, with modern decorations, prepared for Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon I.

The *Sala dei Fiume*, with frescoes of the rivers in the Mantovan territory.

The *Camera del Zodiaco*, with paintings of the signs of the Zodiac by *Lorenzo Costa*, who was a native of Mantua.

The *Camere degli Arazzi*, once hung with tapestries from the designs of Raphael,—carried off by the Austrians.

The *Galleria dei Quadri*, filled with indifferent pictures. Two good busts of members of the Pico family.

The *Galleria degli Specchi*, a very handsome room decorated by the pupils of Giulio.

(*On right*) The *Camere Vicereali*, prepared for Prince Eugene Beauharnois. The *Camere Ducale*, with splendid ceilings, especially that of the *Labyrinth Room* (copied at Ford Castle in England), with the inscription, "Forse che si, forse che no," often repeated, put up by Duke Vincenzo in time of war, when doubtful of his success.

The rooms called *Il Paradiso*, prepared for Isabella d'Este, wife of Francis III., Marquis of Mantua.

From the end of the Galleria dei Specchi we pass, by long corridors, to the older parts of the palace, and enter the—

Sala dei Marmi, or *di Mantegna*, with beautiful arabesque designs from his hand, some of them of quite extraordinary loveliness. In the medallions of the ceiling are groups of cherubs.

The adjoining *Sala di Troja* is painted entirely by *Giulio Romano* himself with scenes from the story of the Trojan war, but they are very unequal in execution, and very inferior to his works at the Palazzo del Tè.

On leaving the Sala dei Marmi, from a loggia, you look down upon a court designed by *Giulio*. In the time of the Dukes this was almost entirely enclosed with glass.

A number of old rooms succeed, which are in the *Castello di Corte*, the ancient castle of the Gonzagas, built by *Bertolino Novara* for Francesco Gonzaga IV. between 1393 and 1406. It is the part of the palace nearest the Ponte S. Giorgio, and looks out over the Lago di Mezzo. These rooms should be especially asked for, otherwise they are not shown. They have magnificent decaying ceilings. The *Sala di Primaticcio* has lovely decorations from his designs in stucco. In another room is the only perfect fresco of *Mantegna*, representing some of the first Mantuan captains taking the oath. One room is filled with portraits of the Gonzaga family and of that of Pico, to which they were related. The *Gabinettini al Raffaellesco* have exquisite arabesques by *Giulio Romano;* they look down upon the

Corte di Cani, where the Gonzaga dogs were kept. The *Sala della Storia Naturale* has decorations by *Primaticcio.*

Opposite the Palazzo Ducale are three Palaces. Nearest the cathedral is the *Palazzo Bianchi*, with a sculptured portal; then the Gothic *Palace of Castiglione*, who wrote "Il Cortegiano": nearest to the Torre della Gabbia, the *Palazzo Guerrieri.*

The road which passes round the corner of the Palazzo Ducale by the Castello di Corte, leads to the *Ponte S. Giorgio*, an immense bridge across the lake, 2500 ft. long, built in 1401.

Close to the Palazzo Ducale, in the Contrada della SS. Trinità, is the *Museo*, containing a number of fragments of ancient sculpture: the best:—

198. Torso of Venus.

210. Apollo and a bay tree, round which twists the serpent, the symbol of wisdom.

287. Bust of Homer—the nose a restoration.

In the same building is the *Public Library.*

The Contrada del Vescovado, between the Palazzo Bianchi and the Cathedral, leads to the *Piazza* called *Virgiliana*, in honour of Virgil.

"Mantua mittenda certavit pube Cremonæ:
Mantua Musarum domus, atque ad sidera cantu
Evecta Andino, et Smyrnæis æmula plectris."—*Sil. Ital.* viii. 594.

The actual birth-place of the poet, however, was a village called Andes in the Mantuan territory,* which is supposed to be identical with Pietola, about 3 miles distant. It is thus extolled by Dante:—

"E quell' ombra gentil per cui si noma
Pietola piu che villa Mantovana."—*Purg.* xviii.

* Donatus. *Vit. Virg.* i.

Returning through the Piazza S. Pietro, the Via Broletto leads to the *Piazza Dante*, decorated with a statue of Dante in 1871. Here is a noble gateway of brick and stone mixed (restored 1874), and, on the left, under a beautiful Gothic canopy, a seated figure of Virgil with a book, probably of the 14th century.

Just beyond is the *Piazza delle Erbe*, containing the *Palazzo della Ragione*, built 1198—1250: it has a campanile with a Dondi clock. At the angle of the piazza is a house with most admirable terra-cotta ornaments.

On the right is the noble *Church of S. Andrea*, built from designs of *Leon Battista Alberti*. It was begun in 1732, but not finished till 1781. The cupola was added by *Juvara*. The façade is exceedingly simple, with one noble triumphal arch, with deeply recessed portico, and four Corinthian columns sustaining a gabled front.

"S. Andrea, the work of Alberti, is interesting in a historical point of view, as being the type of all those churches which, from S. Peter's downwards, have been erected in Italy and in most parts of Europe during the last three centuries. . . . The dimensions of the church are considerable, being 317 ft. long internally, and the nave and transepts are each 53 ft. wide by 95 in height, but owing to the simplicity of the parts it appears even larger than it really is. The great charm, however, is the beauty of its proportions, the extreme elegance of every part, and the appropriateness of the modes in which Classical details are used, without the least violence or straining. The exterior never was finished, except the entrance front, and this is worthy of the interior. Nothing in the style is grander than the great central arch, well supported on either side, and crowned by a simple unbroken pediment."—*Fergusson.*

The noble brick campanile is a remnant of the basilica of 1472—1494.

"The detail of this is throughout very fine. The tracery is all of a kind of plate-tracery, consisting, that is to say, of cusped circles pierced

in a tympanum within an enclosing arch; the shafts between the lights are of polished marble, and coupled one behind the other."—*Street.*

The church contains :—

Right, 1st Chapel. Giulio Arrivabene. S. Antony admonishing Ezzelino.

3rd Chapel. A sarcophagus supposed to contain the remains of S. Longinus, the Roman centurion, who stood by the cross and pierced the side of our Saviour. The frescoes are from designs of Giulio Romano. They represent the Crucifixion and the bringing of the miraculous blood of our Saviour to Mantua by S. Longinus.

South Transept. Tomb of Bishop Andreasi, 1549, by *Prospero Clementi.* Tombs of the Donati family, 1581.

Apse of Choir. Anselmi. Fresco of the martyrdom of S. Andrew. A kneeling statue of Duke Guglielmo Gonzaga, founder of the church. The frescoes of the cupola are by *Campi.*

North Transept. Tombs of Pietro Strozzi, 1529, and of Count Andreasi, from designs of Giulio Romano.

1st Chapel left of Entrance. Tomb of Andrea Mantegna, ob. 1506, with a bronze bust by *Sperandio,* erected in 1560, by Andrea, nephew of the artist. Under the bust is inscribed, "Esse parem hunc noris, si non præponis Apelli. Eneæ Mantinæ, qui simulacra vides."

Giovanni Santi places Mantegna at head of painters of his time because of his skill in perspective and fore-shortening.

> "Perchè de tucti i membri de tale arte
> Lo integro e chiaro corpo lui possede
> Più che huom de Italia o dele externe parte."

Hence, following the Via S. Sebastiano, we pass (right) the *Church of S. Sebastiano,* now desecrated, but a good work of *L. B. Alberti* of 1460; and (right) the *Casa di Mantegna,* given to him by the Gonzagas.

Here is the Porta Pusterla, a little beyond which, in a grove of plane-trees, is the famous *Palazzo del Tè* (sometimes written The, and probably an abbreviation from Theyetto or Taglietto).

"Mounted on a horse which was presented to him by the Marquis,

Giulio Romano rode forth in his company to a spot without the walls, where his Excellency had a place with some stables, called the T, situated in the midst of meadows, and where he kept his breeding stud. Here, the Marquis announced that, without destroying the old walls, he would like to have a small building arranged to which he might sometimes resort for amusement.

"Giulio availed himself of the old walls, and in the principal space at his disposal, erected the first hall which is seen on entering, with the chambers on each side of it, and as there is no stone in the place, nor any quarries whence it could be excavated, he contented himself with bricks and other substitutes, which he covered with stucco, and out of these materials made columns, bases, capitals, cornices, doors, and windows, all in the most perfect proportion and beautifully decorated. . . All which induced the Marquis to change his purpose, and, from a small beginning, he determined that the whole edifice should be arranged as a great palace.

"Giulio thereupon constructed a most beautiful model, the outer walls, as also the interior towards the court-yard, being in the rustic manner. The building is a rectangle with an open court in the centre, which is rather like a meadow or public square, into which four ways open in the form of a cross; one conducts into a very wide loggia, whence another entrance leads to the gardens, while two others open into various apartments, all of which are decorated with stucco-work and paintings." —*Vasari.*

From the ante-chamber on the left we enter :—

I. *Camera dei Cavalli.* Portraits of the horses of the Marquis Federigo Gonzaga, designed by *G. Romano*, and executed in fresco by his pupils *Benedetto Pagni* and *Rinaldo da Mantova.* It was the success of this room which decided the Gonzaga to build a palace instead of a hunting-lodge.

II. *Camera di Psiche.* Wonderfully gay and rich in colour. The walls are covered with the story of Psyche in fresco. In the centre of the vaulting is the marriage of Cupid and Psyche. The lunettes which are in oil are considerably blackened. Some of the scenes are exceedingly erotic. The whole are by *Rinaldo de Mantova* and *Benedetto da Pescia* from designs of *G. Romano.*

"Here, with very few graceful groups, we find an almost total indifference to beautiful and noble forms, as well as to pure colouring; and these faults cannot be altogether laid to the charge of the assistants: a coarseness of conception is visible throughout, which, in some of the

pictures (that of Olimpia for example), can hardly be carried further."—*Kügler.*

III. *Camera del Zodiaco,* by the scholars of Giulio.

IV. *Camera di Faetonte*—a beautiful little chamber; the Fall of Phaeton is represented in oil upon the ceiling by *Giulio Romano.*

V. *Loggia di David,* an open hall, with five reliefs from the life of David. The ornaments by *Primaticcio.*

VI. *Sala degli Stucchi,* with friezes by *Primaticcio* and *Giambattista Mantovano* from designs of *G. Romano.* They represent the triumphal entrance of the Emperor Sigismund into Mantua in 1433. In the year before he had created Gian Francesco Gonzaga Marquis of Mantua.

VII. *Camera dei Cesari.* In the centre of the ceiling Julius Cæsar is burning the letters of his enemies. In the two lunettes in fresco, by *Giulio Romano,* Alexander discovers a chest containing the writings of Homer, and restores the wife of Mardonius.

VIII. *Sala dei Giganti.*

"Original and ingenious as he was, Giulio desired here to display all his resources; and determined to construct an apartment where the masonry should be adapted to the requirements of the painting, in order more effectually to deceive the eye of the spectator. Having first therefore secured this angle of the palace, which is on a marshy soil, by means of double foundations of great depth, he caused a large circular chamber to be erected, giving extraordinary thickness to the walls, to the end that the four external angles of the same might have all the strength required for the support of a double vaulting, which he proposed to make in a round form, like that of a furnace. This done, he caused the doors, windows, and mantelpiece of the room to be formed in rustic masonry, purposely constructed so much out of square, and set together in so disjointed and distorted a fashion, that they appeared to be really leaning on one side, and as if they must necessarily fall into the room. The apartment being thus strangely constructed, Giulio began to paint it with the most extraordinary conceptions he could devise. The subject he chose was Jupiter hurling his thunderbolt at the Giants, and having caused the vaulting to represent the Olympic heaven, he placed there the throne of Jove, foreshortened, as seen from below. . . Lower down he has depicted Jupiter in anger hurling his thunderbolt at the Giants, with Juno still further down, who is assisting him. Around them are the Winds, represented by the most extraordinary faces, blowing towards the earth, while the goddess Ops turns away with her lions at the terrible roar of the thunders, as do the other gods and goddesses, especially Venus, who is at the side of Mars, and Momus, who with extended

arms, seems to be anticipating that heaven itself will fall asunder, but stands nevertheless immoveable, waiting for the end.

"The Graces also are filled with dread, and indeed all the gods, seized with terror, are taking to flight, each in his chariot. The Moon, Saturn, and Janus, turn to that part of the heaven which is least overwhelmed with darkness, as if to flee as far as possible from such horrible tumult and confusion, and also Neptune, who, with his dolphins, seems striving to stay himself upon his trident, while Pallas, with the nine Muses, stands watching the awful catastrophe which is taking place, as if questioning what so dreadful an event may portend. Pan embraces, with supporting arms, a nymph who is trembling with fear, and seems anxious to shelter her from the flashes of lightning and fire with which the heavens are filled. Bacchus and Silenus, with the Satyrs and Nymphs, show the utmost terror and anxiety, Vulcan with his huge hammer on his shoulder looks towards Hercules, who is speaking with Mercury of the crisis which is occurring: near these is Pomona with terror-stricken aspect, and the same feeling is evinced by Vertumnus and the other gods, who are dispersed through the heaven.

"In the lower part, that is to say upon the walls, are the Giants, some of whom, those who are nearest to Jupiter, have mountains and enormous rocks upon their backs, which they support upon their powerful shoulders, intending to make a pale wherewith to scale the heavens, where their ruin is preparing, where Jupiter is thundering, where all the denizens of heaven are kindled with anger against them, and where the whole assembly appears not only to have a sense of terror at the rash presumption of those Giants, on whom it is casting mountains, but as if apprehensive that the whole world was in confusion and coming to an end. In this lower part of the painting, Giulio has also depicted Briareus in a dark cavern almost covered with enormous masses of rock, with other Giants lying crushed and some dead beneath the ruins of the mountains. Through the cleft of another dark cave, moreover, which is managed with infinite skill, other Giants are seen in full flight; struck by the thunderbolts of Jove, they seem also on the point of being crushed, as the others are. In another part of the picture are still other Giants, upon whom temples, columns, and other fragments are falling, with immense slaughter and destruction of those proud assailants of the gods. It is amidst these falling ruins that the fire-place of the apartment is placed, and when the fire is lighted there, the Giants seem to be burning in the flames. Here the master has pourtrayed Pluto in his chariot; drawn by meagre bare-boned horses, and accompanied by the Furies, he is flying towards the centre."—*Vasari.*

Some smaller rooms have exquisite arabesques by *Giulio Romano*.

"The Palazzo del Tè stands in a swamp, and is, indeed, as singular a place as I ever saw.

"Not for its dreariness, though it is very dreary. Not for its dampness, though it is very damp. Not for its desolate condition, though it is as desolate and neglected as house can be. But chiefly for the unaccountable nightmares with which its interior has been decorated (among other subjects of more delicate execution) by Giulio Romano. There is a leering Giant over a chimney-piece, and there are dozens of Giants (Titans warring with Jove) on the walls of another room, so inconceivably ugly and grotesque, that it is marvellous how any man could have imagined such creatures. In the chamber in which they abound, these monsters, with swollen faces and cracked cheeks, and every kind of distortion of look and limb, are depicted as staggering under the weight of falling buildings, and being overwhelmed in the ruins; upheaving masses of rock, and burying themselves beneath; vainly striving to sustain the pillars of heavy roofs that topple down upon their heads; and, in a word, undergoing and doing every kind of mad and demoniacal destruction. The figures are immensely large, and exaggerated to the utmost pitch of uncouthness; the colouring is harsh and disagreeable; and the whole effect more like (I should imagine) a violent rush of blood to the head of the spectator, than any real picture set before him by the hand of an artist. This apoplectic performance was shown by a sickly-looking woman, whose appearance was referable, I dare say, to the bad air of the marshes; but it was difficult to help feeling as if she were too much haunted by the Giants, and they were frightening her to death, all alone in that exhausted cistern of a palace, among the reeds and rushes, with the mists hovering about outside, and stalking round and round it continually."—*Dickens*.

About 3½ miles from Mantua is the curious *Church of S. Maria delle Grazie*, an *ex voto*, consecrated in 1399 by Francesco Gonzaga and the people of Mantua, in gratitude for the cessation of the plague. It is one of the most curious places of pilgrimage in Europe and is well worth a visit.

The acacia-fringed road leads across the *Seregno*, as the marshy country round Mantua is called, and passes (right) the brick church of S. Maria degli Angeli, and (left) a Monument raised to the Tuscans who fell near this in 1848.

S. Maria delle Grazie is a handsome brick and terra-cotta church, approached through a kind of street of relic-stalls. In its outer cloister are frescoes commemorating benefits supposed to have been obtained here, and, on the left of the entrance, are cannon-balls which fell harmless in the siege of Mantua, 1522, and were vowed afterwards by Federigo Gonzaga. On entering the church you find yourself between the double lines of a regiment of figures, life-size, dressed, and coloured, arranged in niches along the walls. Each represents some devotee, who thus wished to express his gratitude to the Virgin, for graces which he believed that he had received from her, and these figures include Pope Pius II., Charles V., and his son Federigo Gonzaga, and the Constable de Bourbon. Some of the statues are most extraordinary, and the story of each is told in rude verses beneath. Thus, a criminal, who appears with the punishment of "the Cord" to which he was condemned, is supposed to say:—

"Dalla fune ond' in alto era sospeso
Vergine benedetta io Te chiamai
Leger divenni, e non rimasi offeso."

Rinaldo della Volta, condemned to be beheaded, says:—

"Per mio delitto condannato a morte
E in van datomi un colpo il giustiziere
L'altro sostenne per Tua destra forte."

A soldier, with a wooden leg, exclaims:—

"Nella guerra crudel mi fu troncato
Un di membri, ch' al corpo era sostegno
Quando Maria chiamai fu risanato."

Beneath a representation of angels drawing up a man,

with an immense stone tied round his neck, from a well, is written :—

> "Fuor desto pozzo uscy libero e sciolto
> Col grave sasso, che pendea al collo,
> Perch' allor fui da le tue braccie accolto."

A figure standing beneath a gallows, of which the halter is loosed, says :—

> "Io veggo e temo in cor lo stretto laccio
> Ma quando penso che Tu l'ai disciolto
> Ribenedico il tuo pietoso braccio."

A converted Saracen attests :—

> "In mezzo rio camin di questa vita
> D'ogni fedel nocchier fidata guida
> Per noi se posta e Tu ne porgi aita."

But the most curious of all is a man represented fixed in iron stocks with burning coals at his feet, who exclaims :—

> "Col fuoco appiedi, ahimè, posto tra cappi
> Sottrato fui dal barbaro tormento,
> Perchè devoto a Te, volger mi seppi."

Piles of crutches of lame persons who have recovered, and *ex-voto* pictures of every kind, appear in every available space in the church. From the ceiling hangs a kind of little Crocodile, of which the legend says that it attacked two brothers in the neighbouring Curtatone, killed one brother, and was killed by the other, who vowed its body to the Virgin. Altogether S. Maria delle Grazie is quite unlike any other place in Italy.

Here the House of Gonzaga and other illustrious Mantuans are buried. Among the monuments is that of Balthasar Castiglione, "the Perfect Gentleman," who was the author of "Il Cortegiano," the friend of M. Angelo and Raffaelle. He was twice painted by Raffaelle. He died at Toledo

(Feb. 2, 1529), but was brought here to rest in the tomb of his young wife. His epitaph is by Bembo :—

"Non ego nunc vivo, conjux dulcissima : vitam
Corpore namque tuo fata meam abstulerunt;
Sed vivam, tumulo cum tecum condar in isto,
Iungenturque tuis ossibus ossa mea.

"Hyppolytæ Taurellæ, quæ in ambiguo reliquit, utrum pulchrior an castior fuerit. Primos juventæ annos vix. Baldassar Castilion insatiabiliter mærens posuit anno Dom MDXX."

The admiration in which Castiglione was held may be seen in the verses of Mercantonio Flaminio :—

"Felix Mantua, centiesque felix
Tantis Mantua dotibus beata ;
Sed felix magis, et magis beata,
Quod his temporibus, rudique sæclo
Magnum Castaliona protulisti."

CHAPTER XVIII.

VICENZA.

(*Inns. Hotel de la Ville—Albergo Roma.*)

IT is about one hour by quick train from Verona to Vicenza—7 frs. : 5 frs. 10 c. The line passes

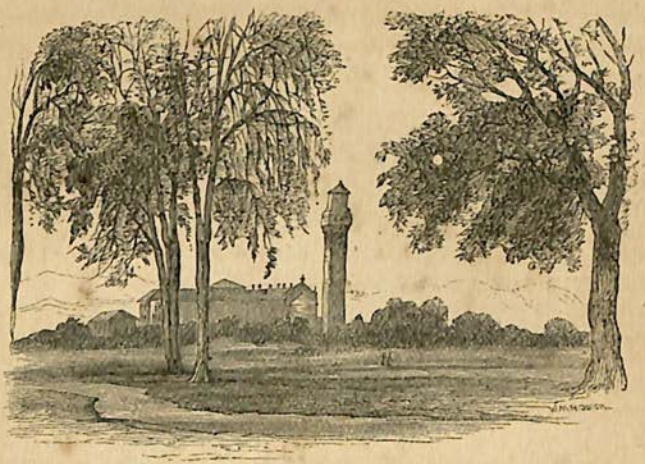
Caldiero Stat., where the sulphureous baths, known as Calidarium in the first year of the Christian era, are still in service, though somewhat neglected. Leaving the Scaliger town of *Soave* to the left, and passing *Villanuova*, where the campanile of the church was a fortified tower of the family of San Bonifacio, we reach

Sambonifacio Stat. Three miles south of which is *Arcola*, where Napoleon I. gained his victory over the Austrians, Nov. 15 to 17, 1796.

Lonigo Stat. The village (right) is at the base of the wooded volcanic hills of the Monti Berici.

Montebello Stat. On the heights are castles of the Montecchi, the Montagues of Shakespeare.

We enter *Vicenza* between the city and Monte Berico. A pleasant walk lined with trees leads into the town. On the left is seen a noble machicolated tower of the Scaligers,



At Vicenza.

now serving as a campanile to the Church of S. Felice e Fortunato. Just inside the Porta Castello, close to the gardens of the Marchese Salvi, is the long-established *Inn*, called *Hotel de la Ville.**

The History of Vicenza follows that of Padua, Verona, and Venice: first with a constitution of its own, then subjugated by Ezzelino, stormed by Frederick II. in 1236 and destroyed by fire, subjected to Padua, then in 1311 to Can Grande della Scala, after 1387 to the Visconti, and after 1404 to Venice.

Vicenza is emphatically the city of Palladio, 1518—1580, and owes all its characteristics to that great architect. Those who cannot admire Palladio will not care about Vicenza. But though many may quarrel with his details, there are few who will fail to acknowledge the perfection of his propor-

* Pension of six francs a day includes everything.

tions, and the wonderful way in which his windows, doors, entablatures, and columns, are all related to, and all balance, one another.

"Palladio was a man really and intrinsically great, and whose greatness was outwardly manifested. The chief difficulty with which this man, like all modern architects, had to contend, was the suitable application of the orders of columns to buildings for domestic or public use; there is always a contradiction in the combination of columns and walls. But with what success has he not united them! What an imposing effect has the appearance of his buildings, at the sight of which one forgets that he is attempting to reconcile us to an isolation of the rules of his art. There is, indeed, something divine in his designs, which may be compared to the creations of a great poet, who, out of truth and falsehood, can elaborate something which participates in both, and which charms us with its borrowed existence."—*Goethe.*

The palaces have also a great charm from the wealth of verdure and bright flowers seen through their wide-opening porticoes, giving such an idea of space and air within the walls of the town.

What Palladio was to the architecture of Vicenza, such to its art was Bartolomeo Montagna, 1475—1523, whose works, wonderfully beautiful and characteristic as they are, are little known out of his native place.*

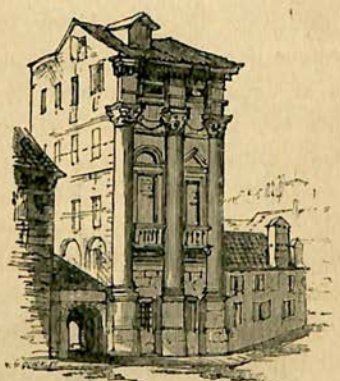
"An Umbrian repose dwells in the lazy calm of his dramatis personæ, but the faces have peculiarities by which Montagna is always distinguished, a long oval, though not a simple, shape, a thin barrelled nose, arched brows, a small mouth with a round projecting chin, and eyes of great convexity guarded by broad and drooping upper lids."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

The sights which must not be omitted in Vicenza are the Piazza dei Signori and Palazzo della Ragione; the

* Yet the works of Montagna, once in the churches of S. Michele and S. Rocco at Vicenza, are not now to be looked for here. They are either lost, or removed to the Brera Gallery at Milan. Those once in S. Bartolommeo are now in the Museo.

pictures at S. Stefano, S. Corona, and in the Pinacoteca; the Teatro Olimpico, and a general survey of the buildings of Palladio, ending in a visit to the Rotonda, and the ascent to Monte Berico.

The town is divided by the Corso, which ends at the Porta Castello. Here, from the windows of our inn we may begin our study of Palladian architecture, by looking down upon the admirable, never-finished fragment of the *Palazzo del Conte Porto al Castello*, generally known as the *Ca' del Diavolo*.



Casa del Diavolo.

A little behind the hotel (right of the Corso), is the *Duomo*, a Gothic building of 1235. The front is inlaid with red marble. The nave is a single aisle with chapels. A great staircase of red marble ascends to the choir, giving room for a very lofty crypt which contains the ancient Lombard bath for baptism by immersion. The church contains :—

Left, 3rd Chapel. Frescoes by *Girolamo del Toso*, c. 1526. The

altar-piece, by *Bart. Montagna*, represents the Virgin and Child with SS. Catherine and Lucia.

Against a pillar. Giacomo da Ponte. The Preaching of S. John Baptist.

5th Chapel (del Sacramento). Bart. Montagna. The Glory of Paradise.

Facing the west end of the cathedral is the *Palazzo Loschi*, which contains, or lately contained, a grand picture of Christ bearing his cross, by *Giorgione.* Returning hence to the Corso, we pass on the right the *Palazzo Annibale Tiene*, a noble work of *Palladio*, completed by *Scamozzi.* Beyond this, a side street, Contrada Morte, leads (right) to the very picturesque *Piazza dei Signori*, which is like the Piazza S. Marco at Venice in miniature. At one end stand the pillars which the Venetians erected in all the cities which acknowledged their rule. Like the campanile of S. Mark's also, the brick *Torre del Orologio* here soars up to a height of 270 ft. But the great feature is the *Basilica*, or *Palazzo della Ragione*, a Gothic building, encased by Palladio (in 1550) in noble cloistered galleries of stone, which, instead of marring, greatly add to its effectiveness. At the west end is a modern statue of Palladio.

The Basilica was continued by Scamozzi into the adjoining Piazza della Biava, here under the name of *Palazzo del Commune.*

Descending the street which faces the central passage of the Basilica, the first turn on the right is the Contrada della Luna, containing the *Casa Pigafetta*, a very curious small house, finished in 1481, and very highly decorated. On the lower story are sculptured roses with the French motto, "*Il n'est rose sans espine.*" The upper story is richly carved with arabesques in lower relief, and the

three windows have balconies resting on very rich brackets. The house was inhabited by Antonio Pigafetta, the navigator, but its architect is unknown.

Returning to the Corso, a little to the left, almost facing a very handsome Palladian palace, is the *Church of S. Stefano*, which contains :—

Left, 1*st Chapel*. *Tintoretto*. S. Paul.

**Left Transept*. *Palma Vecchio*. Madonna and Child seated with SS. George and Lucia.

"I scarcely know a church out of Venice which can show so splendid a work."—*Mündler*.

Close by, passing (left) the *Casa Salvi*, the next turn (left) from the Corso leads to the brick *Church of S. Corona*, of 1260. Its west front is—like the other churches here—a single gable with a western doorway and a large circular window above. It contains :—

Right, 1*st Altar*. *Speranza* (contemporary of Montagna). Two saints, Dominic and Bernardo da Campo, at the sides of the altar.

3*rd Altar*. *P. Veronese*. Adoration of the Magi—much injured.

Chapel right of High Altar. Fine gilt Gothic tombs of the Tiene family—still *the* great family of Vicenza.

**Left*, 5*th Chapel*. *Giovanni Bellini*. The Baptism of Christ.

"In the old Gothic church of Santa Corona at Vicenza, let us stand where, under a gorgeously carved cinque-cento canopy, looks out, instinct with life and colour, that wonderful Baptism of our Lord, by Giovanni Bellini. Let us remain long, and look earnestly; for there is indeed much to be seen. That central figure, standing with hands folded on his bosom, so gentle, so majestic, so perfect in blameless humanity, O what labour of reverent thought, what toil of ceaseless meditation, what changes of fair purpose oscillating into clearest vision of ideal truth, must it have cost the great painter, before he put forth that which we now see! It is as impossible to find aught but love and majesty in the Divine countenance, as to discover a blemish on the complexion of that Body, which seems to give forth light from itself, as He stands in His obedience, fulfilling all righteousness. And even on the accessories to this figure, we see the same loving and reverent toil bestowed. The

cincture, where alone the body is hidden from view, is no web of man's weaving; or, if it were, it is of hers, whose heart was full of divine thoughts as she wove: so bright and clear is the tint, so exquisitely careful and delicate every fold where light may play or colour vary. And look under the sacred feet, on the ground blessed by their pressure: no dash of hurrying brush has been there: less than a long day's light did not suffice to give in individual shape and shade, every minutest pebble and mote of that shore of Jordan. Every one of them was worth painting, for we are viewing them as in the light of His presence who made them and knew them all. And now let us pass on to the other figures: to that living and glowing angelic group on the left-hand corner of the picture. Three of the heavenly host are present,* variously affected by that which they behold. The first, next the spectator, in the corner of the picture, is standing in silent adoration, tender and gentle in expression, the hands together, but only the points of the fingers touching, his very reverence being chastened by angelic modesty: the second turns on that which he sees a look of earnest inquiry, but kneels as he looks; and, indeed, that which he sees is one of the things which angels desire to look into. The third, a majestic, herald-like figure, stands, as one speaking, looking at the spectator, with his right-hand on his garment, and his left held out as in demonstration—unmistakably saying to us who look on, 'Behold what manner of love is here!' Then, hardly noticing what might well be much noticed, the grand dark figure of the Baptist on the right, let us observe, how beautifully and accurately all the features of the landscape are given, even to the expression of the stratification and cleavage of the rocks in the foreground. Truly our minutes spent before a picture like this are minutes of upward progress. We depart, and the scene itself passes from our memory, but the effect of tracing all these its attributes does not pass away; if it has been rightly done, but flows over and hallows our conceptions of the blessed event, and of Him round whom all its interests are centered."—*Dean Alford.*

Left, 4th Chapel. Fogolino. Madonna and Child in a glory of angels—the town of Vicenza below.

2nd Chapel. Bart. Montagna. A most noble group of saints.

Palladio was at first buried in this church, but has been removed to the Campo Santo, where a monument by *De Fabris* has been erected in his honour.

Passing (left) the *Casa di Palladio*, on the right is the beau-

* Are they not simply spectators, and *females*?

tiful *Palazzo Chiericati* erected by Palladio, c. 1566. Here is the *Museo Civico* containing a collection of pictures, open daily from 9 to 5. With much rubbish, it contains some most interesting specimens of Vicentine art—Custode ½ to 1 fr.

We may especially notice :—

Entrance Hall.—

2. *Jacopo da Ponte.* The "Rettori" of Vicenza, Giovanni Moro and Silvan Cappello, kneeling before the Virgin, by whom SS. Marco and Vincenzo are standing.
31. *Bernardo Strozzi,* 1581—1644. The Supper in the Pharisee's House.
38. *Girolamo del Toso,* 1526. Virgin and Child, with SS. Catherine and Apollonia.

(*Left*) *Stanza del Re.—*

10. *Domenichino.* S. John Baptist preaching.
23. *Jacopo da Ponte.* Madonna and Child, with SS. Mary Magdalen and Catherine. The donor kneels beneath.

Stanza del Cima.—

9. *Moceto* (pupil of Giov. Bellini). Madonna holding the Child erect on her knee in front of a green hanging. In the left corner "Hieronimo Moceto p."
12. *Bern. Lulini.* Adoration of the Magi.
15. *Giov. Bellini.* (?) Madonna and Child.
36. *Giov. Bellini.* (?) Madonna and Child, with SS. Sebastian and Roch.
*54. *Cima da Conegliano,* 1489. Madonna under a bower of vines, with SS. James and Jerome. A very early and most beautiful work of the master—from the Church of S. Bartolommeo.

Stanza delle Antiche.—

2. *Bernardino da Murano.* (?) Madonna, with SS. Jerome and Francis and two others. There is no proof of the existence of the painter to whom this picture is attributed. It is probably by a pupil of Montagna.
10. *Paolo da Venezia.* The Death of the Virgin, her soul is received

above by the Saviour—a very curious picture, inscribed "MCCCXXXIII. Paulus de Veneciis Pixit hc opus."

14. *Andrea da Castagno.* S. Michael weighing souls.
15. *Andrea Bussato* (apparently a pupil of Basaiti, c. 1510). S. Anthony of Padua.

Stanza degli Antichi Vicentini.—

1. *Bart. Montagna*, 1438—1523. Holy Family.
*2. *Id.* Madonna and Child under an arcade, with SS. J. Baptist and Bartholomew, Sebastian and Augustine. The predella represents the Legend of S. Bartholomew.
*3. *Id.* Madonna, in a blue veil, adoring the Infant Saviour, between SS. Monica and Mary Magdalen.
4. *Battista da Vicenza.* Saints—a tabernacle.
5. *Marcello Fogolino*, 1450. S. Jerome.
*8. *Bart. Montagna.* The Presentation in the Temple. S. Simeon kneels, as the Virgin, kneeling, presents the Child. Behind the Virgin is S. Joseph; behind Simeon, a kneeling patron. It is signed "Opus Bartolomei Montagna."
18. *Id.* Virgin and Child, with SS. John Baptist and Onofrio.
19. *Id.* A Predella—the story of S. Biagio.
20. *Giov. Buonconsiglio.* The Dead Christ, with the Virgin, S. John, and the Magdalen.
21. *Giov. Speranza*, 1460. The Assumption, with two kneeling saints—in the predella, the twelve apostles.
22. *Marcello Fogolino.* The Adoration of the Magi—from S. Bartolommeo. In the predella are the Annunciation, Nativity, and Flight into Egypt.

Stanza dei Ritratti.—

21. *Leonardo da Vinci.* (?) Unknown.
46. *Giorgione.* Pietro d'Abano.
47. *Raffaelle.* (?) Lorenzo dei Medici da Urbino.
58. *Jacopo Tintoretto.* Vincenzo Scamozzi the architect.

Sala dei Disegni Autografi.—

A most valuable collection of the sketches of *Palladio* (1518—1568) and the two other great Vicentine architects, *Scamozzi* and *Calderari*, for the buildings in the town.

In the great Hall of the Palace are the relics of the great picture of The Supper of S. Gregory, by *Paul Veronese*, which

was hacked into 32 pieces by the Austrian soldiers who occupied the Convent of Monte Berico in 1848.

Close to the Museo on the left (by the door No. 988 Leva degli Angeli) is the entrance to the truly wonderful *Teatro Olimpico* built from designs of *Palladio*, though completed after his death by his son Scilla. The scenery of the stage represents a piazza with streets opening behind it—but it is indescribable—though *well* worth seeing.

"The Olympic theatre is a theatre of the ancients, realized on a small scale, and indescribably beautiful. Compared with our theatres, however, it reminds me of a genteel, rich, well-bred child, contrasted with a shrewd man of the world, who, though neither as rich, or genteel, or well-bred, knows better how to employ his resources."—*Goethe.*

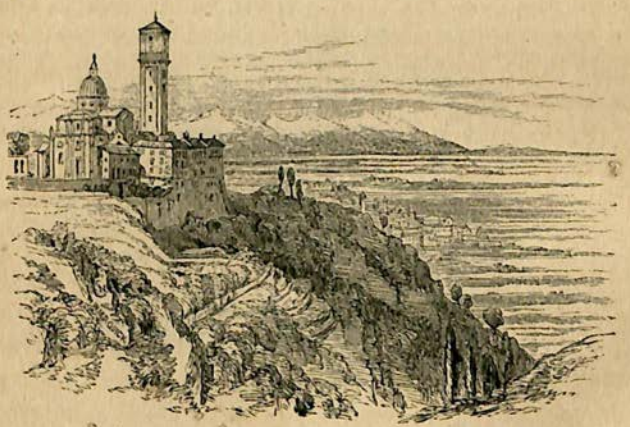
A short distance to the right from hence (by the Ponte degli Angeli) is the *Church of S. Pietro* which is united to *Casa de Ricovero*, or *Ospizio dei Poveri.* Over the door is a relief by *Canova* of Charity writing on the pedestal which supports the bust of Octavio Trento, founder of the institution. The church contains pictures by *Maganza*, and statues of Adam and Eve by *Albanese.*

Returning down the Corso, we may observe (on the right) in the Contrada da Porto, a noble palace by *Palladio*, and several fine specimens of Venetian Gothic houses. Further, on the right, in the Via Porta S. Croce, is the *Church of S. Lorenzo*, the finest of the brick churches here, built 1185. The picturesque west front has seven long deeply-recessed arches, in four of which are canopied Gothic tombs, with the portal in the centre. The interior is very lofty and well-proportioned. It contains a number of tombs of illustrious Vicentines, especially (left) those of the architect Scamozzi, the artist Bart. Montagna, and J. Ant. Fasoli, 157?, also—

Right, 3rd Altar. B. Montagna. SS. Lawrence and Vincent.

The other churches of Vicenza are of no importance. Many other palaces by Palladio deserve notice, and will be admired in walking about the streets, such as the *Palazzo Barbarano*, *Marc-Antonio Tiene*, *Porto*, and *Valmarana*. They have all much the same character.

The great charm of Vicenza is its vicinity to the beautiful *Monte Berico*, which no one should fail to ascend (about $\frac{1}{3}$ mile), to the Church and *Convent of S. Maria del Monte*, built to commemorate an appearance of the Virgin, in 1428, but much added to in 1688. The church is a Greek cross with a cupola. It contains a fine picture of *Bart. Montagna*, 1500—the Madonna and saints bewailing the dead Christ. There is a delightful walk beyond the church, along the ridge of the hill, whence the view of Alps and plain and city is most beautiful.



Vicenza, from Monte Berico.

On one of the lower ridges of Monte Berico, reached by a road which diverges "Al Cristo" from the portico (to the

right in descending), is the *Villa Valmarana*, adorned with frescoes by *Tiepolo*, and above it the famous *Rotonda Capra*, "Palladio's Villa," from which Chiswick is copied.

"The Rotonda is a quadrangular building, enclosing a circular hall, lighted from the top. On all the four sides, you ascend a broad flight of steps, and always come to a vestibule, which is formed by six Corinthian columns. Probably the luxury of architecture was never carried to so high a point. The space occupied by the steps and vestibules is much larger than that occupied by the house itself; for every one of the sides is as grand and pleasing as the front of the temple. With respect to the inside it may be called habitable, but not comfortable. The hall is of the finest proportion, and so are the chambers; but they would hardly suffice for the requirements of any gentleman's family as a summer residence. Still, its appearance is most striking, from whatever side it may be seen. The variety produced by the principal mass, as, with its projecting columns, it is brought gradually before the eyes of the spectator who walks round it, is very great: and the intention of the owner, who wished to leave a large trust-estate, together with a visible monument of his magnificence, is completely attained. And, as the building appears in all its glory, from whatever site it may be looked upon, so in itself it is the point whence an enchanting view may be obtained. You see the course of the Bachiglione as it bears vessels from Verona to the Brenta, while you overlook the immense possessions which the Marquis Capra wished to preserve intact in his family. The inscriptions on the four gables, which together constitute one whole, deserve to be recorded:

Marcus Capra Gabrielis filius
Qui ædes has
Arctissimo primogenituræ gradui subjecit
Una cum omnibus
Censibus agris vallibus et collibus
Citra viam magnam
Memoriæ perpetuæ mandans hæc
Dum abstinet ac subiret.

"The conclusion in particular is strange enough. A man who can command so much wealth and such a capacious will, still feels that he must *bear* and *forbear*. This can be learned at a less expense."—*Goethe.*

At *S. Giovanni Ilarione*, near Vicenza, is a beautiful picture by *Bart. Montagna*, of the Madonna between SS. Anthony of Padua and John the Evangelist.

On summer evenings, when the meadows between the town and Monte Berico are aflame with fire-flies, all the "high life" of Vicenza turns out to walk in the beautiful *passeggiate* beyond the Porta Castello. Then the great tower of the Scaligers stands out magnificently against the jagged blue mountains, and the stately groups of trees are solid blots upon the transparent sky, like the backgrounds of Titian's pictures. At such times it will be felt, that Vicenza is one of the places—and they are rare—where the ideal Italy of pictures and story-books may really be found.

(From Vicenza a pleasant excursion of 26 miles may be made to Valdagno and the Baths of Recoaro (carriage 18 frs., or 14 frs. to Valdagno only). The road passes through the long straggling village of *Montecchio* (Montagu), above which the great ruined castles of the Montecchi and Cappelletti are pointed out. The country will give an idea of the wealth of the Veneto, the richest district in Italy, and famous for its cattle. Hay is made three or even four times in a year, and the leaves of the white mulberries are no sooner gathered for the *bacchi* (silk-worms) than they begin to come again. To the left is *Trissino*, where Count Porto-Tiene of Vicenza has a charming summer palace. At 20 miles we reach *Valdagno* (Albergo delle Alpe), a small town embosomed in verdure and approached by a long avenue of trees. In the latter part of the last century this quiet country-place was the resort of several English families to

whom economy was an object: Julius Hare, afterwards Archdeacon of Lewes, was born here in 1795.

After this the road ascends almost perpetually to *Recoaro*, which is quite in the depths of the hills, and, like Valdagno, intersected by the swift and dangerous stream of the Agno. After June 15, when the bathing season begins, this pretty little place is crowded by representatives of every European nation. Though there are pleasant walks all round, it has no especial feature. But the life here is remarkably social, and, on summer evenings, sometimes as many as 800 or 1000 mounted donkeys are driven off together on an excursion, which has an amusing effect. Balls and picnics are also frequent, to which a very slight introduction ensures a welcome.)

CHAPTER XIX.

PADUA AND THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

IT is rather more than ½ hr. by quick train from Vicenza to Padua—4 frs. 35 c.; 3 frs. 15 c.

Hotels. *Aquila d'Oro*, a comfortable, old-fashioned hotel, looking upon S. Antonio; pension 6 francs. *Stella d'Oro*, very good. *Aquila Nera.*

Carriages, from the station, 1 franc; with 2 horses, 1 fr. 50 c.; each piece of luggage, 40 c. Course in the town, 50 c. For an hour 2 francs; with 2 horses, 2 frs. 50 c.

Omnibus, 75 c.

Two days may be well spent at Padua. More hurried travellers should see—the Sala della Ragione, the University, and the squares around them; the Cathedral and Baptistery; the Prato della Valle and S. Giustina; S. Antonio and its appendages (this the most important); the Eremitani and the Chapel of the Arena.

Padua, the ancient Patavium, is said to owe its foundation to Antenor.

> "Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
> Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
> Troia."*—*Virgil*, *Æn.* i. 242.

* "Antenor founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat,
There fix'd his arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame."—*Dryden.*

It grew so rapidly in power that, according to Strabo, it was able to bring 200,000 men into the field, and when the Spartan Cleonymus came to Italy with a Greek fleet and attacked Padua, he was repulsed and driven out of the territory of the town, which then extended to the sea. Livy (x. 2) narrates that the remembrance of this victory was annually celebrated by a naval contest on the Brenta. The historian Livy was born here in 50 B.C., and also died here in his 76th year. In 452 Padua suffered severely from the invasion of Attila, and in 601 was burnt by Agilulf, king of the Longobards.

In the Middle Ages, Padua was one of the towns which struggled most successfully against the Imperial rule. In 1164 it joined the Lombardic league and instituted its free government. The town was then extended, and the Palazzo della Ragione built. In 1222 the University of Padua was founded, in consequence of the dissolution of that at Bologna.

As a Guelphic city, Padua fought against the detested tyrant Eccelino, the son-in-law of the Emperor, but, in 1237, he succeeded in gaining possession of the town, and avenged, by the most fearful massacres, the destruction of his family castle by the inhabitants. Padua was relieved by the Guelphic army raised by Pope Alexander IV., and, unable to reconquer it, Eccelino vented his fury by the massacre of 11,000 Paduans in his army at Verona. Upon the fall of Eccelino in 1259, the town rose to great power, governed by a council of eight chosen patriots. This time was marked by the building of the grand church in honour of S. Antonio, who, a Portuguese noble, the strictest and most celebrated of the followers of S. Francis, died at Padua in 1231. In 1311 disputes as to the possession of Vicenza led to a war with Verona, in which the Paduan troops were headed by the famous Guelphic chieftain Jacopo da Carrara, who was elected Signore of Padua in 1318. In 1319 Can Grande besieged the town, and demanded the abdication of Carrara as a condition of peace. He sacrificed his position, and Padua submitted for a short time to the representatives of the Emperor. But in 1337 Marsiglio da Carrara became independent prince of Padua, and was succeeded by his son Ubertino, who ruled from 1338 to 1345, and was a noble and beneficent prince. The Palazzo dei Principi was built and the town greatly adorned under his government. His successor Marsiglietto Papafava was murdered by Jacopo da Carrara (the friend of Petrarch), who was in his turn murdered in 1350, after which his brother Jacopino ruled for five years. He was succeeded by his nephew Francesco da Carrara, who was celebrated for his wars against the Venetians and afterwards against the Milanese under the Visconti. An alliance between Venice and Milan ended in the total defeat of the Paduans in 1388, and the temporary fall of the house of Carrara. The

story of the imprisonment and the after adventures of the Carraras is one of the most romantic of the Middle Ages. Francesco Novello da Carrara and his devoted wife Taddea d'Este escaped from the castle where they were immured by the Visconti, and after a series of almost incredible adventures they reached Florence. With assistance obtained from Bologna and Friuli, Francesco once more presented himself before his native town with a banner bearing the arms of the House of Carrara. He called upon the Milanese governor to surrender, and was received with derision, but he swam the Brenta by night, crept into the town, and was welcomed with joy by the citizens, who rose suddenly and successfully against the Milanese, and proclaimed Francesco Novello sovereign Lord of Padua on Sept. 8, 1390. He ruled till 1405, when a succession of wars with the Visconti and Venice ended in the treacherous capture of the city by the Venetians. Then the brave Francesco Novello da Carrara and his sons were strangled, after having endured imprisonment in an iron cage 8 feet broad and 12 feet long. Henceforth Padua shared the fortunes of Venice.

The finest edifices in Padua date from the time of her freedom; those raised under the dominion of Venice (the Cathedral, S. Giustina, &c.) are comparatively unimportant. The earlier buildings,—the Palazzo della Ragione, S. Antonio, the Arena, the Baptistery, &c., are of the greatest value in the history of art. Here also we make our principal acquaintance with the immortal creations of the Florentine Giotto. He was succeeded by *Andrea Mantegna* (born at Padua, 1431), who, with his master *Francesco Squarcione*, founded the Paduan school of painting. In sculpture, Padua is rich in works of Donatello, who came here from Florence, and of his pupil *Andrea Riccio*. Among the native architects *Falconetto* is the most important.

"Many-domed Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain."—*Shelley*.

The plain in which Padua lies is backed by the Euganean hills. It is buried in gardens and vineyards, and has a charming character of brightness and verdure in the spring and summer months. Its tall towers and its many domes rising high above the walls, give it a stately aspect. Within,

the streets are narrow, and everywhere along the sides arcaded walks run beneath the houses, which are a delightful protection from wet in winter and from heat in summer. The stately old palaces have large court-yards and radiant gardens of flowers in the very centre of the town, and the principal churches stand in wide open spaces which are always fresh and pleasant to walk in.

The town is approached from the station through walks bordered by chestnuts. On the right an inscription on an old pillar tells that—"Here was the bulwark where our countrymen, at the cost of many a free-man's blood, defeated Maximilian, avenged the infamy of the league of Cambray, and the aggression of the stranger, Sept. 29, 1509." On the first bridge another inscription tells that—"Here Novello da Carrara with forty hero friends went down into the stream, attacked the bridge, routed the Visconti, and in glad triumph was received again by the people as their lord. June 19, 1390."

On the left of the first gate is the great *Church of the Carmine*, a stately brick building with a tall campanile and dome. The neighbouring oratory called *Scuola del Carmine* is covered with important frescoes; some of them appear to have almost perished, but it is hoped that they may be restored by the cleaning process of white wine and bread which has already often proved efficacious. The best are:—

End Wall. Cavazzola. The Adoration of the Magi and the Adoration of the Shepherds.

Left Wall. Girolamo Santa Croce. The Birth, Presentation, Purification, and Marriage of the Virgin.

Id. Titian. The Meeting of Joachim and Anna.

The Altar-piece is a beautiful Madonna and Child by *Palma Vecchio.*

In the piazza opposite the Scuola is a Statue of Petrarch, erected 1874.

On the right is a brick tower with a heavy stone basement built as a fortress by the tyrant Ezzelino, in 1250.

Crossing the stream of the *Bacchiglione* (a branch of the Po, most picturesque, with its old water-mills and overhanging houses), we enter the town by a second gateway, and an old tower from which, as the inscription tells us, Galileo tracked out many paths in the heavens.

The Via Maggiore with heavy colonnades (there is a good Venetian Gothic house on the right) leads hence to the centre of the town, where there are a group of piazzas. That first entered is the *Piazza dei Signori* (which they now attempt to call Piazza dell' Unità d'Italia), containing the Palazzo del Capitan, and the *Loggia del Consiglio*, beyond which are the University Library, the Baptistery, and Cathedral. A block of houses only separates this square from the Piazza delle Erbe and the Piazza delle Frutte, which are divided by the huge mass of the Palazzo del Ragione. Examining these buildings separately :—

The *Palazzo del Capitan* has a great clock-tower, containing what is said to be the earliest striking clock, invented at Padua by Giacomo Dondi, c. 1344. The descendants of the clock-maker are still called Dondi dell' Orologio. The doorway of the palace is by *Falconetto*, 1532, and its beautiful staircase by *Palladio.*

Adjoining, is the *Library of the University*, which has an immense hall ornamented with frescoes by *Campagnola*, 1540. The portrait of Petrarch belongs to an earlier series of frescoes. The Library, which is a very good one, is open to students from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

The *Palazzo della Ragione* is an immense building with a high roof, surrounded by wide loggias resting upon open arches, beneath which there are arcades with shops. The entrance is from behind, on the left of the Via S. Martino, where a staircase in a court-yard leads to the upper court of the Palazzo Municipale, and beyond that to the vast Sala (a custode) which occupies the whole upper floor of the Palazzo. This chamber is 267½ feet long and 89 both wide and high. It was built, or rather arranged and roofed, for there were three halls here before, in 1306, by *Fra Giovanni*, an Augustinian monk, who had brought back the design of its vast wooden roof from a palace he had seen in India. The walls were originally decorated with frescoes by Giotto, executed under the direction of Pietro d'Abano, but these were destroyed by fire in 1420, and the present frescoes are partly by *Zuan Miretto* of Padua, partly by an unknown artist from Ferrara. They depict, in 319 compartments, the months, planets, and other things allegorical. None are of any great importance; Dante is represented as Sagittarius.

At the end of the hall is the huge wooden model of *Donatello* for the horse of Gattamelata, near S. Antonio, looking here like the horse of Troy; it was executed in 1466. The head is a restoration. Formerly it was covered with skins so as to resemble life. Ludovico Lazzarelli, a contemporary poet, sang its praises as equal to the works of Dædalus, Phidias, or Praxiteles.

On the right of the horse is a monument, of 1547, erected in honour of Livy, who was a native of Abano near Padua. Some bones, certainly not those of the historian, which were found in 1413 near where an inscription had been discovered relating to Titus Livius Halys, a freedman of Livia Quarta,

were brought here with great pomp, a jawbone having been given, at his own request, to King Alfonso of Arragon. To the right of this memorial is a still stranger one of 1661 to Lucrezia Dondi, who died under such excessively odd circumstances, that those who are very particular had better not read her epitaph! To the left of the horse is a bust to Sperone Speroni, the philosopher.

At the other end of the hall, between two Egyptian figures presented by him, is a medallion to Belzoni, who was a native of Padua. Near these, is the Lapis Vituperii, or Altar of Insolvency, upon which debtors were cleared. In the loggia, over the different doors, are memorials to the Frate Alberto Padovano, 1323; to Paulus, a jurist under the Empire; and to Pietro d'Abano, the physician and astrologer, 1250—1316, with an inscription refuting the accusation of using magical arts which was brought against him.*

The *Archivio Pubblico*, near the Sala, has a very important collection of documents relating to the city. In the *Sala Verde* are some pictures connected with Paduan history.

The Via S. Martino, which runs through an arch behind the richly decorated Palazzo del Municipio, leads speedily to the *University*, commonly called *Il Bo*, which was founded by Urban IV. in 1260. Galileo was a Professor here. The University was formerly greatly renowned, and is still much frequented. The class-rooms surround a handsome court, attributed to Sansovino, and highly picturesque from the multitude of shields of arms of the students with which the walls are crowded. At the foot of the staircase is the statue of Elena Lucrezia Piscopia, who died in 1684, having

* Those who stay in Padua may be interested in reading Tieck's tale of Pietro d'Abano.

received a doctor's degree here, in honour of her extraordinary learning. Galileo was a Professor, and the University was once of great renown; but, though still much frequented, it is long since it has produced anything very remarkable,

> "In thy halls the lamp of learning
> Padua, now no more is burning;
> Like a meteor, whose wild way
> Is lost over the grave of day,
> It gleams betrayed and to betray."—*Shelley.*

The *Cathedral* was built in the sixteenth century by *Andrea della Valle* and *Agostino Righetti*, but is falsely attributed to Michael Angelo. The proportions of the interior are admirable, a second transept with a second dome has been inserted half-way down the nave. We may observe:—

Right Aisle (*near door*). The Monuments of Sperone Speroni and his daughter Giulia.

Sacristy. An Evangeliarium with miniatures by one *Isidorus*, of 1170; an Epistolarium with minatures by *Giovanni Gaibana*, 1259; and some curious reliquaries.

In the *North Transept* is a Madonna ascribed to *Giotto*. Its authenticity has been doubted, but it is most interesting as having been the property of Petrarch, who considered it a Giotto, and bequeathed it as such in his will to his friend Francesco Carrara the elder. There are good early monuments of bishops in both the transepts.

Tribune. Padovanino (copy of Titian). Madonna and Child.

Left Aisle (*near door*). A modern bust of Petrarch, who was a canon here, by *Rinaldi.*

The *Baptistery*, on the left of the entrance, dates from the twelfth century. The walls are covered with frescoes believed to have been executed by *Giusto Padovano* in 1378, at the expense of Fina Buzzacarina, wife of Francesco di Carrara. The donor and her family, with Petrarch, are represented kneeling before the Virgin.

"The Baptistery is a quadrangular building, surmounted by a cupola,—characteristic without and beautiful within, where the eye roves delighted over a perfect garden of frescoes.

"The Gloria on the cupola is the first instance, I believe, of the style of composition subsequently adopted by Correggio and later painters, but originally, as in the present instance, imitated from the mosaics. Our Saviour, blessing with his right hand and holding the open book, inscribed, 'Ego sum A et Ω,' in his left, stands in the centre, within a circle of light, and below him, in a vesica piscis, the Virgin, erect, with her hands raised in prayer, as at St. Mark's and in the Duomo of Murano. To their right and left sit, in different attitudes, and with their distinctive emblems, the Saints of God, male and female, five rows deep, in a vast circle; the effect is singularly brilliant, and reminds one of Dante's comparison of the church in heaven to a snow-white rose. The lower circuit of the cupola is filled with the history of the book of Genesis, ending abruptly with the Concealment of Joseph in the well.

"The history of John the Baptist is represented on the southern wall, and that of the Virgin and our Saviour on the western and northern and on the triumphal arch. . . . The cupoletta of the chancel represents the Descent of the Holy Spirit, the traditional composition, as depicted in mosaic at S. Mark's; and the walls of this little recess are completely lined with about forty small subjects, entirely taken from the Apocalypse, and treated with the most fearless originality; one of them is delightfully quaint and naïve—the four angels kneeling on the four corners of the earth, and forcibly compressing with both hands the mouths of the four winds, represented as Æolus' heads; in spite, however, of their utmost efforts, they cannot prevent great blasts escaping, and you almost hear the spluttering and fizzing that is going on. Others of these compositions are very grand, and the painter has combined, added, and taken away, with singular felicity. The lunette above the altar represents God the Father within a vesica piscis, the lamb lying in his bosom, the four beasts keeping watch around the throne, the lamp burning in front, the twenty-four elders, to the right and left, offering their crowns, the angels in front adoring. The four horsemen are represented in the four *pennachi* or pendentives of the cupola,—the Vision is then continued round the walls and under the arches, the subjects being most skilfully adapted to the different spaces that were to be covered; the seven trumpets, for instance, are carried from the summit of the small transverse arch to the left hand on entering the chancel, all round it, to the soffit of the corresponding transverse arch to the right hand,—similarly, and with exquisite propriety, the seven last vials are disposed on the soffit of the triumphal arch of entrance, symbolical of

death. It is the most complete and comprehensive illustration of the Apocalypse ever attempted in painting, and, rude as it undoubtedly is in detail, there are hints here by which a painter desirous of taking a lofty flight might profit much."—*Lindsay's Christian Art.*

The *Cathedral Library* contains many illuminated MSS., Letters of Tasso, MSS. of Sperone Speroni, &c. ..

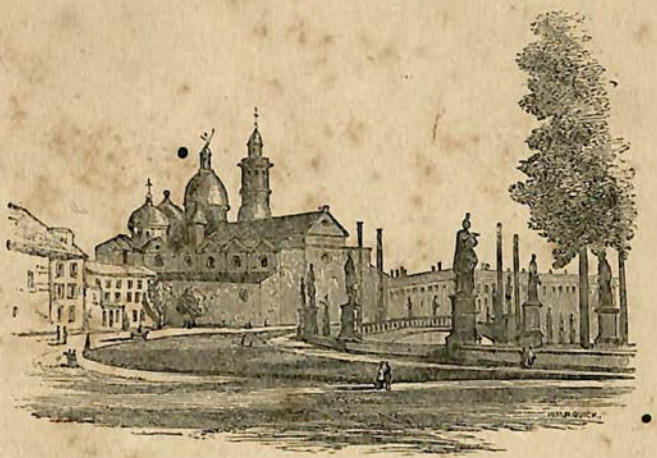
The Via Teatro Concordi leads from hence (right) to the *Palazzo Pappafava,* which contains a curious sculptured group representing the fallen angels, of sixty figures carved out of a single block of marble, by *Agostino Fasolato.* There are a few rather good pictures here.

Hence, by the Via Scaloni, we reach a bridge over the Bacchiglione, whence there is a good view of the fine old *Torre di S. Tommaso,* full of character, with exceedingly long machicolations. It was built by Eccelino, and was the scene of many of his cruelties; now it is used as an Observatory.

The Via Seminario leads from the bridge to the small Church of S. Bovo. On the left is the *Church of S. Maria in Vanzo,* which contains two pictures by *Bartolommeo Montagna* at the high-altar, and a Burial of Christ by *Bassano* in the chapel on the left.

Hence, turning to the left, we reach the vast and unique square called *Prato della Valle.** On the right is the Gothic *Loggia Municipale.* In the centre is a garden, surrounded by a canal, and peopled by a vast multitude of gigantic statues, representing all illustrious citizens of Padua, and many others who have any bond of connection with the town, including Gustavus of Sweden, who studied at the University in 1609. Beyond the statues rises, in eastern-looking domes—

* A ludicrous attempt is being made to change this time-honoured name to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele!



Prato della Valle, Padua.

The *Church of S. Giustina*, which dates, as it now stands, from 1532—49. Its façade is unfinished, but very stately in its proportions. At the top of the steps are two griffins which belonged to an earlier church of the thirteenth century. Making the round of the church we may see :—

Right Aisle. 2nd Altar. Liberi. S. Gertrude supported by angels.

4th Altar. Luca Giordano. Death of S. Scholastica.

5th Altar. Palma Giovane. S. Benedict and his disciples.

Right Transept. An altar supposed to cover part of the body of S. Matthew. In the chapel behind this, is a well with bones of the Paduan martyrs at the bottom, and behind it the prison of the martyr S. Daniele, and a catacomb with the graves of S. Giustina and S. Prosdocimo, the first bishop of Padua, with the bull authorizing their canonization. Also the *Chapel of S. Luca*, with frescoes by *Campagnola*, and a Madonna (not black) set in gold, and brought in the eighth century from Constantinople. In front of the altar is the sleeping figure of S. Prosdocimo.

Right of High-Altar. Parodi. A group of the Dead Christ with the Virgin, the Magdalen, and S. John.

Choir. Stalls by *A. Campagnola* of 1556. The altar-piece is the Martyrdom of S. Giustina, by *P. Veronese.* Hence, a door on the right leads to another Choir, a remnant of the thirteenth-century church, which contains some fine tombs, of Ludovico Barbo, and Jacopo, a Doctor of Law.

Left Transept. A tomb covering relics of S. Luke, with alabaster reliefs set in Serpentine, and an iron case containing the coffins in which the remains of the Evangelists were brought from Constantinople in 1177.

A little to the right of the church is the *Orto Botanico*, the earliest Botanic Garden in Europe, instituted 1543.

On the right of the Prato della Valle the simple direction "Al Santo" indicates the way to S. Antonio.

"No one among the disciples of S. Francis was more conspicuous than S. Anthony for holiness of life and the gift of persuasive eloquence. Although born in an age of fierce and unbridled passion, he preached peace and goodwill to men, enforced it by example, and so moved the vast audiences assembled around him, in city squares and open fields, that the bitterest enemies fell upon each other's necks and swore ever after to live like brothers.

"In the sermons of S. Anthony, whose texts are developed by images fitted to touch the heart, and illustrated by striking similes, there is enough of sentiment and fancy to explain the interest which they excited in the minds of his hearers, who gave him all their confidence, because they were convinced 'che le sue parole rispondevano alla sua santa vita,' and because so many of them had witnessed his fearlessness in rebuking sin, when he saluted Eccelino the tyrant of Padua with the words, 'O most cruel tyrant, and mad dog! the terrible sentence of God hangs over thee. When wilt thou cease to spill the blood of innocent men?' and had wondered at his power when they saw the monster, whom all feared, fall upon his knees, with a cord about his neck, before the man of God, confessing his sins and imploring pardon."—*Perkins' Tuscan Sculptors.*

* S. Anthony was once sent for to preach before the Pope and Cardinals in the Consistory, and "explained the word of God so devoutly, so sweetly, so clearly, and in a manner so efficacious and learned, that all who were in the Consistory, though they spoke different languages, understood what he said as perfectly as if he had spoken the language of each. And the Pope, considering the deep meaning of his words, exclaimed,—'In truth this man is the ark of the Testament, and the treasure of the Holy Scriptures.'"—*Fioretti di S. Francesco*, xxxix.

The vast *Church of S. Antonio* is one of the most extraordinary buildings in Italy. Externally it is like a mosque,—a huge square mass surmounted by a crowd of domes and minarets. It was begun in honour of S. Antonio, immediately after his death, from designs of *Niccolò da Pisa*, and was completed in 1307, being 280 ft. long by 188 ft. broad.

"The Gothic elements which Niccolò used were a homage to the peculiar predilections of the followers of S. Francis; the clustering Byzantine cupolas showed the effect produced upon him by the Church of S. Mark at Venice; while the Romanesque façade told that he had not forgotten the well-beloved Duomo at Pisa, under the shadow of whose walls his early years had been spent."—*Perkins' Tuscan Sculptors.*

The paved Piazza in front of the church is full of interest. On the left is the noble equestrian statue of the Venetian general Gattamelata (Erasmo da Narni) by *Donatello*, inscribed "Opus Donatelli, Flor."

"Being more conversant with human than equine anatomy, Donatello succeeded less well with the horse than the rider, who, dressed in armour, and holding the baton of command in his left hand, while the reins are gathered in his right, sits somewhat stiffly, though with considerable dignity, on the back of a ponderous war-horse, whose head wants nobility and fire, and whose heavy limbs seem ill adapted for pursuit or flight. Close observers have remarked that like the bronze horse which bears Bartolommeo Colleoni at Venice, like that painted by Paolo Uccello at Florence, this horse lifts two legs on the same side, which being contrary to nature, surprises us in the work of one who studied her so carefully as Donatello."—*Perkins' Tuscan Sculptors.*

On the right are the Museo, the Scuola del Santo, and the Chapel of S. Giorgio, and, close to the church, the tomb of Rolando Piazzola.

The west front of the church is rather spoilt by recent reparations. Over the central door is a fresco of S. Antonio and S. Bernardino, with the famous monogram of the latter

painted by *A. Mantegna* in 1452. Above is a statue of S. Antonio, backed by an injured fresco, and then a range of pointed arches.

The general effect of the interior, from its crowd of pictures, tombs, and sculpture of every description, with lamps hanging before the shrines, is quite magnificent. Making the round of the church we find—

Right Aisle.

1st Pillar. *Antonio Boselli* (a native of the Val Brembana). The Virgin and Child, with SS. Antonio, Buonaventura, Francis, and Paul—a beautiful specimen of this rare master, who painted c. 1500—1536.

Close to this is one of the two beautiful holy-water basons surmounted by figures of the Saviour and S. J. Baptist.

2nd Pillar. Fine tomb of Cardinal Pietro Bembo.

1st Chapel (*of the Sacrament*). Beautiful bronze gates and ornaments by *Donatello.* Picturesque tombs in red, black, and white marble, of (left) Gattamelata, and (right) his son.

4th Pillar. Behind the pulpit a fresco by *Stefano da Ferrara.*

Transept. Chapel of S. Felice, with a beautiful screen of red and white marble, built in 1372—76 by *Andriolo da Venezia* for Bonifazio de Lupi, Marchese di Sorogna, whose tomb is within, on the right of the altar. It was originally dedicated to S. James, but afterwards to S. Felix, when his remains were transported hither. Behind the altar is buried Bartolommea degli Scrovigni (sister of the builder of the Arena), who is said to have been poisoned by her husband Massilio da Carrara soon after their marriage. Over the altar are five statues of saints by *Andriolo.* The walls are entirely covered with frescoes of great beauty, by *Jacopo Avanzi* and *Altichieri da Zevio.* On the *Left wall* begins the legendary story of S. James.

1. Hermogenes the Magician sends Philetes to dispute with S. James: in the centre, S. James converts Philetes by his preaching: to the right Hermogenes sends his demons to arrest S. James and Philetes: in the right-hand corner the devils complain to them of Hermogenes.
2. *Altar wall, left, 1st lunette.* Hermogenes is brought to S. James by the devils: Philetes burns the magical books: Hermogenes and Philetes converse with S. James.

3. *Middle lunette.* S. James healing a paralytic man on the way to execution, and his decapitation.
4. *Third lunette.* Sea-shore in front of the castle of Queen Lupa; an empty boat beside it, an angel holding the rudder; Hermogenes and Philetes lay the body on the stone, which shapes itself into a sarcophagus; Queen Lupa, with her sister, looks down from the balcony of the castle.
5. *Right-hand wall, to the left of the window.* Hermogenes and Philetes arrested by a soldier of the Spanish king.
6. *Right wall, right of the window.* Their imprisonment—much defaced.
7. *1st of three lunettes on the outer wall.* Their release from prison; their pursuers are drowned.
8. *Second lunette.* The sarcophagus drawn by wild oxen into Queen Lupa's palace. In the background they seem to go down on their knees before Hermogenes and Philetes.
9. *Third lunette.* Interior of Queen Lupa's palace: she receives baptism.
10. *Left-hand wall, below No.* 1. Apparition of S. James in a dream, to Don Ramiro I., King of Leon, and his deliberation thereupon with his council, which led to
11. The Defeat of the Saracens at Clavijo, A.D. 844 (when 70,000 infidels fell, and after which S. Iago became the Spanish battle-cry): S. James appears above the broken arch in the background.*

Left (*entrance of Choir*). The Crucifixion, with those who foretold it, and saints standing below, by *Montagnana*.

Right. A fresco, by *Filippo Veronese*, of Gregory X. presenting the donor to the Virgin and Child, and close to it the curious painted effigy of Lupa da Parma under a canopy. Here is the entrance to the Sacristies. The Ante-chamber has a most curious fresco of S. Antonio preaching to the fishes at Rimini. The *Sacristy* is painted by *Liberi*. The *Old Sacristy* beyond is connected with the cloisters by open arches.

The *Cappella del Santuario* behind the high-altar is extremely rich in marbles and gilding. It possesses some minor fragments of the saint, his tongue, his chin, his hair, &c.! . . . In the second chapel beyond this is a fifteenth-century tomb by *Antonio Tuni*, in imitation of an early Christian sarcophagus.

Right. The tomb of two Marchetti, professors in the University. Then a fresco of Christ bound and crowned with thorns, by *Andrea Mantegna*.

* See Lindsay's "Christian Art," ii. 341.

Right. Cappella della Madonna Mora. A most picturesque chapel, full of effect and colour, containing the image from the church of S. Maria Nuova, which was venerated by S. Antonio. Part of the side wall is occupied by the grand fourteenth-century tomb of Raffaello Fulgoso. On the other side is the red marble sarcophagus of the *Rogati*, an ancient Paduan family. This was the original chapel of Il Santo. The chapel within this, *Cappella del Beato Luca Belludi*, is entirely covered with frescoes, chiefly by *Giusto Padovano*, of the fourteenth century. Over the altar are the Virgin and Saints; on the roof, the Evangelists; on the left wall, the Crucifixion; on the right, the story of S. Philip and S. James the Less; within the tribune, the extraordinary miracles attributed to the Beato Belludi.

Right (left transept). The Cappella del Santo, begun in 1500 by *Giovanni Minello* and his son *Antonio*, continued by *Sansovino*, and finished in 1553 by *Falconetto*. In the centre is the tomb, before which many lamps burn eternally. The chapel is covered with reliefs which tell the story of the saint. It seems worth while giving Addison's translation of one of the many tablets hanging up in honour of the divinity of Padua.

"To the thrice holy Anthony of Padua, delight (whiter than the lily) of the most holy Child of Bethlehem, highest son of seraphs, highest roof of sacred wisdom, most powerful worker of miracles, holy dispenser of death, wise corrector of error, pious deliverer from calamity, powerful curer of leprosy, tremendous driver-away of devils, most ready and most trusty preserver of the sick and shipwrecked, restorer of limbs, breaker of bonds, stupendous discoverer of lost things, great and wonderful defender from all dangers, the most pious (next to God and his Virgin Mother) defender and safeguard."

Left Aisle, Last Pillar but one. Magnificent tomb of Alessandro Contarini, 1555, by *Sanmichele*, and fresco of the Madonna by *Stefano da Ferrara*.

Last Pillar. The miraculous fourteenth-century "Madonna dei Ciecchi."

The *Choir*, which stands isolated in the church, has bronze gates by *Tiziano Aspetti*. The reliefs of the high-altar and the crucifix are by *Donatello*. The glorious bronze candelabrum, and two reliefs—of the Translation of the Ark from the house of Abinadab and of the Story of Judith, are by the Paduan sculptor *Andrea Briosco*, called Crispo from his curling hair (1470—1532). The sculptor is himself introduced in the former of these.*

* In an unnamed grave before the Cappella del Crocefisso lies the body of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, who died at Padua, not without suspicion of poison, Oct. 4, 1566.

The *Cloisters* are exceedingly interesting and filled with curious monuments, forming a perfect museum of Italian sepulchral art. In the south porch of the church is the tomb of Federigo da Lavalongo, with his effigy in armour, lying within a frescoed arch. The lady opposite, with her hands crossed upon her breast, is the learned Bettina di San Giorgio, "che fu di scienza un chiaro fonte," and who, as Professor of Ecclesiastical Law, gave public lectures before crowds of students in the Archigymnasium.

Passing the opening arches of the *Chapter-House*, at the end of the cloister facing the south door, in a tomb adorned with spiral columns, niches, and a relief of the Madonna and Child, lies the famous lawyer, Rainerio degli Assendi: his feet rest against the huge volumes of his works. In the adjoining passage, which leads from the *Chiostro del Capitolo* to the *Chiostro del Noviziato*, is the tomb of Manno Donato, 1370, a Florentine Guelph who fought for Franscesco da Carrara, with an inscription by Petrarch. Near this is the canopied sarcophagus of the brothers Gerardo, Alberto, and Giovanni Bolparo.

Beyond the Chiostro del Noviziato, and behind the east end of the church, are remains of a smaller and more ancient cloister adorned with terra-cotta, very interesting as being that in which S. Antonio used to walk, belonging to the old *Church of S. Maria Nuova*, which was destroyed when the present church was erected.

To the left, from the west entrance of S. Antonio, is the little *Church of S. Giorgio*, built as a mausoleum for his family by Raimondino di Soragna in 1377. It contains some interesting frescoes by *Avanzi*. The once splendid tomb of

Soragna was mutilated by the French soldiers during their occupation of Padua in the last century.

Close by, is the *Scuola del Santo*, surrounded with frescoes of the story of S. Antonio, all interesting. The best are by Titian :—

1. He causes an infant to speak to prove the innocence of his mother.
11. He raises to life an innocent wife killed by her jealous husband.
12. He heals a child with a broken leg.

The *Convent of S. Antonio* is gradually being turned into a Museum, and the Pictures, till lately at the Palazzo del Municipio, have been removed here. They are a very poor collection, but at the end of the gallery is :—

1215. *Girolamo Romanino.* The Virgin and Child, with S. Prosdocimus, S. Giustina, S. Benedict, and S. Scholastica—brought from the Coro Vecchio of S. Giustina.

We may also notice :—

18. *Marco Basaiti.* The Virgin and Child, with S. Peter and S. Liberali.
74. *Bonifazio.* Holy Trinity, with S. Catherine, S. Francis, and the Shepherds.

The Statue of "The Reading Girl," by *Magni* of Milan, is here in one of the rooms.

The Via S. Antonio falls into the Via S. Francesco opposite an old brick palace. Here, a little to the left, is (on the left, at the entrance of a side street) the so-called *Tomb of Antenor*, a sarcophagus supported by pillars, beneath a brick canopy of the thirteenth century. The sarcophagus was discovered by some builders in 1274, and was found to contain a large skeleton, with a sword in his right hand. The sword was given to Alberto della Scala in 1334. An

inscription upon it was believed to indicate that the body was that of Antenor, the legendary founder of Padua :—

> "Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
> Illyricos penetrare sinus atque intima tutus
> Regna Liburnorum, et fontes superare Timavi;
> Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
> It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti.
> Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
> Teucrorum et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
> Troia, nunc placidâ compôstus pace quiescit."
>
> *Virgil, Æn.* iii. 243.

Turning in the opposite direction (right) we reach (right) the *Church of S. Francesco*, entered through the cloisters, which contains frescoes by *Girolamo da Santa Croce*, 1530. To the left of the high altar is the monument of Pietro Riccabonella, Professor of Medicine, with two large reliefs by the Paduan sculptor *Bartolommeo Bellano*, 1430—1451. A street in front of S. Francesco leads to the curious little old *Church of S. Sofia*, believed to have been the original cathedral of Padua.

Hence, after following the Via S. Sofia for some distance, a street on the right leads to the great *Church of the Eremitani*, built c. 1270. It is a single nave ending in three arches, and has a roof by *Fra Giovanni* who gave the design of that at the Sala della Ragione. This roof is now painted blue and white, and spoils what would otherwise be a striking and beautiful building. It was here that (Dec. 24, 1585) the surpassingly beautiful body of Vittoria Accorambuoni, niece of Pope Sixtus V., lay in state, robed in satin, with her ducal coronet on her brows, and her long golden hair flowing around her, on the day after her murder by Prince Luigi Orsini. Meanwhile the Paduans watched her with fury for

the crime—"dentibus fremebant," says the chronicle—and vowed vengeance for her death.

On the left of the entrance is the tomb of Jacopo da Carrara, 5th Lord of Padua, the friend of Petrarch, who composed his Latin epitaph; and opposite, that of Ubertino de Carrara, 1354. Further, on the left, is the great tomb of Benavides, professor of law, 1583, by *Ammonati.*

In the *Choir* are curious frescoes by *Guariento di Arpo.*"

The altar-piece by *Fiumicelli* represents Doge Andrea Gritti, introduced by four saints, presenting the city of Padua to the Virgin.

The *Chapel of SS. Christopher and James* to the right of the high altar has also a number of frescoes. The best are by *A. Mantegna*, and represent the story of S. Christopher. The bronze-like figures on the altar are of terra-cotta by *Giovanni da Pisa.*

In the *Sacristy* is a monument to Paulus de Venetiis, 1419, who is represented lecturing to his pupils. Here also is the tomb of Prince Frederick of Orange, 1799, who died at Padua in his 25th year.

Close to the west door of the church, a gate on the left (a bell) leads into the *Arena*, the site of a Roman Amphitheatre, now a garden and vineyard, containing the famous *Giotto's Chapel*, properly *S. Maria dell' Arena*, built c. 1303, by Enrico Scrovegno. He was the son of that Reginald, who, for his avarice, is placed by Dante in the 7th circle of the *Inferno.* The chapel was given to the Cavalieri di S. Maria. The founder died in exile at Venice in 1320, but was buried here, where he has a monument (in which he is represented standing) in the sacristy, and a tomb with his worn reclining effigy behind the altar. Giotto was summoned to decorate the chapel about 1306—"summoned as being at that time the acknowledged master of painting in Italy."

"The walls of the chapel are covered with a continuous meditative poem on the mystery of the Incarnation, the acts of Redemption, the vices and virtues of mankind as proceeding from their scorn or acceptance of that Redemption, and their final judgment.

"The first twelve pictures of the series are exclusively devoted to the apocryphal history of the birth and life of the Virgin (recorded in the

two apocryphal gospels known as the 'Protevangelion' and the 'Gospel of S. Mary'). This the Protestant spectator will observe, perhaps, with little favour, more especially as only two compartments are given to the ministry of Christ, between his Baptism and Entry into Jerusalem. Due weight is, however, to be allowed to Lord Lindsay's remark, that the legendary history of the Virgin was of especial importance in this chapel, as especially dedicated to her service; and I think also that Giotto desired to unite the series of compositions in one continuous action, feeling that to have enlarged on the separate miracles of Christ's ministry would have interrupted the onward course of thought. As it is, the mind is led from the first humiliation of Joachim to the Ascension of Christ in one unbroken and progressive chain of scenes; the ministry of Christ being completely typified by his first and last conspicuous miracle: while the very unimportance of some of the subjects is useful in directing the spectator rather to pursue the course of the narrative, than to pause in satisfied meditation upon any single incident. And it can hardly be doubted that Giotto had also a peculiar pleasure in dwelling on the circumstances of the shepherd life of the father of the Virgin, owing to its resemblance to that of his own early years."—*J. Ruskin.*

The order of the frescoes is :—

1. The Offering of the holy Jew Joachim is rejected by the priest in the temple, because, having been married for twenty years to Anna his wife, God had not given him the blessing of children.
2. Joachim retires to mourn amongst his shepherds, leaving Anna desolate and ignorant of what had become of him.
3. An angel appears to console Anna, and tells her that God is about to answer her prayers, that she will give birth to a daughter, and that at the Golden Gate of Jerusalem she will find the husband she has lost. Judith, her maid, who has taunted her with her childlessness, is working in the passage.
4. Joachim offers an acceptable sacrifice of a burnt-offering.
5. The Angel appears to Joachim and forewarns him of the birth of the Virgin.
6. Joachim meets Anna at the Golden Gate.
7. The Birth of the Virgin.
8. The Presentation of the Virgin.
9. The High-Priest ordains that all men of the lineage of David who were not married should bring their rods to the altar; and that to the man whose rod budded, and upon whom the Holy

Spirit descended, the Virgin should be given. (*Gospel of S. Mary*, v. 16, 17.)

10. The Watching of the Rods at the altar.
11. The Betrothal of the Virgin. Joseph bears his rod, upon which the Holy Spirit is resting; the unsuccessful suitors break their rods.
12. Joseph having gone to prepare his home, the Virgin returns for the time with seven virgins, her companions, to her father's house in Galilee.
13, 14. The Annunciation.
15. The Salutation.

"I do not know any picture which seems to me to give so truthful an idea of the action with which Elizabeth and Mary must actually have met,—which gives so exactly the way in which Elizabeth would stretch her arms, and stoop and gaze into Mary's face, and the way in which Mary's hand would slip beneath Elizabeth's arms, and raise her up to kiss her. I know not any Elizabeth so full of intense love, and joy, and humbleness; hardly any Madonna in which tenderness and dignity are so quietly blended. She is not less humble, and yet accepting the reverence of Elizabeth as her appointed portion, saying, in her simplicity and truth, 'He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name.' The longer that this group is looked upon, the more it will be felt that Giotto has done well to withdraw from it nearly all accessories of landscape and adornment, and to trust it to the power of its own deep expression. We may gaze upon the two silent figures until their silence seems to be broken, and the words of the question and reply sound in our ears, low, as if from far away:—'Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?'—'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'"—*J. Ruskin.*

16. The Nativity.
17. The Adoration of the Magi.
18. The Presentation in the Temple.
19. The Flight into Egypt.
20. The Massacre of the Innocents.
21. The Young Christ in the Temple.
22. The Baptism of Christ.
23. The Marriage of Cana.
24. The Raising of Lazarus.
25. The Entry into Jerusalem.
26. The Expulsion from the Temple.

27. The Bribery of Judas.
28. The Last Supper.
29. The Washing of the Feet.
30. The Betrayal.
31. The Trial before Caiaphas.
32. The Flagellation.
33. The Bearing of the Cross.
34. The Crucifixion.
35. The Entombment.
36. The Resurrection.

"With Giotto the leading thought is not of physical re-animation, nor of the momentarily exerted power of breaking the bars of the grave; but the consummation of Christ's work in the first manifesting to human eyes, and the eyes of one who had loved Him and believed in Him, His power to take again the life He had laid down."—*J. Ruskin.*

37. The Ascension.

"The works of Giotto speak most feelingly to the heart in his own peculiar language of Dramatic composition, he glances over creation with the eye of love, all the charities of life follow in his steps, and his thoughts are as the breath of the morning. A man of the world, living in it and loving it, yet with a heart that it could not spoil nor wean from its allegiance to God—'non meno buon Christiano che eccellente pittore,' as Vasari emphatically describes him—his religion breathes of the free air of heaven rather than the cloister, neither enthusiastic nor superstitious, but practical, manly, and healthy."—*Lindsay's Christian Art.*

Half a mile outside the Porta Codalunga (the gate near the Railway Station), on the way to Altichieri, is (right) the *Church of S. Antonino,* built over the hermitage in which S. Antonio resided during the last year of his life, when he was daily preaching in Padua. Hither, having been taken ill while preaching at Campo S. Pietro, 18 miles distant, he was brought back in a common contadino's cart drawn by oxen, and here he died (June 13, 1231), while reciting his favourite hymn to the Virgin—"O gloriosa Domina"—in the rude brick chamber which is still preserved, like the cell at

Assisi, within the present church. The brotherhood wished to keep his death a secret that they might bury him in the church, feeling sure that the people of Padua would carry off his remains, but moved by the Divine will, the children ran about the streets, crying, "Il Santo è morto, Il Santo è morto."* The scenes of his bringing back and his death, are represented on the church walls.

(From Padua an excursion should be made in autumn or spring to the *Euganean Hills*—Colli Euganei—so called from the people who are mentioned by Livy as having occupied the whole tract from the Alps to the head of the Adriatic from which they were expelled by the Veneti. The highest point is *Monte Venda*, 533 met. Though possessing no grandeur of scenery, these hills are full of luxuriant loveliness, and the views from their heights are those of a most Italian Italy—

"Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair."—*Shelley.*

The easiest way of visiting the hills will be to go for at least one night to Este (which may be taken on the way to Ferrara) and seeing Arqua and Monselice from thence. The pleasantest time for the excursion is during the autumnal tints of the vintage. The long lines of mules upon the roads will recall the lines of R. Browning—

"You know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string

* Hence it is that, in Padua, S. Anthony is simply called "Il Santo," without adding his name.

With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine."

On leaving Padua the Railway skirts the navigable canal of Battaglia.

Abano (stat.)—*Inn. Orologio*—is celebrated for its mud baths, the muds being impregnated with the mineral waters of the hot springs which rise here at the foot of a little hill. The baths are greatly frequented, and the buildings are well fitted up. This is the Fons Aponus, so often celebrated by classical authors:—

"Euganeo, si vera fides memorantibus, augur
Colle sedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit."
Lucan, viii. 193.

"Etrusci nisi thermulis lavaris,
Illotus morieris, Oppiane.
Nullæ sic tibi blandientur undæ:
Nec fontes Aponi rudes puellis."
Martial, vi. *Ep.* 42.

"Huic pater Eridanus, Venetæque ex ordine gentes,
Atque Apono gaudens populus, seu bella cieret,
Seu Musas placidus doctæque silentia vitæ
Mallet, et Aonio plectro mulcere labores,
Non ullum dixere parem."—*Sil. Ital.* xii. 217.

"Felices, proprium qui te meruere coloni,
Fas quibus est Apono juris habere sui;
Non illis terrena lues, corrupta nec Austri
Flamina nec sævo Sirius igne nocet.
Quod si forte malus membris exuberat humor
Languida vel nimio viscera felle virent;
Non venas reserant, nec vulnere vulnera sanant,
Pocula nec tristi gramine mista bibunt:
Amissum lymphis reparant impune vigorem,
Pacaturque, ægro luxuriante, dolor." *
Claudian, Eidyl. Apon.

* "Thrice happy are the swains, a favour'd throng,
To whom thy treasures, Aponus, belong;

From an epigram of Martial—"Censetur Apona Livio suo tellus" (I. lxi. 3)—it would appear that Titus Livius was born here and not at Patavium, but possibly "Apona tellus" only designates the territory of Patavium in general. Valerius Flaccus was born here, and, in later times, Pietro d'Abano, 1250.

Montegrotto (stat.) has a Roman bath. Near this is *Carrara di S. Stefano*, where a famous Benedictine monastery was founded in 1330; it was suppressed in 1777. Several of the Carrara family are buried in the church. The marble tomb of Marsilio (1330) is adorned with reliefs. A Lombard inscription recording the death of Ubertino da Carrara in 1365, calls the family "Papafava, Lords of Carrara and Padua."

Passing through a long tunnel, on the right is *Castel Catajo*, built in 1550 by Pio degli Obizzi. A member of this old Venetian family claimed to have invented the howitzer: it is now extinct, and its last representative bequeathed the castle to the Duke of Modena, on condition of his keeping it up. It contains frescoes by *Gian-Battista Zelotti*, ob. 1580, a pupil of Titian, and the friend and companion, though rival, of Paul Veronese.

"One of his grandest works is at Catajo, where he represented, in different rooms, the history of the ancient Obizzi family, distinguished no less in the council than in arms. The place is continually sought by foreigners, attracted thither by its splendour, by the fame of these

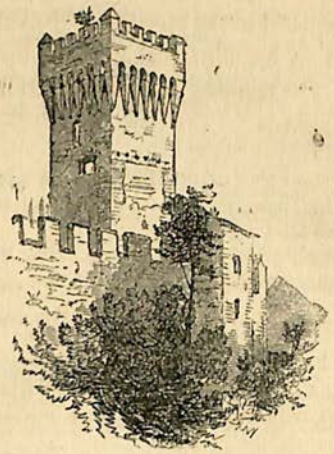
> No fell disease they fear, nor Auster's breath,
> Nor Sirius, charged with pestilence and death;
> But if distemper fills the languid veins,
> Or bile, malignant in th' intestines reigns,
> No blood they draw, nor trenchant knife apply,
> Nor goblet drugg'd with nauseous med'cines try:
> Thy waves alone their wasted strength restore;
> The grateful draught is drunk, and pain exists no more."—*Eustace.*

pictures, and by the valuable museum of antiquities, collected by the Marchese Tommaso Obizzi, which in point of taste, abundance, and rarity of specimens, is calculated to confer honour upon the state."—*Lanzi.*

Battaglia (stat.) is a great Bath resort, only considered second to Abano. The springs belong to the Countess Wimpffen, who has a villa here.

Monselice (stat.)—*Inn. Grand Hotel*—is the Mons Silicis. The *Rocca*, a 13th-century fortress, belonged to the House of Este. It is on a rock, guarded by long lines of curtain wall. The palace on this hill was built by *Scamozzi* for the Duoli family under the Venetian rule. In the *Villa Cromer* is the Esculapius of *Canova*, 1778.

Este Stat. is 4 m. from the town of *Este* (*Inn. La Speranza*, tolerable), situated at the S.W. base of the Euganean Hills. It is a dull town, with many of the houses supported on heavy colonnades. In the *Church of S. Maria delle Grazie* is a beautiful Madonna by *Cima da Conegliano*, 1509. The Romanesque *Church of S. Martino* is modernized internally. The *Castle* has grand machicolations. It will be looked upon with interest as the fortress which gave a name to the House from which our own royal family are descended; indeed most of the royal families of Europe originate with Alberto Azzo, Marquis of Este, himself descended from the Adalbati, Margraves of Tuscany. His first wife, the Swabian Cunegunda, was mother of Welf (Guelph), Duke of Bavaria, from whose eldest son, Henry the Proud, the Dukes of Brunswick and the Kings of Hanover and England are descended. From Giulio, the second son of Welf, the Dukes of Modena and Ferrara descended. The grandmother of the late Duke (Francesco V.) of Modena was Maria Beatrice d'Este. Este itself passed into the hands of the Carraras in 1294.



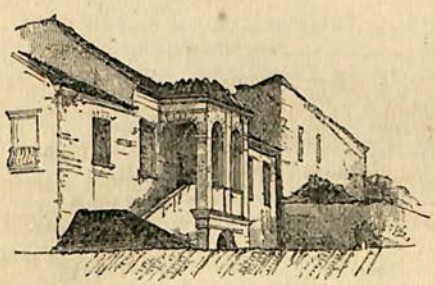
Castle of Este.

(A carriage—6 to 8 frs.—should be taken from Este to Arqua. The return may be varied by a visit to Monselice, or the railway may be rejoined there.)

(*Arqua* is beautifully situated close under the green slopes of the Euganean Hills, here clothed with vineyards and orchards. The church and old houses group picturesquely where two ridges slope toward each other. This was the home of Petrarch, and his *House* stands on the hill-side, with a beautiful view over the wooded plains. It is marked by a small brick loggia, containing the chair in which he died, ink-stand, and his stuffed cat. "Petrarch retired to Arqua immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in 1370, and with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between this charming solitude and Padua.

For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book." His memory adds a wonderful charm to the hills which he loved—

"Half-way up
He built his house, whence as by stealth he caught,
Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life
That soothed, not stirred.—But knock, and enter in.
This was his chamber. 'Tis as when he went;
As if he now were in his orchard-grove.
And this his closet. Here he sat and read.
This was his chair; and in it, unobserved,
Reading, or thinking of his absent friends,
He passed away as in a quiet slumber."—*Rogers*.



Petrarch's House, Arqua.

The soft repose of the scenery seems described in one of Petrarch's own verses—

"Qui non palazzi, non teatro, non loggia
Ma'n lor vece un abete, un faggio, un pino,
Tra l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino,
Onde se scende poetando e poggia
Levan di terra al ciel nostro intelletto;
E 'l rossignuol che dolcemente all' ombra

Tutte le notti si lamenta e piagne,
D'amorosi pensieri il cor ne 'ngombra."—*Sonn.* x.

The *Tomb of the Poet*, a simple and stately sarcophagus of red Verona marble, is raised upon low pillars in front of the village church. It was erected by Francesco di Brossano, who had married his daughter Francesca.

"There is a tomb in Arqua; rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

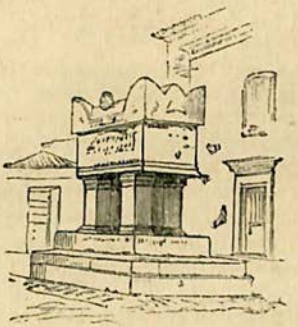
They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain village where his later days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, whereby,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye

Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone, man with his God must strive."

Byron, Childe Harold.



Tomb of Petrarch, Arqua.

"The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arqua being asked who Petrarch was, replied 'that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine.'" —*Notes to Childe Harold.*

The *Pozzo di Petrarca*, enclosing a clear spring, is said to have been built by the Poet for the benefit of his native place.)

Rovigo (stat.)—*Inn. Corona Ferrea*,—is a rather picturesque little town on the wide *Naviglio Adigetto.* The chief feature is a tall tower in the Ghibelline battlements There

is a collection of pictures here, which has nothing great but its names.

(Half way between Rovigo and Mantua is the town of *Legnago*, fortified by *Sanmicheli*, formerly one of the strongest fortresses of Austria in Venetia.)

The railway continues through the rich low-lands, protected by high embankments from the outbreaks of the Po and Adige, to Ferrara. See Chap. xxviii.

CHAPTER XX.

BASSANO AND THE FRIULIAN ALPS.

IT is 21 miles from Vicenza to Bassano. A diligence (2 frs. 50 c.) leaves at 8 A.M. and 2 P.M., and performs the journey in 4 hours. The only place of interest we pass through is *Marostica*, with arcaded streets, old gates, and walls and towers extending up the hill above the town. The piazza has the Venetian pillars and lions, in extreme miniature.

Bassano (*Inn. S. Antonio*, tolerable, but over-run with black beetles) is a fine old town with a covered bridge over the Brenta, and is overlooked by a fortress built by Eccelino da Romano, and now containing the *parocchia*.

Bassano.

Just within the bridge is the House, marked by a fresco

of the Annunciation, of the famous family of Da Ponte,—Jacopo (Bassano), born 1510; his father Francesco (Vecchio); and his three sons, Leandro, Francesco (Giovane), and Girolamo. The *Museo Civico* (open 9 till 1 P.M.), joining the principal church in the upper of the three piazzas, is filled with the works of the Da Ponte family, collected from the different churches and convents in the town, and forming a most interesting series. They are :—

Jacopo Bassano. A Venetian Podestà making a vow to the Virgin.
Id. The Three Children condemned by Nebuchadnezzar.
Id. The Woman taken in Adultery.
Id. Susanna—much retouched.
*Leandro Bassano.** The Conversion of S. Paul.
Id. The Marriage of S. Catherine.
Id. SS. Sebastian and Michael.
Francesco (Vecchio). S. Peter.
Id. S. John Baptist.
**Id.* Madonna and Child throned, with SS. Peter and Paul.
**Jacopo Bassano.* The Flight into Egypt—the first manner of the artist.
**Id.* S. John Baptist.
**Id.* Paradise—or All Saints—a glorious picture.
**Id.* The Baptism of Lucilla by S. Valentino—perhaps the masterpiece of the artist.
Id. The Nativity.
Id. S. Martin and the Beggar. In the corner, S. Antonio is introduced reading—his pig gets under the horse's feet.
Id. Moro, Podestà of Venice, makes a vow to the Virgin—the colour of his robe is quite splendid.
Id. The Vow of a Knight to S. John the Evangelist.
Id. The Visit of Titian to the family of Da Ponte.
Id. Pentecost—in the third manner of Jacopo.
Leandro Bassano. Podestà Cappello before the Virgin.
The Presentation in the Temple by *Francesco (Giovane)*, the Demons beneath by *Jacopo.* This picture illustrates the legend that when Christ was presented, Earth, Heaven, and Hell alike worshipped.
Jacopo Bassano. The Crucifixion.

* There are quantities of pictures by Leandro in the Ducal Palace and churches of Venice.

Girolamo Bassano (the youngest son of Jacopo). SS. Ermagora and Fortunato.

Jacopo Bassano. Madonna with SS. Agatha and Apollonia.

Francesco (*Vecchio*). The Dead Christ with the Virgin, Nicodemus, S. John, and the Magdalen.

The other pictures (unnumbered) in this gallery include:

Guarienti. The Crucifixion.

Dario da Trevigi (of whom only three pictures are known). SS. J. Baptist and Bernardino.

Girolamo S. Croce, 1519. The Calling of S. Matthew—signed.

Bonifacio. The Last Supper.

Nosocchio da Bassano. Virgin and Child, with SS. Paul and John Baptist.

Once the property of Canova, and greatly prized by him, are two subjects from the Story of Cleopatra, attributed to Paul Veronese.

A large collection of the first models for the works of *Canova* is preserved here, presented after his death by his half-brother Bishop Canova, of whom there is a fine bust by *Tenerani.* Of the two large horses here, one was never cast, the other is that of Charles III. of Naples, and is to be seen there.

There are many picturesque old houses in the town with outside frescoes, especially some in the piazzas, and that in which Lazzaro Buonamico was born, near the fortress.

At the suburban Church of the SS. Trinità is a fine Crucinxion, with the Almighty and the Dove of the Holy Spirit above, by *Jacopo da Ponte.*

There are symptoms of costume at Bassano. The women wear wide-awake hats, generally of black velvet, adorned with brilliant bunches of artificial flowers, and they have huge earrings and quantities of chains falling low round their necks. In church they put on handsome veils of black or

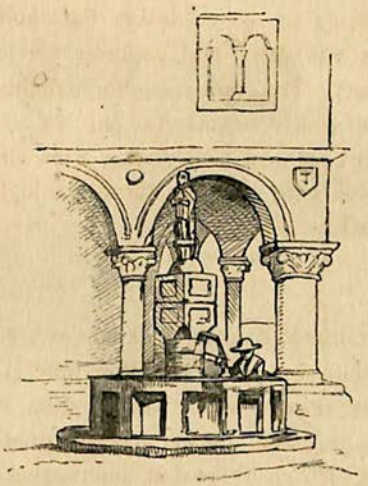
white lace, which have a very pretty effect: in country-places the process of veiling and unveiling takes place at the church doors.

(A diligence (3 frs. 50 c.) leaves Bassano for Padua at 4 A.M. and 2 P.M. daily, and performs the journey of 25 miles in 4 hours. The road passes through the market-town of *Cittadella*, which retains its old walls and towers. Giorgione was born near *Castelfranco*, a few miles from this, and one of his best pictures adorns the high altar of the parish church.)

A diligence leaves Bassano for Feltre at 2 P.M. and 8. 45 P.M., and in the summer months (after June 1) at 4 A.M. It occupies 7 hrs. on the way. Not far from Bassano some curious caves are passed, which may be reached by a ferry.

Feltre (*Inn. Al Vapore*) is a dull, unattractive place, and the mountains have no grandeur of form. The first Monte de Pietà was established here. Feltre may be used as a halting-place by those who proceed (the road only fit for mules or in part of the way for very rough carriages) across the Austrian frontier, to *La Fiera* in the district of Primiero (*Inn. Aquila Nera*), amid very grand mountains. Near Primiero the curious rock-built castle, *Castello della Pietra* (on the road which may be taken by mules from thence to Agordo), should be visited. A drive of 3 hrs. may be taken to *Martino de Castrozzo*. From Feltre there is a diligence, or a carriage may be engaged (25 frs. with 2 horses), a drive of 3 hrs. to *Belluno* (*Inns. Il Cappello, Due Torre*), the ancient Bellunum. It is a most picturesque town situated on a promontory at the junction of the *Piave* and the *Ardo*.

The arcaded streets are full of fragments of mediæval architecture. The *Palazzo Vecchio* was built in 1400 by *Giovanni*



At Belluno.

Candi, and is decorated with the arms and busts of the Venetian Podestàs. The finest of the 14 churches is the *Cathedral*, built by *Palladio*. It contains :—

Giacomo Bassano. S. Lorenzo.
Palma Giovane. The Deposition.

Outside the Gothic *Church of S. Stefano*, which has an altar-piece of the Adoration of the Magi by *Titian*, is a curious ancient sarcophagus. The town has been terribly injured by earthquakes. Gregory XVI. was born at Belluno. The great valley of Belluno is portrayed in a picture by Titian, No. 635, in our National Gallery. Most beautiful are the views from hence at sunset, when—

"A sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains."—*Childe Harold.*

Peasants of Belluno

(A carriage may be taken from Belluno (resting at Cercenighe), 3 hrs., by a grand gorge through the mountains to. *Agordo* (*Inn. Albergo degli Miniere*, large and good), surrounded with high mountains, which, though very colourless by day, become quite magnificent in the sunset. The grandest peaks are those of the Cima di Vezzana. Hence a little carriage should be taken, passing the beautiful little *Lake of Alleghe*, in 4 hrs., to *Caprile*, on the Austrian frontier (*Inn. Alle Marmolate*, Signora Pezzi, humble, but good). The little piazza here retains its Venetian lion. All around are beautiful mountains, of which *La Civetta*, 10,400 ft., is the finest. It is a short walk to the very curious *Sasso Ronch*, with a fine view of the Civetta and Pelmo. Hence also, by mule or on foot, the Lake of Alleghe and *Castle of Andras*

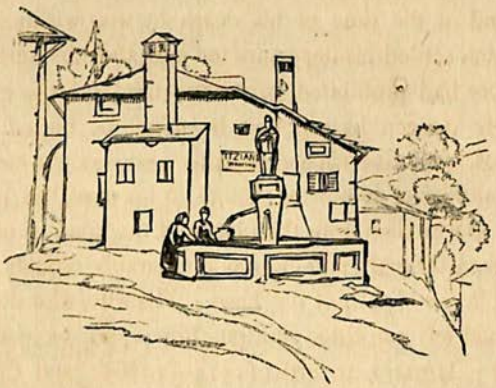
and the picturesque village of *Buchenstein* (a mule costs 18 frs.) may be visited. The road, a very rough one for light vehicles, can be continued by this to *Cortina*. Travellers going north will proceed from hence to Botzen by Campidello (*Inn. Al Mulino*), which is reached by the Fidaya Pass, on the summit of which (6,884 ft.) the frontier between Italy and Tyrol is passed. Hence it is two days' ride by Castelruth (*Weisse Lamb*) to Waidbruck Station, on the line from Verona to Innsbruck. In going to Castelruth from Campidello two ways may be taken, but the most beautiful is that by S. Ulrich in the Grödner Thal.

It is a drive of about 3½ hrs. (a carriage with two horses, 35 frs.) from Belluno to *Tai Cadore*. At the village of *Termini*, are a narrow gorge and magnificent peaks. At *Perarolo*, crossing the bridge over the Boita, the *Antelao* mountain comes in sight.

Tai (*Albergo Cadore*) has a better inn than *Pieve di Cadore* 1 m. further, though the scenery is finer at the latter. At Tai is the humble house in which the great master Tiziano Vecelli da Cadore was born in 1477, the son of Gregorio Vecelli and his wife Lucia, who was of Venetian birth. The little fountain in front is surmounted by a statue of his patron S. Tiziano, Bishop of Odessa, himself a member of the Vecelli family. On the tower of the *Prefettura* is a fresco, and in the *Church* are two pictures, attributed to Titian (the Virgin is asserted by the natives to be a portrait of his young wife), and a water-colour picture of the Madonna surrounded by cherubs by *Antonio Rossi Cadorino;* it is signed "Opus Antonii Rubei."

This Antonio is now believed to have been the first master

of Titian, who was intended by his father for the law, but evinced his genius by colouring a figure of the Virgin so



Titian's House, Tai Cadore.

beautifully with the juice of flowers that he was sent while very young to reside at Venice with his uncle Antonio Vecelli, that he might study art, which he did, first under Sebastiano Zuccati the mosaicist, and then under Gentile Bellini. His elder brother Francesco, who for some time also devoted himself to art, retired to Cadore at an early period of his life, and enriched himself there by trading in timber, but he passed the winter with Tiziano in Venice. Their parents seem to have survived till the great master had attained his fiftieth year, and he constantly visited them at Cadore. Francesco (born 1476) died in 1560. The only sister, Orsa, who lived with Titian at Venice, and took care of his domestic affairs, died in 1550. Titian himself survived, in full possession of all his powers, rich, honoured, and beloved, and daily practising his art, till his 99th year, when he was cut down by the plague, which was raging at

Venice. At the age of 90 he had still been able to undertake the troublesome journey to Cadore, where he would pass the hot months amongst his cousins who lived there, and at the time of his death he was wishing to fly thither, but settled his departure too late, after the authorities of Cadore had prohibited communication with the infected city. He desired by will that he might be buried in the church of his native village, but this also was not complied with from fear of infection, though in his case, the rule depriving all who died from the plague of the honours of burial was broken through, and he was honourably though quietly interred in the church of the Frari. His wife, who died very young, had left him three children, Pomponio, a canon (1513—1580); Horatio, an artist (1515—1576); and Cornelia, married to Cornelio Sarcinello. The family of the Vecelli was continued at Cadore in the person of the painter's first-cousin, Tommaso Tito Vecelli, a lawyer, who married the daughter of Giacomo Alessandrini, of the parish of Cadore, and had two sons, Marco and Graziano; Marco, himself an artist, was the father of the painter Tiziano, called Tizianello, the godson of the great Titian, who died in Venice c. 1650.

It is interesting that the chemist's shop adjoining Titian's house should still be kept by one of the *Vecelli* family. Ariosto speaks of the connection of Titian with Cadore—

> "E Tizian che honora
> Non men Cador, che quei Venezia, e Urbino."

Hence it is a drive of 3 hrs. to *Cortina d'Ampezzo*—a rough carriage with one horse, 20 frs. (*Inn. Aquila Nera*, excellent and reasonable), on the beautiful Ampezzo pass.

The road passes through *Venas*, where travellers will be

amused with the sign of the Inn, in which two geese are drinking out of the ink-stand, and finding it delicious.

Cortina is surrounded by grand mountains, of which the finest are the *Pelmo*, the *Antelao*, and the *Cristallo*. Excursions should be made, on mules or on foot, to the *Tre Croci* (1½ hr.), and 2 hrs. further to the Misurino Lake. The ascent of the *Guesella* scarcely repays its fatigue. Hence the traveller going north will probably proceed by Landro and Lienz to Heiligenblut, whence he may go by Ferleiten to Salzburg.

On all these mountain excursions on foot, it will be well to bear in mind the verdict of the Alpine Club—"Do not dispense with a guide, except when and where you are capable of taking his place." Travellers should remember that the charges of porters employed to carry luggage across the mountains are enormous, much higher than those for mules—yet these are very expensive, especially for luggage—generally as much as 10 Gulden (£1) a day for each.

END OF VOL. I.

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